

# PHOTOPLAY

*combined with*

# movie

# MIRROR

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only  
**10¢**

MARCH



GINGER ROGERS  
BY PAUL HESSE

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MRS CHAS SLOSBERG  
9 CLEVELAND RD  
BROOKLINE MASS

NO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

**NO MORE DIVORCES!** THE NEW-FASHIONED LOVE AFFAIR  
OF LANA TURNER AND TONY MARTIN





# THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

**EXTRA  
MILDNESS**

**EXTRA  
COOLNESS**

**EXTRA  
FLAVOR**

AND ANOTHER BIG ADVANTAGE FOR YOU IN CAMELS—

the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

# 28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself

WHEN all is said and done, the thing in smoking is *the smoke!*

Your taste tells you that the *smoke* of slower-burning Camels gives you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor.

Now Science tells you another important—and welcome—fact about Camel's slower burning.

Less nicotine—in *the smoke!* 28% less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested—in *the smoke!* Less than any of them—in *the smoke!* And it's the *smoke* that reaches you.

Try Camels...the slower-burning cigarette...the cigarette with more mildness, more coolness, more flavor, and less nicotine in the smoke! And more smoking, too—as explained beneath package at right.



**By burning 25%  
slower**

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES  
PER PACK!**

**“SMOKING OUT” THE FACTS** about nicotine. Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the largest-selling brands... find that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the other brands tested.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

# CAMEL — THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE —





*Even if you're not a Queen of Beauty...*  
**LIFE'S FUN...If your Smile has Charm!**



**"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"**

*say well-known beauty editors of  
 23 out of 24 leading magazines*

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

**Help keep your smile sparkling  
 with Ipana and Massage**

**D**O YOU have to be a great beauty to find happiness—to win a husband—to be admired by your friends?

No! Decidedly no! Charm counts as much as great beauty. And even the plainest girl with a sparkling smile can give cards and spades to a beauty whose smile is shadowed.

Your smile is YOU! It's a priceless asset! And you should keep it right. Remember—your gums as well as your teeth need daily care—for bright, sparkling smiles depend upon *healthy gums*.

Keep your smile at its sparkling best... guard against "pink tooth brush"... with the help of the modern dental health

routine of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist*. You may or may not be in for trouble. He may tell you your gums are weak and sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of work. Like thousands of dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

**Get Ipana Today!**

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is specially designed to aid the gums to healthier firmness.

So get Ipana today. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter and your smile the charming beauty asset it should be.

**IPANA TOOTH PASTE**





Pert talent: Diana Lewis in "Bitter Sweet." Picture stealer: Jack Oakie in "Tin Pan Alley" (above with Mrs. Oakie)

## CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

UNCOUNTABLE scores of forces are trying to make Hollywood submit to a pattern in this almost sinister year of 1941 . . . there are political groups that would like to use the movies to swing votes . . . there are nationalistic groups that would like to show their people as the only noble people and all other peoples as villains . . . there are advertisers who would like to get this product or that shown, for an instant, to stimulate their sales . . . there are producers wanting to promote girl friends and there are even one or two ladies, in positions important enough to make it stick, who would like to promote boy friends . . . there are the people who are for and the people who are against pensions . . . the people who want more aid given to Britain and the people who want less . . . the list is as endless as the varieties of mankind . . . and to every one of these divergent people Hollywood must sell tickets if it is to survive . . . it must discover the greatest common denominator in entertainment to ensnare them. . . .

It is an almost impossible demand to make upon any art . . . any community . . . any group of creative people . . . it is almost impossible . . . and most certainly has never been attempted before in all human time . . . but strike me, daddy, with a boogie beat, if Hollywood doesn't achieve just that at least



### BY RUTH WATERBURY

ninety percent of the time. . . .

Take the picturization of "The Philadelphia Story" as a case in point . . . this is the Metro production that stars Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, Ruth Hussey and John Howard with such fine actors as John Halliday, Roland Young, Mary Nash and Virginia Weidler in support of the big five and which was directed with love and sensitivity by George Cukor . . . to me it is one of the finest, most moving, most touching, most amusing films I have ever seen . . . and yet there is no way of being sure that it will be a box-office knockout because it's the story of a spoiled rich girl in this day when rich people are scarcely looked upon with admiration. . . .

Even as Cukor finished directing this picture there was, over on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, that film master, John Ford, busily engaged in

filming "Tobacco Road," a picture that will show the tragedies and the shabby little joys of the share croppers in our South . . . it was Ford who did such a wonderful job on a similar type of story, "The Grapes of Wrath" . . . as surely as Cukor understands the subtle unhappiness of people who have too much of everything to find simple happiness, so does Ford understand the loneliness and pathos of people who do not have enough of anything, save disease and weariness and hunger . . . and even as "Tobacco Road" is going on, on still another lot Alexander Korda is winding up the final scenes that portray one of the greatest true love stories of all time, that of Lord Nelson of Trafalgar and Emma, Lady Hamilton . . . this is not the vivid present neither the spoiled world of *Tracy Lord*, the Katharine Hepburn character in "The Philadelphia Story" nor of the Jeeter Lester family in "Tobacco Road" . . . this is part of the wondrous past of England . . . and while all this is being captured Mr. Walt Disney is already showing "Fantasia" which is neither the past nor the present but something out of this world and out of the future. . . .

The big point is that nobody in all Hollywood held anybody down into any one pattern . . . M-G-M regarded "The Philadelphia Story" as just a great story material as Twentieth regarded (Continued on page 80)



How you'll cheer  
*"OH, JOHNNIE" BONNIE*  
and *ORRIN* as they  
sing and pla-a-y!

Paramount presents

**BONNIE BAKER ★ ORRIN TUCKER**  
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

in  
**"YOU'RE THE ONE"**

with  
**Jerry Colonna • Edward Everett Horton • Albert Dekker**  
**Lillian Cornell**  
**Teddy Hart**

It's more than just a song when Bonnie sings to Orrin "I Could Kiss You for That"!

Written and Produced by Gene Markey • A Paramount Picture • Directed by Ralph Murphy



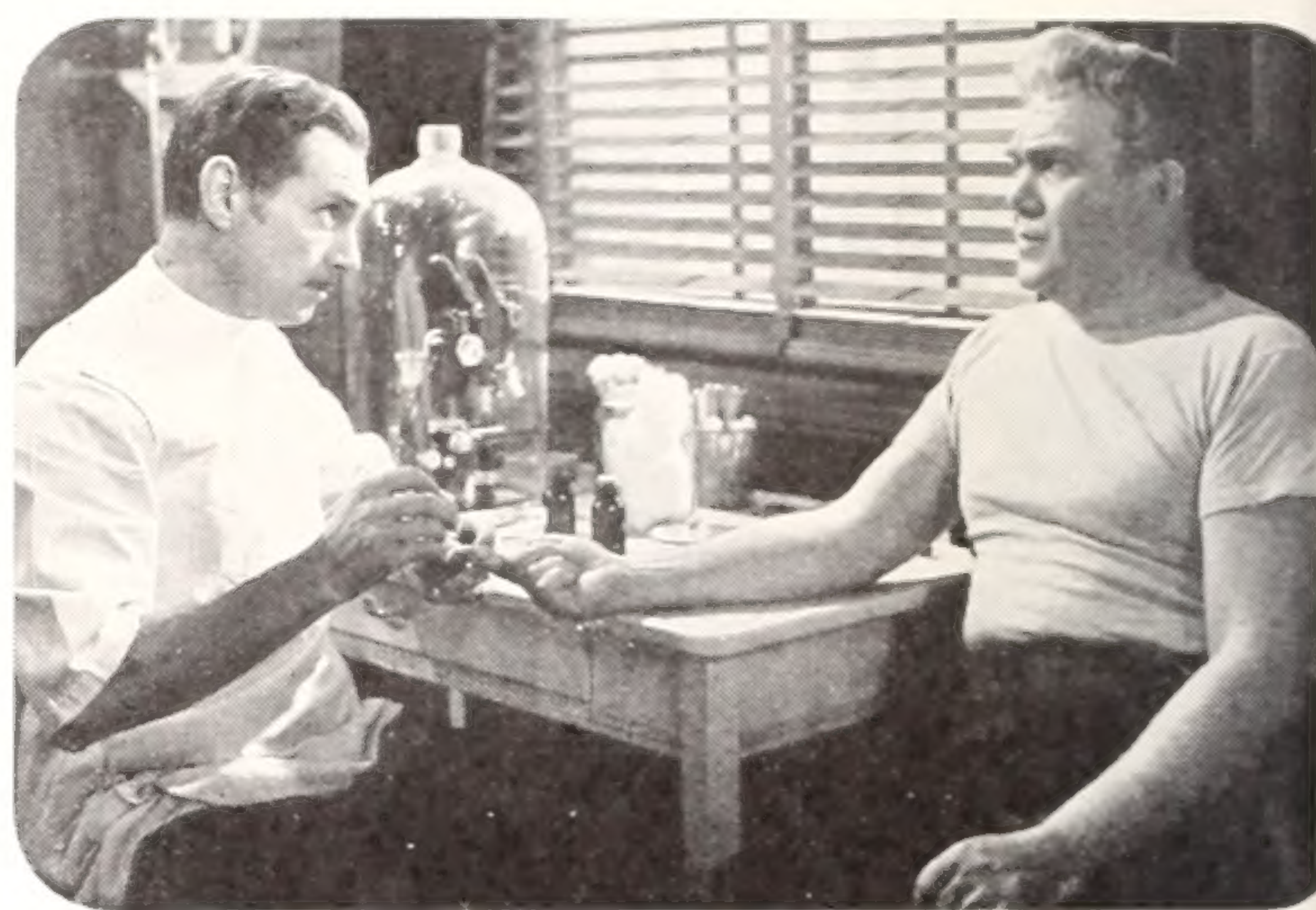
# THE SHADOW STAGE

## REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Big, important, thrilling: Ruth Hussey, Robert Taylor, Walter Pidgeon in "Flight Command"



Magnificent surprise: James Stephenson and Thomas Mitchell in "Flight From Destiny"

### ✓✓ Flight Command (M-G-M)

**It's About:** *The training of flyers by the United States Government.*

LIKE a stage play, the curtain is pulled back by M-G-M in its picture "Flight Command" to reveal the authentic picture of flyers trained in our own government school of naval aeronautics. It's a big, important, thrilling, awe-inspiring picture, appealing to the intelligence and entertainment demands of audiences.

It gives Bob Taylor, the recruit from Pensacola who is transferred to the famous Hell Cat division, his best opportunity in years and how that boy goes to town.

On the shoulders of Commander Walter Pidgeon and his wife, Ruth Hussey, hangs the burden of the story plot; both come through with absolutely great performances.

In fact, the entire cast is marvelous, the climaxes thrilling without being cheaply sensational. The production is clothed in taste and importance; we cannot recommend it too highly.

**Your Reviewer Says:** The best.

### ✓ Hudson's Bay (20th Century-Fox)

**It's About:** *One man's dream of a great Canadian empire.*

PONDEROUS but impressive is the history of the formation of the great Hudson's Bay Company under the guiding leadership of Paul Muni and his partner, Laird Cregar.

Done with taste and brilliancy, it is a story of Muni's dream come true, the bringing of the great country of the north under British dominion. As Radisson, who almost loses his life to accomplish his enormously ambitious plan, Muni is truly wonderful. As his partner, Laird Cregar, all 360 pounds of him, is truly mountainously clever. Gene Tierney, while lovely, seems far out of her element; in fact, the whole tale seems to weigh heavily on everyone's hands. Like "Northwest Passage," the story is too concerned with geography rather than with people. Nevertheless, it's a job well done and one worth seeing.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Hollywood at its dull best.

### ✓✓ Flight From Destiny (Warner)

**It's About:** *The unjustifiable crime of one idealist.*

WE nominate as the surprise picture of the year "Flight From Destiny," the picture that grew beyond Warners' wildest hopes, thanks to actor Thomas Mitchell and cast and to that brilliant newcomer among directors, Vincent Sherman.


A brilliant achievement is this picture in dialogue, theme and acting. Briefly, it tells of a kindly professor, Thomas Mitchell, who is given six months to live by his doctor, James Stephenson. Looking about for a philanthropic cause, he decides to re-enter the world of one completely undesirable person and lights on Moris Maris, an unscrupulous woman who has wrecked the happy marriage of artist Jeffrey Lynn and his wife, Geraldine Fitzgerald. Too late he discovers that instead of performing a worthy deed he has set a horrible example for young men to follow.

Perhaps by this time you have learned Thomas Mitchell has been  
(Continued on page 100)


See Pictures In The Cutting Room on Page 104. For Complete Casts, See Page 10







  
"HIGH SIERRA is an excitement-loaded yarn if ever I knew one! On film it's a world-beater!"

*Newspaperdom's acknowledged No. 1 Story-Teller*  
**MARK HELLINGER**

  
"HIGH SIERRA is the most thrilling and unusual picture I have directed since 'What Price Glory'!"  
*Director of a hundred Hits,* **RAOUL WALSH**

  
"My story to top 'Little Caesar' is  
**HIGH SIERRA!**"  
*Famed Author,* **W. R. BURNETT**

  
WARNER BROS., Producers of 'Little Caesar' and 'Angels with Dirty Faces', now present the drama that towers mightily beside both . . .

# HIGH SIERRA

A NEW PEAK FOR SCREEN EXCITEMENT!

*It's the picture that skyrockets them to top star ranks!*

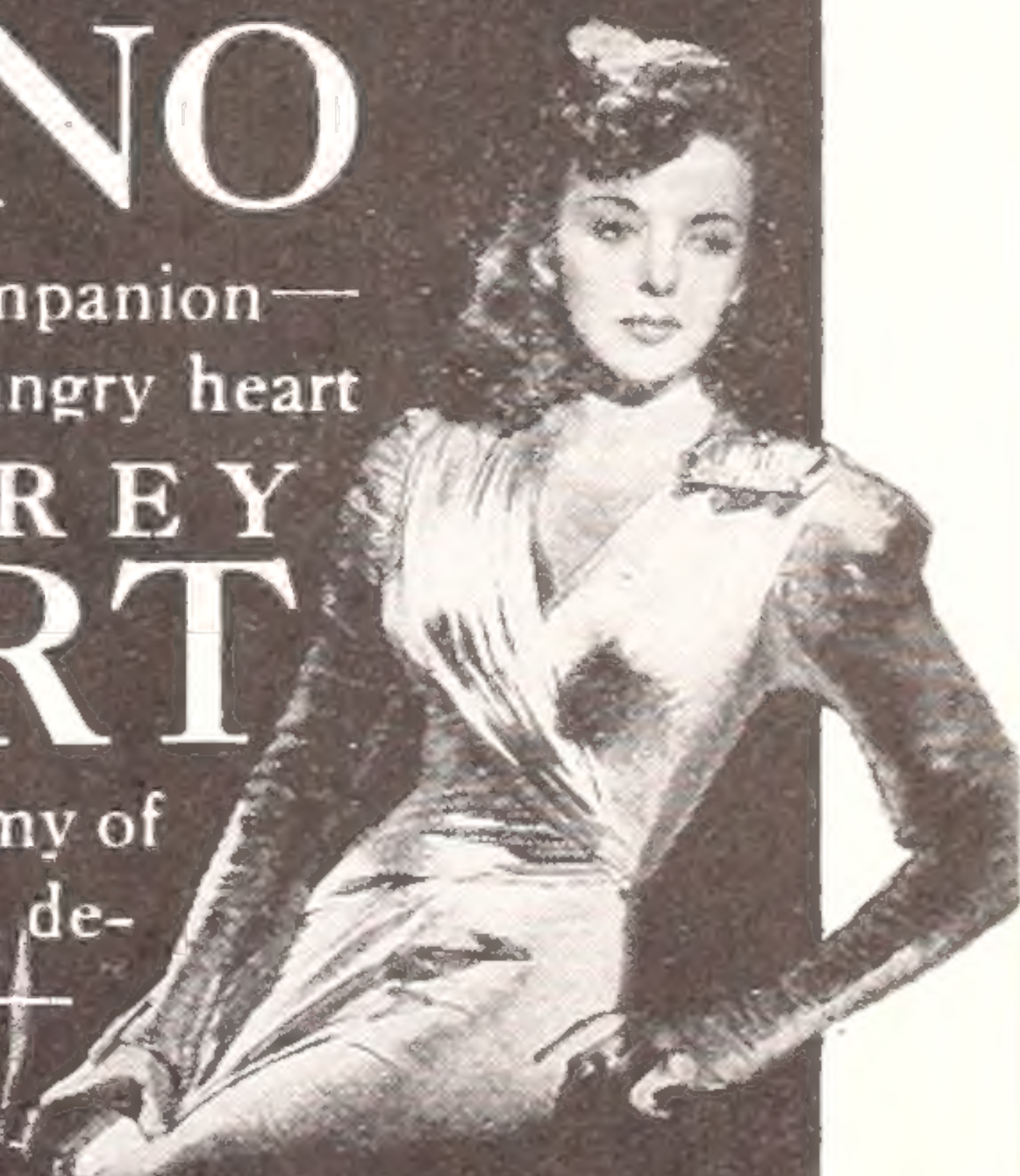
## IDA LUPINO

As Marie, the taxi dancer and killer's companion—deep down just another woman whose hungry heart yearned for one man.



## HUMPHREY BOGART

As 'Mad Dog' Earle, enemy of all that is decent and good, defiant of every law on earth—except the High Sierras!



With ALAN CURTIS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JOAN LESLIE  
HENRY HULL • HENRY TRAVERS

Screen Play by John Huston and W. R. Burnett • From a Novel by W. R. Burnett



Out on the dance floor for a quick camera close up: Ned Gardiner and Rita Hayworth; Pat Morison and Spencer Tracy



*Ciro's*

FOR A FETEFUL  
EVENING

In from their Valley ranch for some Saturday-night doings: Frances Dee and husband Joel McCrea

Inside

**A** NIGHT AT CIRO'S: The glamour spot of Hollywood! The crossroads of the world! The high light in the high spots of movieland—Ciro's. Not since the old Trocadero days has there been a night club that has appealed so strongly to the motion-picture world. Other spots have tried and are trying; but it is to *Ciro's* that the stars flock in be-glamored droves. It is here a man takes his newest flame to show off. It is here romances on the down grade

are rebuilt and given new life. It is here every conceivable kind of party is celebrated—birthday, anniversary and just plain parties at prices—woo woo!

Last week Barbara Stanwyck celebrated Bob Taylor's birthday at *Ciro's* with the Gary Coopers, the Joel McCreas, the Jack Bennys and the Zeppo Marxes among the guests.

Between patched-up romances with Jimmy Stewart, Olivia de Havilland will sway in on the arm of Burgess

Meredith, Gene Markey or Franchot Tone. Saturday nights will find Lana Turner and one of her constant beaux at a ringside table. From across the way, Alice Faye with Sandy Cummings will stare moodily at Tony, her former husband. The Mischa Auers, in separate parties, will greet each other merrily.

On rare occasions Gable with Lombard will ride in from the ranch for a spot of night life. When the baby can be left safely, Anne Shirley and

Fun à la carte at the frequented *Ciro's*, served with some off-guard pictures,





Two pasts make a talked-about present: Former Hollywood star Arline Judge and former heavy-weight champion Jack Dempsey

Twosome that made heads turn with a start: John Barrymore and Sally Allen, newest face to catch the fabulous Profile



## BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

# Stuff

Paternal cut-in: Carl Brisson annexes son Freddy's Roz Russell



husband John Payne will stroll in, for all the world like any young married couple in any town, for a bit of whoopee.

Rita Hayworth, in one of her newest creations, will have even such smart women as Lili Damita (there with Errol Flynn) and Ann Warner staring in her direction.

Outside, the sidewalks are jammed with fans and tourists, who stand by patiently until one or two o'clock of a morning to watch their favorites come

and go through the shining door.

It's the gay, the bright, the most talked-of spot on the whole West Coast. It's Ciro's where society—Montecito, Los Angeles, Flintridge, Pasadena and all points north and south—is huddled in small corner tables while Mickey Rooney, of the good old Yule family, is given a place of honor.

It's Hollywood's own spot. It's democracy, paying a high tariff. It's Ciro's—and it's wonderful.

**Romance:** Well, it looks more and more serious between Roz Russell and Freddy Brisson, for no sooner had Carl Brisson, Freddy's father, arrived in Hollywood from Europe than Freddy arranged for his dad to meet the lady of his heart.

Roz, dressed in her favorite style of hat—sombbrero—with a swing to the La Conga trend, arrived at Ciro's to meet Dad. He couldn't have been more pleased.

"Freddy's taste is terrific," he

some unvarnished gossip and lots of facts about lots of people in Hollywood



# CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



The highest honor Santa Fe Indians can give a white man is a war bonnet. Errol Flynn cashes in at Santa Fe before the premiere of "Santa Fe Trail"



Nonsense on arrival: Reginald Gardiner takes in the Santa Fe National Forest, takes over Jean Parker

exclaimed, and spent the evening monopolizing Roz. So—be prepared for anything—especially wedding bells.

**Nicknames:** Know what their best friends call them? Well, Cesar Romero is always "Butch" to his pals; Dietrich, of course, answers to "Legs"; Gracie Allen to "Googie." Eddie Albert is "Tiger" to the Warners crowd and once in a while a member of her family still calls Claudette Colbert

Now he can be heard!

**CAL YORK**

your Hollywood correspondent, with

**"I WANT A DIVORCE"**

starring

**JOAN BLONDELL**

and a star-streamed company of yesterday's favorites and tomorrow's winners

Every Friday night over your nearest Mutual Broadcasting System station at 9:30 E.S.T.

"Shoeshine," the name bestowed upon her by schoolmates in New York who could only make "Shoeshine" out of her real name, Chauchoin. That's why Claudette took up the family name of Colbert.

All of Jeanette MacDonald's close friends refer to her as "Jam" because Jeanette's initials spell Jam. Her middle name is Ann. Humphrey Bogart is "Bogie" to half of Hollywood; of course, Ida Lupino is "Lupey" and



Nonsense en route: Rita Hayworth, Natalie Draper, Flynn and Reginald Gardiner aboard the 17-car special

Barbara Stanwyck is "Stannie," while Mary Livingstone is always "Doll" to Jack Benny.

Just plain "Coop" can mean two actors in Hollywood, one Gary Cooper and one Jackie Cooper. Jackie's girl friend, Bonita Granville, is "Bunny" to her gang.

"Spence" means Tracy and "Red" can only mean Cagney. But the prize goes to Alan Mowbray's children, Alan Jr. and Patricia. All of the Mowbray friends refer to them as A. M. and P. M.

**Facts About A Grand Actor:** He's Pat O'Brien's and Jimmy Cagney's best friend. He was born near Cal's home back in Pennsylvania and never fails to stop for a chat with us about the home folk. Of him, Cagney once said, "I have yet to see him give a bad performance."

His name is Frank McHugh.

After a strenuous Broadway season, he came to Hollywood for a few weeks' visit with his friend Robert Armstrong. He wanted none of movies. He's been here eleven years and now wants none of Broadway.

His movie debut was to help out a pal who couldn't find an actor to play the role. Hollywood never let him go after that.

At Universal he's just finished his role of a traveling salesman in love with Margaret Sullavan in "Back Street." He'll be somewhere else in no time at all.

(Continued on page 12)





Look out for a COLD . . . watch your THROAT

**—gargle *Listerine Quick!***

careless sneeze, or an explosive cough, can shoot troublesome germs in your direction at mile-a-minute speed. In case they invade the tissues of your throat, you may be in for throat irritation, a cold—or worse.

If you have been thus exposed, better gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at your earliest opportunity. Listerine kills millions of the germs on mouth and throat surfaces known as "secondary invaders" and often helps render them powerless to invade the tissue and aggravate infection. Used early and often, Listerine may head off a cold, or reduce the severity of one already started.

#### Amazing Germ Reductions in Tests

Tests have shown germ reductions averaging to 96.7% on mouth and throat surfaces fifteen minutes after a Listerine antiseptic gargle. Even one hour after,

reductions up to 80% in the number of surface germs associated with colds and sore throat were noted.

That is why, we believe, Listerine Antiseptic in the last nine years has built up such an impressive test record against colds . . . why thousands of people gargle with it at the first hint of a cold or simple sore throat.

#### Fewer and Milder Colds in Tests

These tests showed that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not gargle. And fewer sore throats, also.

So remember, if you have been exposed to others suffering from colds, if you feel a cold coming on, gargle Listerine Antiseptic—*quick!*

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

***Mothers!***  
GET THIS AMAZING  
**Listerine Throat Light**

Du Pont "Lucite" shoots light around curve



**BOTH FOR 98¢**

DEPRESSES TONGUE—LIGHTS UP THROAT

**CHECK CHILDREN'S THROAT DAILY**

Offer good only in continental U. S. A.

**75¢ LISTERINE  
THROAT LIGHT**

**75¢ LISTERINE  
ANTISEPTIC**

**\$1.50 Value**



# IRRESISTIBLE *Loveliness*



## YOURS WITH *Irresistible* LIPSTICK

Ask any man! He'll tell you irresistible lips are soft lips, smooth lips, dewy-fresh! Glamorous women know this and choose a softer, creamier lipstick like IRRESISTIBLE. Easy to apply, non-drying, stays on smoothly for hours because it's WHIP-TEXT through a secret new process. Thrilling range of fashion-right colors includes such favorites as: RUBY RED, FLASH RED, CANDY STRIPE RED, FUCHSIA PLUM with matching rouge, face powder and powder foundation.



### DOES HE LOVE YOU?

New! Irresistible Valentine Perfume holders spins and tells all! Wear this enchanting IRRESISTIBLE fragrance on your next date. Then spin the heart! Our guess: He loves you.



IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10c

10c AT ALL  
5 & 10c STORES

# CAL YOUNG'S *Inside Stuff*



Family feature: The Pauls (left) and the Durbins (right) join forces at the engagement party of son Vaughn and daughter Deanna. Inside comment on the affair was: "Paul is exactly the right man for Deanna"

(Continued from page 10)

He's married, loved by everyone and an asset to the community. Here's to him.

**Got Any Ideas?** Through Cal's column, Bob Taylor has a request to make. If anyone can think of a good name for his new horse—a mare, to be exact, he'd appreciate your sending on your suggestion. This particular nameless mare is coal black and beautiful. She has a white star on her forehead.

Bob will ride his horse all through his picture "Billy the Kid" and would like a name that will be as enduring as Tom Mix's "Tony" or Gene Autry's "Champ."

If you're interested we'll be happy to send your suggestion on to Bob.

**Keeping Faith:** We've discovered a rather wonderful thing concerning one of our favorite people—Tyrone Power—and we pass it along to his legion of fans.

After a harassing day on the set, with Tyrone perhaps growing unsure of himself or his work, with cares pressing about him (and they do, even as they do with you and me), he goes home to his little projection room and runs over old pictures.

His favorite is the one called, "Where Are My Children?" Invariably Ty finds solace and comfort as that picture unfolds. For "Where

Are My Children?" is the latest of twenty-seven pictures Ty has bought up that starred his father, Tyro Power Sr., a great actor.

Between Ty and his father there were always a great bond and a great friendship; it was in Ty's arms that his father died, December 31, 1919.

Tyrone was to live through a particularly trying period after his father's death when he was seeking to establish himself on a screen that would have none of him. His father's love carried him through, just as carrying him through now up the ladder on that little screen.

**Another Welles! Welles! Yes!** Hollywood is chuckling over the late Orson Welles yarn.

It seems Welles was interviewed a boy from Brazil for a small role intended interjecting into his picture "Citizen Kane."

"What do you do besides act?" inquired the boy wonder.

"I write, direct, produce, compose songs, dance, sing, paint, stage shows and design sets," replied eager young Latin.

"And what's your name?" went Welles.

"Fortunio Bonanova," the young man replied.

"That's what you think," said Welles. "You're really the 'Orson Welles of South America.'"



## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Cal's Hollywood Parade: Eyebrows are lifted to the Milky Way over Virginia Field's romance with George Raft so soon after Richard Greene's departure for England and the army.

Charlie Chaplin has definitely stated to one or two intimates there will be no divorce between him and Paulette Goddard.

Roger Pryor is feeling blue over those marital troubles with his cute wife, Ann Sothern.

That personal-appearance tour Brenda Joyce recently made is reported to have given Brenda a whole new outlook on life. Now maybe she won't marry Owen Ward, her Hollywood beau, after all.

Myrna Loy has asked her studio to drop all publicity to the effect that she's the "perfect wife." Since her separation from Arthur Hornblow Myrna feels it not too tactful, to say the least.

One of the sights of the village was to see Eddie Norris, Ann Sheridan's ex, sitting directly beneath the photograph of Ann in the commissary of the very studio Annie was feuding with—Warners.

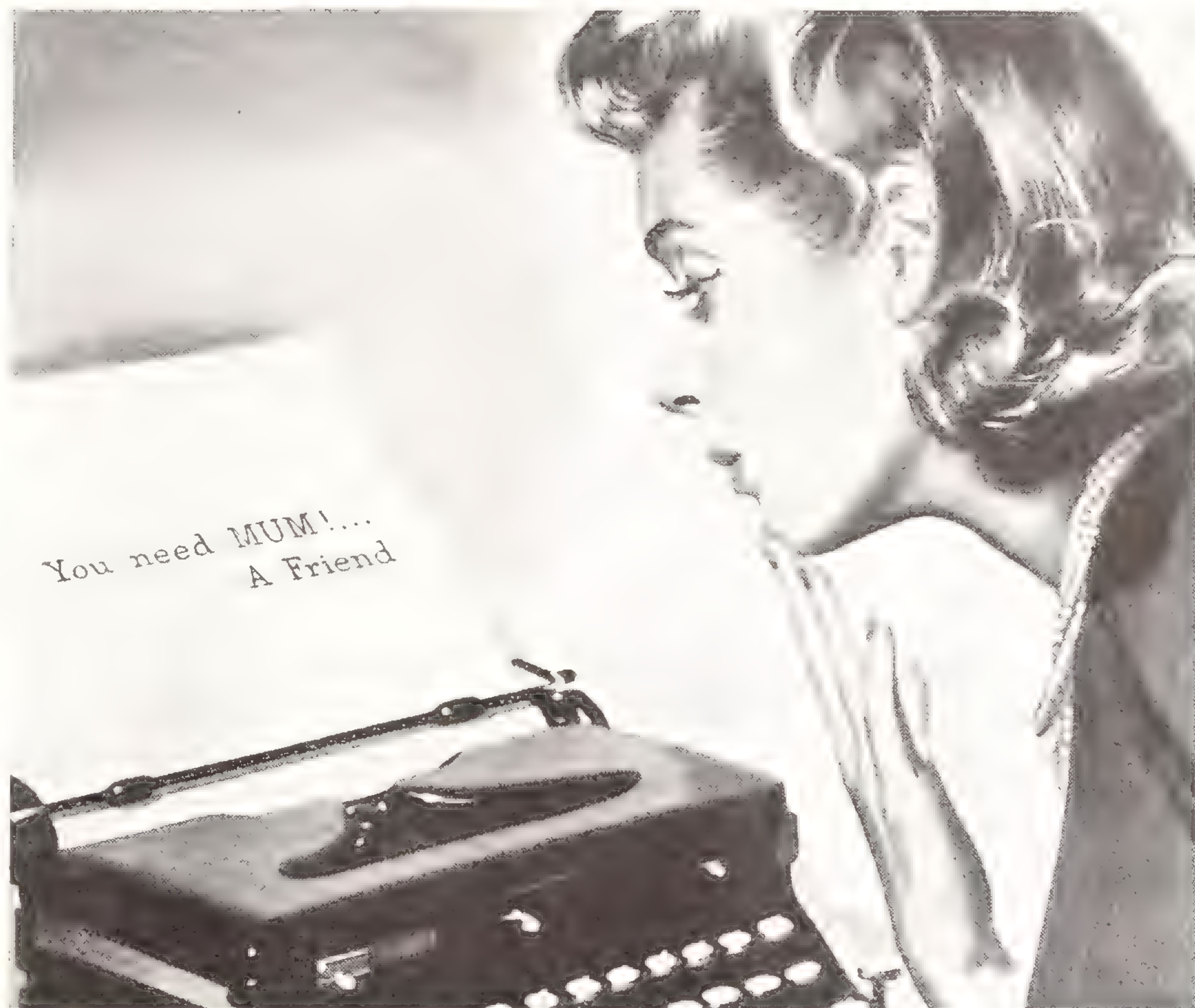
The secret behind the Ann Sheridan-Warner Brothers reconciliation is little known, but actually it was all wrapped in one redheaded bundle of dynamite—James Cagney, who refused to make his next picture until Annie came home. There's loyalty, brothers.

Mickey Rooney admits it—he just can't get Linda Darnell off his mind no matter how many girls he dates.  
(Continued on page 14)

Headline stuff: Olivia de Havilland sees *Ciro's* with Gene Markey, while Jimmy Stewart goes to the movies with the married Haywards



## If she can't take a tip— she'll surely lose her job



**Why risk offending? Use Mum every day.  
Be sure underarms are always fresh!**

**N**ANCY couldn't believe her eyes! Yet there, plain as day, was the note that told what her fellow workers thought.

Carelessness of this sort... the merest hint of underarm odor... can pull you down so quickly! That's why smart girls make a daily habit of Mum.

For Mum makes your daintiness sure. Just smooth it on and you're safe from underarm odor for a full day or evening. Never forget Mum for a single day, for even daily baths can't prevent risk of offending. Underarms always need Mum's sure protection.

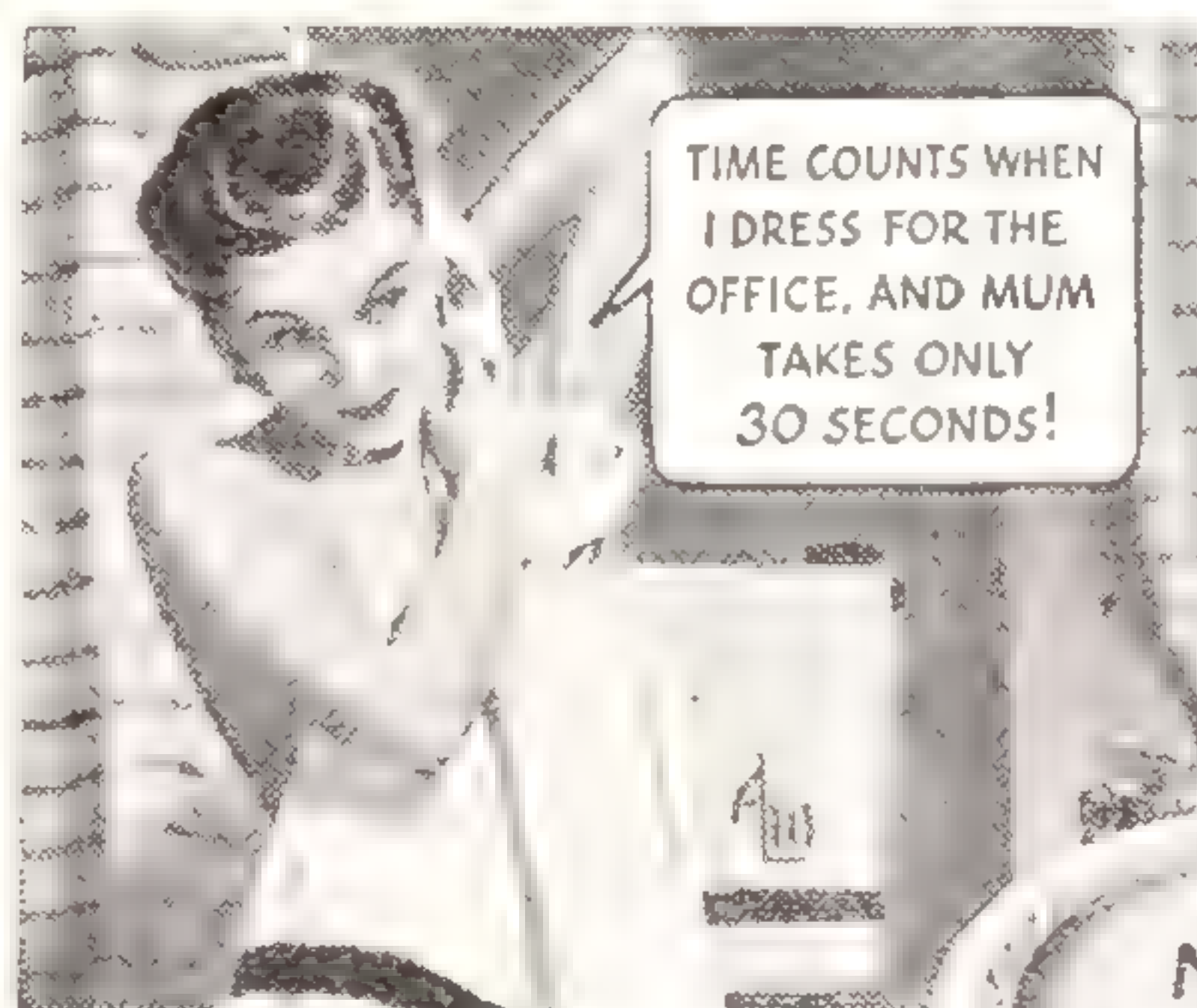
More women use Mum than any other deodorant because:

**MUM IS SPEEDY!** Thirty seconds is all it takes to apply a touch of Mum.

**MUM IS SURE!** Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum *prevents* underarm odor all day long.

**MUM IS SAFE!** Can't irritate your skin... can't harm clothes. Mum has the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today. Use it every day... be sure you're always sweet.

### SMART GIRLS MAKE A HABIT OF MUM!



#### For Sanitary Napkins

More and more women who want no worries about daintiness are using Mum for this important purpose. And Mum is so gentle, so safe.

# MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**





## Test THYNMOLD

for 10 DAYS at our expense!

**YOU** can have that suave, smooth, flowing figure...that slimmer silhouette! Stand before a mirror in an ordinary foundation...then notice the uncontrolled waist and hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see for yourself how the ugly bumps and bulging waist and hips are instantly slimmed out.

Not only will your figure appear more slender, but you'll actually be able to wear smaller size dresses...even in the exacting new styles!

After wearing a Thynmold for 10 days, make the Mirror Test again...if it doesn't do everything you expect...it will cost you nothing!

### MADE OF FAMOUS PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

Thynmold is made of pure Para rubber, interlined and perforated for comfort. The unique combination of Girdle and separate Brassiere gives support and freedom impossible in the usual one-piece foundations. Laced back permits adjustment for change in size.

**ONLY  
\$1  
DOWN**

We want you to be *thrilled* with your new Thynmold! That's why we make it easy for you to test Thynmold for 10 days at our expense! **SEND NO MONEY**—but write today for complete information telling how you can get your Thynmold for only \$1 down.



Send Today for Your  
**FREE COPY of  
"Slenderize"**

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.  
Dept. 183, 358 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.  
Send illustrated folder, sample of perforated material and details of Trial Offer and \$1.00 down plan.

Name.....  
Address.....

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Seen at Ciro's: Henry Fonda laughing in public. Occasion was a round on the dance floor with Mrs. Fonda



Autograph signer who's the surprise of Hollywood when she stands up. See page 17 for tall story of Carmen Miranda

(Continued from page 13)

**Marital Theory:** As long as a reasonable amount of jealousy exists between married folk, that marriage is sailing in safe waters—or so we've been told. If true, the William Powell ship of matrimony is doing all right.

It was tiny Diana Powell herself who told us the story that illustrates our point.

It happened a few months ago. M-G-M had just handed Diana the script of her newest film, "Go West," a Marx Brothers movie.

As she read, she grew more and more amused. Finally she was shout-

ing with unrestrained laughter.

Husband William Powell, attracted by the outburst, came into the room. "What's the fun?" he asked.

"I'm reading my new script," she howled.

Mr. Powell looked at her a moment. "Well," he finally said, "you never laughed that way at a script of mine. So, you see—"

**Here Comes the Bride:** The bride will wear white satin and a long veil and through its folds will appear the lovely face—familiar to millions of fans—of Miss Deanna Durbin.



Face to face: A study in expressions. Lois Ranson, Mickey Rooney, Bob Hope, Judy Garland at Palladium Christmas Show

# CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Around Christmas time, on Deanna's nineteenth birthday, Mr. and Mrs. Durbin announced Deanna's engagement to Vaughn Paul, youthful assistant producer who worked his way up from assistant director. Then came a later announcement that on June 9th Deanna will become the bride of her first and only beau. After the wedding the young couple will move into the house Vaughn has built for his bride.

It was love almost from the moment these two saw each other. After their first date, there never was another

boy for Deanna or girl for Vaughn. But somehow, out at Universal where Deanna, as a child entering her teens, made her first picture, "Three Smart Girls," and made history both for herself and Universal, they can't seem to realize little Deanna has grown up. At her December birthday party, held on the set of "Love At Last," they still treated her as a child, exclaiming over presents and surprises as they would with a youngster.

"Paul is exactly the right man for Deanna," a close family friend told us. We understood what he meant, for

Deanna is no Elsie Dinsmore of sweetness and light but a young lady of very strong will and temperament, stubborn at times and intolerant as only youth can be.

She isn't the easiest star to handle in the business. We tell you this honestly in order that you may better understand the chances for happiness of this pair.

Vaughn on the other hand is quiet but firm, knows his own mind.

When Vaughn must sit at a table in the commissary for a conference with producers, writers, etc., it matters not a bit that Deanna sits and stares. He goes right on quietly with his work.

Yes, Cal thinks they'll be right for each other. But of one thing we are sure: Deanna will make the loveliest bride Hollywood has gazed upon in ages.

Here's happiness to both of them.

**Lighter Side of Love:** Eddie Albert, the great lover, is so worried about his reputation. You see Eddie plays opposite Joan Leslie, 15-year-old act-

## "Like every Bride I wanted a Lovelier Skin - and Camay helped me to have one"

—Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey

**Camay's greater mildness is a help to Every Woman—even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.**



His bride in his arms, Mr. Macwithey finds her blonde hair and creamy skin an exquisite picture. After the reception they left for a honeymoon at Sea Island, Georgia, with Camay in her luggage.

NOW a great new improvement has made Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as we proved by actual tests. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier. So why not let Camay's milder cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness!



Photographs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church, East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey says about Camay, "Camay is so mild. It is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine. I really feel that my continued use of Camay helps my skin to look smoother and lovelier."

## The Soap of Beautiful Women



# GIRLS! LOOK AT YOUR CHAPPED HANDS

*under a magnifying glass*



Notice the irritation  
and tiny cracks and cuts  
you never knew were there.

## SEE WHY MEDICATED NOXZEMA IS SO WONDERFUL FOR CHAPPED HANDS

• Chapped hands are really CUT hands—a combination of skin irritation, like chafing, coupled with tiny cracks, particularly in the knuckles. That's why thousands of people today are switching to Noxzema Cream for real relief. Because Noxzema contains medication to soothe and help promote quicker healing of red, irritated, chapped hands—help restore them to their normal soft, white, smooth loveliness.

Nurses in hospitals were the first to discover how wonderful Noxzema is for chapped hands. Surveys indicate that scores of physicians and dentists who must wash hands frequently yet must keep them in good condition, use this medicated cream regularly.

### Make this simple test

Try it yourself, this way! Put Noxzema on one hand before retiring. Feel how the smarting and soreness are soothed away. In the morning, compare your two hands. See how Noxzema has helped heal the tiny cuts and cracks. If you don't say your "Noxzema hand" looks softer, smoother, whiter—your money will be refunded! Get Noxzema at your drug-gists today while the special trial offer is on!

FOR A LIMITED TIME  
ONLY you can get the  
generous 2 1/2 oz. jar of Nox-  
zema for only 19¢! Try it  
today!



# CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Greetings to 1941,  
Hollywood style.  
More than seventy-  
five British and  
American stars  
broadcast a special  
message to the Brit-  
ish Empire. At the  
left: Bette Davis,  
Ian Hunter and  
Melvyn Douglas

Program for the  
broadcast included  
an hour and a half  
of comedy and  
music, and a line-up  
of such world-fa-  
mous stars as these  
at the right: Doug  
Fairbanks Jr., Gra-  
cie Fields, Elsa Lan-  
chester Laughton,  
Charles Laughton



ress who portrays a 22-year-old work-  
ing girl in Warner Brothers' "Bashful  
Heroes."

Eddie and Joan had just finished a  
tender love scene the day we saw  
them. It was evident, after the scene  
was finished, that Joan was extremely  
nervous. Eddie, who is proud of his  
screen love-making, asked Joan if  
doing her first love scene with him  
made her that way.

"Oh, no," replied Joan. "It's not  
that. You see I have to take a history  
test in an hour and I'm worried about  
passing it."

Eddie turned pink to his eyebrows.

**What Every Star Should Have:** Cal  
has decided there are four things  
every star should possess to be a mem-  
ber of the Hollywood community in  
good standing.

Item one is a farm. It may be a  
New England estate like Bette Davis'  
newly acquired acreage in New Hamp-  
shire, or a cattle ranch like Joel Mc-  
Crea's. It can be a dairy farm like  
Thomas Mitchell's pride and joy in  
Oregon. Or it may be a mountain re-  
treat such as Errol Flynn maintains in  
the Malibus for the benefit of half a  
dozen horses, a herd of goats and a  
pack of lion hounds; or a ranch farm  
like cowboy Bill Boyd's or Clark  
Gable's; or even a pineapple farm in

Hawaii such as John Halliday owns.

At any rate, just so long as it can  
be called a farm it qualifies. An actor  
who can't talk about "returning to the  
soil," or retiring to live on the farm is  
a social outcast, to Cal's way of think-  
ing.

Item two is a station wagon to go  
with the farm. To adhere strictly to  
the best Hollywood form, the station  
wagon should bear the monogram four  
feet high, the brand or name of its  
owner's country place.

The station wagon Miss Davis drives  
to "The Great Lie" set at Warner  
Brothers studio, for example, bears  
the legend "River Bottom Rancho." That's the name Bette gave her San  
Fernando Valley home before she  
knew she was going to own a real  
farm in New England.

The Clark Gables, the Joel Mc-  
Creas, the Humphrey Bogarts, the  
Andy Devines and scores of others of  
the Hollywood bigwigs are owners of  
appropriately monogrammed station  
wagons.

Item three, while not an essential  
but highly desirable, is a boat. It can  
be yacht, schooner or rowboat, so long  
as it floats. Eddie Albert brings back  
as many tall tales from his cruises on  
his new sailing sloop as George Brent  
does from his voyages on his big aux-  
iliary motored yacht, *The South Wind*.



# CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

and Frank Morgan's tales of his sea-going yacht are terrific.

Even better than a boat, of course, is an airplane. To be a pilot who owns his own plane, like Jimmy Stewart, or an aviatrix like Olivia de Havilland or Margaret Sullivan, is really to stand out from the crowd.

**Closeups of Personalities:** Carmen Miranda, lunching at Fox Commissary in the inevitable turban and wide-painted mouth, proves the surprise of Hollywood when she stands up. The Spanish singer from Souse America stands but five feet tall, or should we say short? It's built-up sandals that gives her that height on the screen.

Gene Markey, who is Olivia de Havilland's newest beau, bowing at Tito's to Franchot Tone, who supplanted Jimmy Stewart in Olivia's affections for a while.

Jimmy is going to the movies with Margaret Sullivan and her husband.

**Royalty in the Fashion World:** Lana Turner has just realized one of her greatest ambitions. You'd never guess what it is—to wear screen clothes designed by Adrian, M-G-M's top designer.

Although she's made several important pictures at the studio, Lana never rated Adrian until "Ziegfeld Girl." Then she received the royal summons to appear in his studio salon.

With knees knocking (for clothes mean more to Lana than candy does to children), she bowed her way in.

"Now, any color preferences, Miss Turner?" Adrian smiled kindly. "Here are the sketches. Maybe you have some suggestions of your own you'd like worked in."

"Oh yes, I mean, no," Lana gasped. "Just anything you say, Mr. Adrian. I'll love everything as long as you design it. I honestly will."

Adrian, quick to sense appreciation, simply went to town for the little Turner gal. When you see "Ziegfeld Girl" you'll know what we mean. You'll know, too, how one girl's naïve appreciation won her some of the most beautiful dresses to come out of Hollywood.

**Cal's Final Thought:** Hollywood is sorry to say good-bye to Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh who have left for England. Laurence will join the Royal Air Force and Vivien will aid in war work.



Picture by Courtesy of Photographer John Favour, cousin of Bette Davis

Special to Photoplay-Movie Mirror: One of the first finished photographs of Bette Davis' wedding to Arthur Farnsworth. For scoop on the marriage itself, see page 57

## SEE! PRETTY WOOLS STAY SOFT WITH AMAZING NEW IVORY SNOW! 3-SECOND SUDS IN COOL WATER!

Easy now to give sweaters safe care!  
No more worry about hot-water shrinking!

A GREAT BIG CHEER for the new Ivory Snow! It's a wonderful cool-water soap that's safe for the downy softness of sweaters—safe for every woolen washable a girl ever loved! This new Ivory Snow suds in 3 seconds—in safe cool water! No need for hot water and

hard rubbing that shrink woolens. Just squeeze your pretty sweaters gently through cool, pure suds of Ivory Snow and watch 'em come out soft and fleecy! You'll thank your stars for this new cool-water form of pure Ivory Soap! Try Ivory Snow today!

**NOT A RUN IN SIGHT,** thanks to Ivory Snow's nightly care! No hot water and strong soap—plenty of cool, pure suds to help stockings wear!

### HAPPY DAYS FOR SWEATERS!

No fear of hot-water shrinking for woolens, with cool-water Ivory Snow! Cool suds help sweaters stay fleecy!







**SOCIALLY ALERT  
WOMEN  
USE TAMPAX**



STYLE LEADERS don't just "wonder about" new ideas. They try them out *themselves*... For instance, take Tampax—monthly sanitary protection that does away with pin-and-belt problems and maintains a perfect silhouette in any costume...

Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be worn internally. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax absorbs gently and naturally, permitting no odor to form; therefore no deodorants are needed. No bulging, no chafing, no visible edge-lines. The wearer *does not feel* Tampax while it is in place. It is so compact there are no disposal problems.

Tampax comes hygienically sealed in individual one-time-use applicators, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! And a month's supply will go in an

ordinary purse. Now in three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. At drugstores and notion counters. Introductory size, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

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TAMPAX INCORPORATED  
New Brunswick, N. J.

MWG-31-A

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Speak FOR YOURSELF

\$10.00 PRIZE

Tall Story

WISH Mickey Rooney would stop grieving because he isn't taller. Greatness of ability and character have never been measured in height and some of the most famous men in history have been short of stature.

Mickey's frank, open face with its ability to portray many emotions, his genuinely friendly and engaging smile, his well-proportioned and athletic body—all these add up to one of the finest personalities on the screen today.

He is Youth incarnate; he is Everyman as a boy. We need him in the world today and the world in return for his genius for making it happy has been generous to him. We would not have you one bit different—one bit taller, Mickey, so don't ever be unhappy about it. You may not be as tall as you would like to be, but you suit us right down to the ground!

ANN A. BOLIN,  
Columbus, Ohio

\$5.00 PRIZE

Cops and Robbers

ODD, how the little things in life sometimes leave the most lasting impression. Take the movies, for instance. That "Crime Does Not Pay" series is short and does not receive a great ovation, yet the lessons those pictures teach live on for years—perhaps a lifetime, inside every person who sees them.

In my long experience with the Chicago Police Department, I have found that movies of this type have accomplished more than lectures in showing our young people the difference between right and wrong—for the eyes do see what the ears sometime will not believe.

So, with due credit to these movies, may I say each of them is a helping hand to the arm of the law.

(Officer) JOSEPH LIBRETTI,  
Chicago, Illinois.



Mickey Rooney: "Greatness of ability and character have never been measured in height"

\$1.00 PRIZE

A New Slant on Levant!

OSCAR LEVANT takes the acting honors in "Rhythm on the River" as the most repulsive personality pictures.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre and Bela Lugosi pale into insignificance beside the diabolic Mr. Levant. He may even surpass the old master, Lon Chaney. Levant is a new, modern, streamlined sinister type that gets under your skin before you know it; masquerading under a cloak of malicious and sometime ribald buffoonery. A ghoulish with a jester's fool's cap and stave.

Hail to the new Bogey Man of the screen!

J. WASSO JR.,  
Pen Argyl, Pa.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**

**Redhead Gets A Break**

LAST night my husband and I went to see "The Sea Hawk" and, while we're both very much in favor of Mr. Flynn, it was, rather, a picture unheralded and unsung which captured the imagination of the suburban audience and drew that very rare tribute—a hearty round of applause—at its conclusion. The name of the picture was "We Who Are Young," starring Lana Turner and a newcomer, William Shelton, and this picture afforded definite proof of something I've long suspected: The little Turner can really act!

Lana Turner, in my estimation, is about the loveliest and shapeliest little trick ever to come out of Hollywood. Most of her pictures so far having been of the musical-comedy variety, there has been left no room whatsoever for doubt as to the complete perfection of her figure; but I wish some of those Hollywood producers would please note that she also has one of the most expressive faces in pictures and a pair of eyes which seem to fill with tears quite naturally when the script calls for it.

This William Shelton is a boy who should go a long way and the man who directed this down-to-earth story of a young couple's struggle for marital happiness against the odds presented by modern America is deserving of a lot of credit for the little extra touches which made this a truly outstanding motion picture, a picture which put across a very forceful theme that should make better Americans out of a lot of us.

Just because a girl is breathtakingly beautiful is no sign she can't handle a really dramatic role. Hollywood ought to give my favorite redhead a break!

MRS. W. W. STURNS,  
Denver, Colorado.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**

**Hair-Do's and Don'ts**

HOW do you like the Hollywood hair-do for men? You know—letting the (Continued on page 74)



**FOLLOW THE STARS FOR STYLE WITH**

**Paris Fashion SHOES**

**FIFTH AVENUE STYLES**

**PAULETTE GODDARD**  
Starring in "POT OF GOLD"  
a James Roosevelt production  
for United Artists release

**Drama! Excitement! Glamour! Magic of Hollywood! Here are the shoes that have captured it all! A "premiere" of the latest fashion picture! "Technicolor" by Spring! "Style effects" by the daring, young designers of PARIS FASHION SHOES. Finely-made, perfect-fitting, audacious little shoes that invite "adventure to light her stars" for you. Write Dept. P-5, for your style booklet and name of your dealer.**

**WOHL SHOE COMPANY**  
SAINT LOUIS

**\$3 TO \$4**

**Paris Fashion SHOES**  
**FIFTH AVENUE STYLES**

**FREE!**  
**LEARN HOLLYWOOD'S SMARTEST DANCE STEPS AT HOME—**  
The Conga—The Rumba. Send for free illustrated booklet today. Address Dept. P-5, Wohl Shoe Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**GUARANTEED AS ADVERTISED IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING**



Black or Brown gabardine.



Black, Desert Beige or Rancho Rust maracain casual.



Desert Beige maracain. Also Blue gabardine and calf.



Three-inch heel patent pump. Grosgrain bow.





David L. Loew • Albert Lewin *present*

# "SO ENDS OUR NIGHT"

starring **FREDRIC  
MARCH**

**MARGARET  
SULLAVAN**

**FRANCES  
DEE**

with  
**Glenn Ford • Anna Sten and Erich Von Stroheim**

*Two thrilling  
Romances in a  
story of high  
Adventure!*

**JOSEPH and MARIE**  
(Fredric March and Frances Dee)  
who prove no power on earth  
can divide and rule true love!

FROM THE NOVEL  
**FLOTSAM**  
by  
Erich Maria  
Remarque

**RUTH and KERN**  
(Margaret Sullavan and the  
exciting new romantic screen  
personality, Glenn Ford) who,  
armed only with their love,  
win their hearts' victory!

Directed by JOHN CROMWELL • Screenplay by Talbot Jennings • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

**Unforgettable Performances by the Year's Greatest Cast!**



# PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



## Valentines to Hollywood

ON another page Hedda Hopper proves herself more courageous than ever in filling in my questionnaire for her Super-Superlative 1941 awards. Not every Hollywood writer would dare to pick such classifications as Most Beautiful, Thinks She Is; Most Likely to Fade Out during 1941 and Treats Fans Worst! While we're on this subject of awards, I too have a few to make, in the spirit of Valentine's Day:

My valentine to the industry in gratitude for the type of pictures they have managed to turn out despite the loss of the foreign market. Perhaps, as a matter of fact, it is because of this loss that we have had such stunning pictures as "Rebecca," "Pride And Prejudice," "The Grapes of Wrath" and (with full realization of its faults) "The Great Dictator."

My valentine for the most timely picture goes to "Foreign Correspondent," the last stirring moments of which gave you the feeling that it had been made the day before.

My valentine to the industry for daring to produce shows which are not all escapist. Although much of "The Long Voyage Home" may be boring, it still deserves a valentine for its superb craftsmanship and its willingness to adhere throughout to a non-formula story.

Another valentine to the industry for facing the foreign issue with such splendid pictures as "Escape," "Four Sons," "The Man I Married" and "The Mortal Storm."

A valentine to Walt Disney for proving himself, as always, the pioneer. In spite of some episodes in exceptionally bad taste (especially the bacchanalian revel supposedly inspired by Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony) "Fantasia" is a revolution in movies and almost as important as the discovery of sound itself.

A valentine to Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, who

keep the spirit of youth alive in all Americans, young and old.

A valentine to the stars for their gratis performances on the Screen Guild program, the profits of which are donated to the Guild fund.

MY most enthusiastic valentine of all to Charitable Productions, Inc., for making "Let The Rafters Ring," to which services are donated by many famous authors, directors and stars so that profits may be divided between important British and American charities. Best known to us among the stars are Brian Aherne, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, Errol Flynn, Cary Grant, Charles Laughton, Vivien Leigh, Herbert Marshall, Ray Milland, Anna Neagle and Laurence Olivier.

My valentine to Bob Hope for revealing himself as the most urbane and consistently amusing of all screen comedians (and also for the many benefits he plays). A share in this valentine belongs to Elliott Nugent, who saw that Bob could be a genuine character and funny at the same time (in "The Cat and the Canary"). And while I'm about it, an extra valentine to "The Ghost Breakers."

A valentine to Philip Dorn as the year's most promising young actor.

A valentine to Gene Towne and Graham Baker for the cleverest publicity stunt of the year—their glamorizing of Elsie the cow and introducing her as a movie star at a Ciro's cocktail party.

A valentine to Robert Montgomery who, all sour criticism to the contrary, still managed to perform one of the most courageous acts of the year when he drove an ambulance in France for two weeks—which is just two weeks longer than any other Hollywood star drove one.

*Ernest V. Heyn*



# "Bogie"

A great author writes of a great friendship with a great actor, HUMPHREY BOGART

Mr. and Mrs. Bogart (the former Mayo Methot). "He has a great love for animals"



DON'T know when I first met "Bogie" but he has been a friend for a very long time—about as long as any friend I have. And it has been the kind of friendship that is real and based on granite rock, because out of the past twenty years I doubt that we have been in the same place at the same time for longer than a few months.

Friendship is a curious thing and abused by a great many people. Above all it is not possessive and separation has nothing to do with it.

A friend remains a friend, even though 10,000 miles separate him in space and ten years in time. The kind of friend I like, the kind of friend who endures, is the kind with whom time and space make no difference. After ten years you can walk into a room and meet again and say, "Hello, Jim" and take up again exactly where you left off. That's the kind of friend Bogie is and there aren't many like him.

I have an idea that all this is going to sound too perfect, too good to be

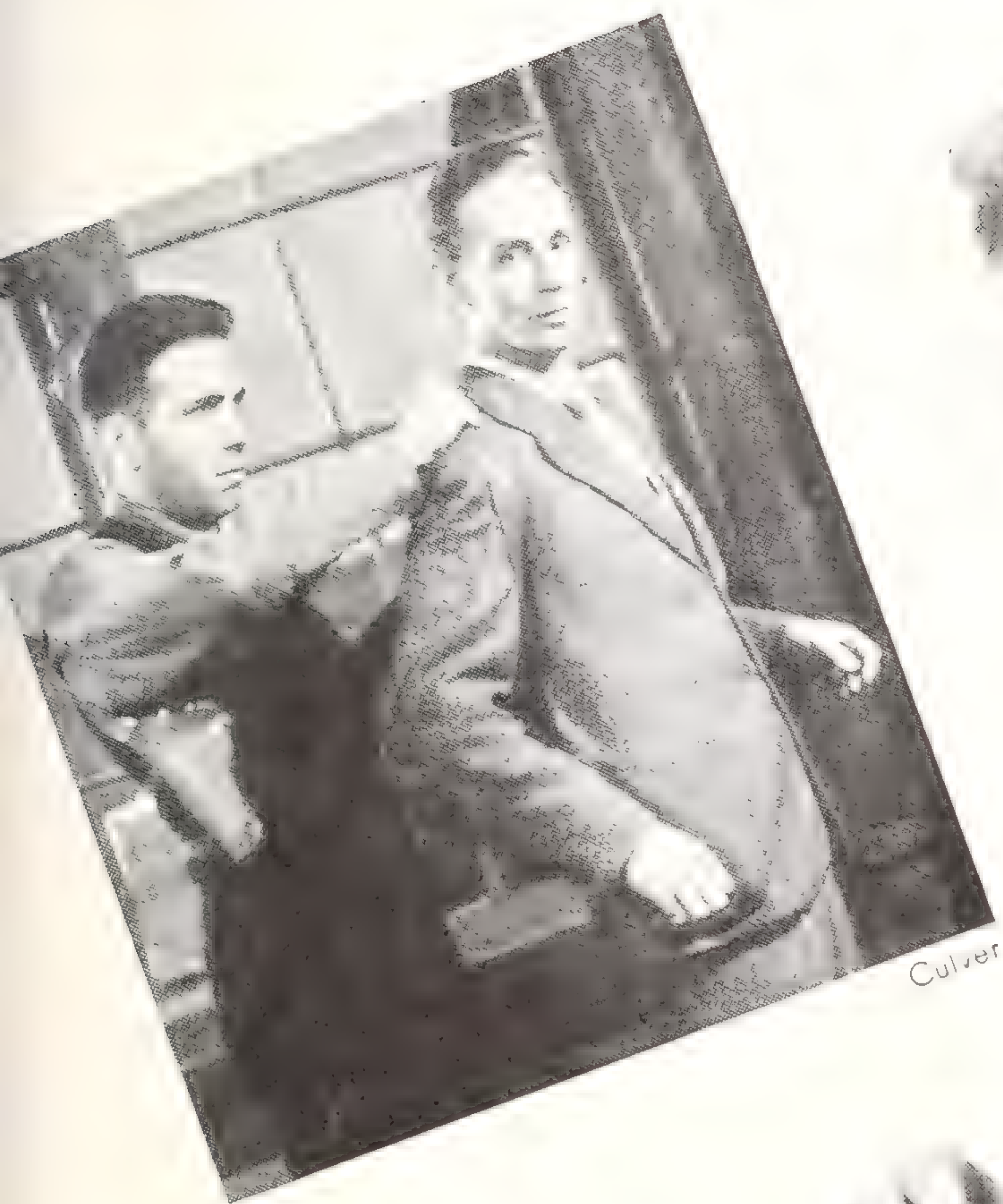
true. All I can say in reply is that I wouldn't be writing it if I didn't believe as much as I do in Humphrey Bogart as a person and as a friend. I'm writing it because I've never read anywhere anything about Bogie that gave any idea of what he is really like and because there are a good many people who admire him as an actor. I thought they might want to know what sort of a person he is.

There aren't many like him in Hollywood or elsewhere for that matter. I've known him when he didn't

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



# Y LOUIS B R O M F I E L D



After "The Petrified Forest," Hollywood wanted him. Below: With Ida Lupino in "High Sierra"

: On the stage with Lesward in "The Petrified Forest." Says Mr. Bromfield: "I had sacrificed his good looks by cropping his hair"



where his next meal was coming from and I've known him with plenty of money, and I've never noticed the least difference. Bogie is one of those stars who was discovered overnight. He came up the hard way and by the time he reached Hollywood he was already a fine actor. He went into acting half by accident because he had gone to school with young Bill Brady and between them existed the kind of friendship which Bogie's life is rich. Young

Bill's father, William Brady, is one of America's great theatrical producers and Bogie began his career with bit parts. Then he discovered that he liked the business and began to put his heart into it and almost at once they began to discover along Broadway that there was a new young juvenile with talent. Only they hadn't discovered yet that the young juvenile was exactly Bogie's role.

Nevertheless, he did very well, because Bogie is a worker. Anyone who has ever had anything to do with

him on the stage or in pictures knows that I don't mean he's one of those actors who has to carry a "mood chamber" about with him to sit in before he goes on. He belongs to that great tradition of actors who can rise from a poker game, walk on the stage or before the cameras and give a great performance. That's because he is a natural actor and sincere one and because he has as good a sense of wit and humor as anyone I've ever known.

In those (Continued on page 94)





Clark Gable:  
Ultra-ultra



Rosalind Russell:  
Ditto



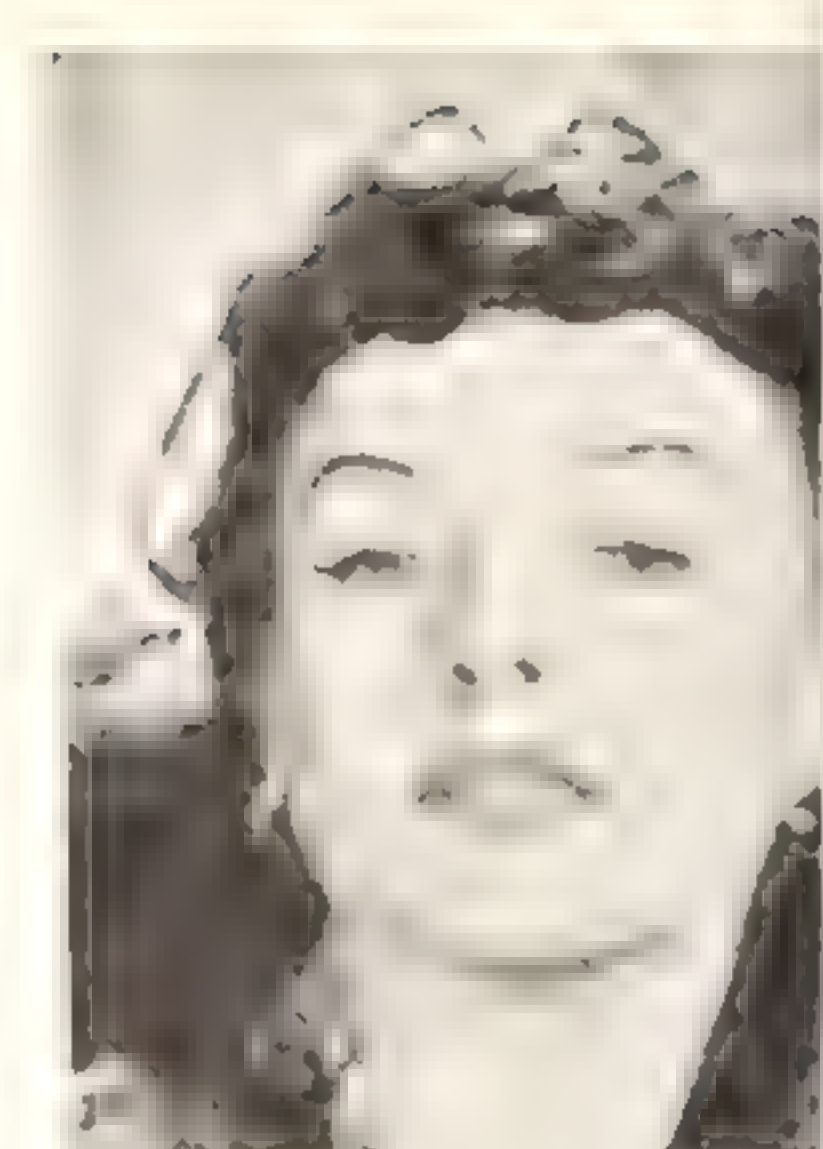
Errol Flynn:  
Worker?



Hedda Hopper:  
Perfect (—Ed.)



Orson Welles:  
Not so bad



Paulette Goddard:  
Double-head

# My Own Super

*Editor's Note:* Miss Hopper is given the widest latitude in her articles for Photo-play-Movie Mirror. Her opinions are not necessarily those of this magazine.—E.V.H.

Encore—by readers' requests—from a famous woman columnist w

**B**EST all-round man in Hollywood:

Clark Gable, because he has more reality and virility than any other actor on the screen. And because off screen he's one of the best balanced men in Hollywood, a swell companion and an all-round friend.

Best all-round woman in Hollywood:

Roz Russell, who's had more hit pictures this last year than any other actress—because she's the most civic-minded gal in town. She blends movies, society and citizenship.

Most popular woman—Dame Rumor. Have you got one in your town?

Least popular woman—Lady Truth, because nobody will listen to her.

Most entertaining man on screen: Jack Barrymore—because he never fails to kid himself, his profession and his public.

Most entertaining man off screen: Bob Hope.

Hardest worker:

Male—Kay Kyser.

Female—Hedda Hopper.

Think they are:

Male—Errol Flynn.

Female—Mrs. Eddie Robinson.

Most likely to succeed during 1941:

Male—John Carroll.

Female—Lana Turner.

Most likely to fade out during 1941:

Male—George Raft.

Female—Ann Sheridan.

Done most for Hollywood:

David O. Selznick, through "GWTW" and "Rebecca."

Done Hollywood most:

Melvyn Douglas.

Among the men:

Handsome—Bob Taylor.

Thinks he is—Errol Flynn.

The prettiest—Victor Mature.

Most brilliant—Orson Welles.

Laziest—Gary Cooper, and he's made it pay dividends.

Happiest—Andy Devine.

Kindest—Jimmy Cagney.

Among the women:

Most beautiful—Hedy Lamarr.  
Thinks she is—Madeleine Carroll.

Best hostess—Mrs. Sam Goldwyn.

Thinks she is—Mrs. Basil Rathbone.

Best legs—Marlene Dietrich.

Most talked about—Paulette Goddard.

Most talked against—Paulette Goddard.

Talks most—Elsa Maxwell.

Says most—Anita Loos.

Most generous—Joan Crawford.

Wisest—Bette Davis.

Most respected man in Hollywood: Bing Crosby—and you all know why.

Best performance in last months, male or female:

Thomas Mitchell in "An Over Broadway," "The Long Voyage Home," and "The Cheers For The Irish."

Most overrated performance last six months:

Tyrone Power in "Brig Young."





Lili Damita:  
Extra-special



Tyrone Power:  
Overrated



Bette Davis:  
Expected



Bob Hope:  
Unexpected



Ann Sheridan:  
Almost fatal



Charles Boyer:  
Definitely fatal

# Superlative Academy Awards

BY HEDDA HOPPER

gives cheers and jeers to Hollywood with some eyebrow-raising wit

Best actress:  
Bette Davis.

Biggest bluffer:  
Laurence Olivier.

Best sense of humor:  
W. C. Fields.

Best actor:  
Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck.

Best picture of the year:  
"Rebecca."

Think they have:  
Ritz Brothers.

Best-dressed man:  
Basil Rathbone.

Worst picture of the year:  
"Moon Over Burma."

Has had worst break from Hollywood:

D. W. Griffith, who started Hollywood history twenty-five years ago, but has been forgotten by practically everyone he helped.

Thinks he is:  
Adolphe Menjou.

Most successful marriage in Hollywood:  
The Charley Grapewins—they've just celebrated their 44th year.

Best lover:  
Charles Boyer, by all odds.

Best-dressed woman:  
Lili Damita Flynn.

Thinks she is:  
Every actress in town.

Most desirable bachelor:  
Jimmy Stewart.

Off screen:  
Ditto, so I'm told.

Most likely to remain a bachelor:  
Eddie Albert.

Treats fans best:  
Joan Crawford.

Thinks he is:  
Ray Milland.

Most likely to be a spinster:  
Edna May Oliver.

Treats fans worst:  
Virginia Bruce.

Most likely to be married:  
Male—Bill Holden—he's practically hooked now!  
Female—Lana Turner—again and again and again.

Can't take a joke:  
Practically the entire population of Hollywood.

Most delightful child of star:  
ZaSu Pitts' daughter, Ann Gallery, who has entered Stanford this year.

Biggest gloom:  
Jack Benny. Never was a worrier like Jack. Privately, I think he loves to suffer.

Can take a joke:  
Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Jimmy Cagney, Clark Gable. Pat O'Brien, Mickey Rooney, Charles Laughton.

Most annoying child of star:  
I'll skip this one, because I don't know any other group of children better brought up, or receiving finer care.



HE CALLED HER

# "Man-Poison"

Beginning the story of a girl who was ready to admit she was snobbish, spoiled—but not that she was the wrong woman for a man's best friend

**S**TANDING behind the steel gate of the airport, Annabelle saw the flares light up one by one along the length of the flying field. The little plane, scurrying in from the west, must be Mike Harrigan's, at last.

The sense of excitement she had felt all day was now transformed into intense uneasiness. It was that feeling you sometimes have that the next minutes of your life are going to be of rare and terrifying importance.

She hadn't wanted George to wire Mike Harrigan.

"Won't he object to our running away like this?" she had argued.

"Of course not," George had insisted. "Mike's the grandest guy in the world. He'll just take it for granted that we have our reasons for eloping—instead of falling for one of those silly Hollywood weddings. You don't have to worry about Mike Harrigan."

With that sixth sense as guide, she was worried.

She and Mike had never met and she had the strange feeling that that was through his wish. Heaven knows there had been ample opportunity. Several times during those unexpectedly wonderful weeks on the Clark Studios lot, George had said, "I'm go-

ing to have you meet Mike Harrigan tonight. He's a swell guy. Greatest friend I ever had."

Mike Harrigan had never turned up.

And George Hurley had looked the other way when Annabelle asked why.

"He's finishing a picture," George would say evasively. "You know how a director is when he's on a picture. Particularly Mike."

And then this morning (when they had decided that today was the day—a flight to Yuma—a visit to Mr. Perkins, who so many of the Hollywood people know to be obliging at any hour of the night or day), George had sent the wire: "Flying to Yuma with most wonderful girl in the world but it's no kind of wedding without the grandest guy in the world standing up with us. Get out wings and hurry."

They had waited at the airport, but there was no sign of Mike Harrigan. Then a terse wire had arrived: "Wait for me at airport."

George was elated. But Annabelle Clark, not yet out of her teens, knew more about people than George Hurley, well into his twenties.

Then George had decided to go up to Mr. Perkins' to make all the necessary arrangements while Annabelle

waited for Mike's arrival.

The little Waco was settling down. Now it spun around and taxied toward the gate.

Annabelle thought, "How is it that sometimes you know in advance what's going to happen? How do I know that he's going to spoil this for me? How do I know he's going to make me regret everything I have ever done?"

The engine roared to a stop. The man squeezed out of the little door and stepped down. He said a few words to the attendant who hurried up; then he squinted into the glare of the airfield.

Annabelle saw that he was tall, not very good-looking, but easy to look at just the same. He was a man who knew where he was going and had stopped being afraid a long while ago. By the way he walked she could tell he was physically strong, and by the set of his mouth she knew that he never took anything from anybody—particularly women.

Now he saw her and the set of his jaw stiffened.

"You're Mike Harrigan?" she said.

He nodded. She held out her hand.

"I'm Annabelle Clark," she said.

"I know," he said shortly. "I want

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ



BY FRANCES BARR MATTHEW

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR





"What's so wrong with me?" Annabelle asked. "I'll tell you," said Mike. "I've seen a lot of dames in my time—and I think I know. You're man-poison!"





To Annabelle, George Hurley was the first person who had really seemed to need her

to talk to you—right now."

This was it. Her instinct hadn't been wrong. But Annabelle Clark, in those few halcyon years, had learned how to fight, too. Now she had something to fight for, and no gentleman with a firm jaw was going to stop her.

She turned a smile, her most endearing smile, on the gentleman with the firm jaw.

"I'm so glad you came," she said. "George wouldn't hear of our getting married without you."

"Where is he now?" Mike Harrigan said quietly.

They were walking towards the entrance and she took double steps to try to keep up with him.

"He's gone up to Mr. Perkins'," she said. "He's the minister, you know. He'll marry you any time, day or

HER voice trailed off, for Mike Harrigan was staring straight ahead of him as if looking for something. Suddenly he turned to her.

"I guess this is as good a place to talk as any."

He peered down at her, scowling.

"I don't know why you want to marry George Hurley, but I'm not for it."

She looked up at him, straight into his eyes.

"Why not?" she challenged.

"I know all about you," he said simply, "so I know you can take it straight from the shoulder. I'm not for it—on account of you."

It echoed in her brain. "On account of you." What did he know about her? Nothing. Nobody knew anything. She didn't even know, herself.

Her eyes narrowed as she looked at him. She wouldn't get angry. No, not now. That was her old way, the way of the spoiled daughter of the wealthy producer Holton Clark. But now, face to face with the one thing in the

world she *really* wanted, the chance to be the wife of a boy like George Hurley, now she wasn't going to let that prodigal temper of hers get in the way. No! No matter what insulting thing Mike Harrigan said.

This was a different kind of rebellion inside of her. Before, she had rebelled against Holton Clark and his domineering ways—yes, ever since her mother's death. But those rebellions had been small, childish and in the wrong causes.

"On account of you." Well, what's so wrong with me? she thought. Spoiled—is that my fault? And I know about it—I'm trying to do something about it. A snob? Yes, I was—that was why Dad sent me to the ranch. Careless and frivolous? I didn't know any better—and I did think Boots Havermill meant something to me. Anyway, everybody makes mistakes. Doesn't it mean anything that a girl has grown wise—and is trying? But how do you put it in words? It all sounds so whiney, no matter what you say. So you don't talk. You just stand there and take it. Sure, why not!

"I'm sorry you feel that way about me," she said softly.

"I am too," he answered squarely. "Because I know that George Hurley has got it bad. He's a good kid. Not strong, but good and he deserves a break."

"I know he won't regret picking me," she said smiling.

Mike Harrigan didn't smile. "Why don't you let him go?"

"What does that crack mean?" she said evenly.

"What do you want with him anyway? The kid has a great chance at your father's studio—so you step in and complicate things for him. It's not easy to make your way as a juvenile in Hollywood. Wives don't help any."

"That's an exploded theory," Annabelle Clark said.

"Some wives don't help any man," Mike Harrigan said relentlessly.

She turned away toward the lights of the town. "George will be waiting for us."

"I'm flying back," Mike Harrigan said.

"George wants you there," she said simply.

"I only came because I thought maybe I could get you to give him a break."

"Maybe I'm conceited to say it—but that's what I think our marriage will be."

He shook his head impatiently. "Oh stop it! That kid needs something different. The kind of girl he needs is just out of your world!"

"What's so wrong with me?" she said. The defiant throw of her head

was somehow betrayed by the catch in her voice.

"I'll tell you. I've seen a lot of dames in my time—and I think I know. You're man-poison!"

Then he added: "Tell George I said 'Good luck!'"

He turned on his heel and walked toward his plane.

She watched him stride across the field. Her mind followed him, grasped his shoulder and swung him around told him many things about how wrong he was, but her body stood there and she didn't utter a sound.

AS she looked for the cab driver George had arranged to drive her to Mr. Perkins' she was a little proud that she had kept her temper. That was a victory. She knew that late the things he had said would pain her immeasurably, but now she remembered them only as facts, as something somebody had said to somebody else.

In the cab, anger returned to her and somehow cleansed her. There was only one thing to do. Who did Mike Harrigan think he was, anyway? Who was he, setting himself up to judge what was right and what was wrong for George Hurley? Her eyes turned sightlessly into the Arizona darkness.

Her path was clear. She would simply tell George that Mike had to get back to Hollywood in a hurry—the picture was going on location in the morning and Mike had flown up to say "Good luck." (He *had* said that, for a fact.) Well, it didn't sound so good, but she knew how to make herself believe. And George would be the first to believe her.

She stepped out of the cab at Mr. Perkins'. George ran to meet her. He looked so young and so eager. His hand coaxed his chestnut hair into place with (Continued on page 82)

## Frame for Fame

Presenting, in our exclusive full-color series, Deanna Durbin, star of "Love At Last" and one of the public-spirited stars who appear for sweet charity's sake on the Gulf-Screen Guild broadcast Sunday nights, the Columbia network







Deanna Durbin











Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper  
in Frank Capra's "Meet John Doe"



TWO GRAND HUMANS—BARBARA STANWYCK AND GARY COOPER—IN THEIR NEW FILM



# THE LAWS OF *Averages*

IN a world where it's smart to be individual, to gain individual recognition and impose our individual pattern on those around us, we forget the heritage of good and bad, love and hate, that is every human being's and the simple but inescapable rules that govern one and all. Now and then we need a powerful reminder to set us back on the track. That reminder has come in the human touch of Frank Capra's "Meet John Doe." Its gentle philosophy has entered the lives of all those who have worked together to make the picture, Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck most of all. And so we went to these two. . . .

Gary sat by the stream that ran under the bridge down by the sound-stage railroad tracks. The cameras were in sight, but the only sound to be heard for a long, quiet moment was the water echoing in the high-arched cavern. That, and the hobos' fire crackling underneath a battered coffee pot. It was the last day of shooting on "Meet John Doe."

"Been a great thing—working in this picture," Gary remarked. "Shows you lot of things you ought to've known all along but have kinda forgotten."

"For instance—" (Yes, he was "loosening up" now and when Gary "loosens up" he talks plenty.) "—I mean things that are true now just as they were a thousand years ago, like—well, like the fact that the best things in life are free."

"I know," he went on, "we've been quoting that for quite a while. But the thing is, we haven't thought much about what it really means. Neither did *John Doe* at first. He thought the most important thing in the world was

to get his pitching arm back so he could get rich and famous. Then he met up with a hobo that everyone called *The Colonel* (that's my friend Walt Brennan in the picture) and *The Colonel* taught *John* things. He was a hobo from choice. He called people who were trying their darnedest to make money so they could buy things—radios, fine houses, cars, country-club memberships and such—'helots.' 'They're slaves to *things*,' he'd say. Seemed as though if everyone could stop wanting so many *things*—Hitler and Mussolini and all the rest—the world would suddenly find itself with a weight rolled off its shoulders.

"GUESS there's a law in there somewhere. When human beings accumulate more than they really need, they start losing their souls. Seems to me time for friendships like *John's* and '*The Colonel's*'; time to sit by a stream and talk along is a pretty fine thing. But no one has very much of it these days. Everybody is too busy chasing after *things*."

"There's a girl in 'Meet John Doe' who is pretty cynical and hard-boiled. So is *John*, for that matter. Or they both think they are. And they're making lots of money, which is what they think they want. But all the while something is happening that hasn't a thing to do with money-making. They are falling in love. When they find it out, they realize they've got something worth more than all the success and hullabaloo put together. And it didn't cost 'em a cent, either. In fact, they couldn't have

bought it if they'd tried, on account of the best things in life are free. That's one law it didn't take any mayors or governors to pass."

WE set out to find that "girl who is pretty cynical and hard-boiled." Barbara was sitting curled up in the big comfortable divan in the big comfortable Beverly Hills home that is hers and Bob Taylor's. She began by saying: "I feel as though I'd seen Santa Claus."

This was hardly in line with a hard-boiled pattern, but we let her go on.

"Of course," she confided, "we learn something from every experience. Certainly I have learned from every picture I've made. But 'Meet John Doe' is not just a picture. It is the drama of life itself—your life, my life, the lives of a million average men and women. And from it I learned a law of averages I'd almost forgotten. *I learned all over again to believe in the essential good of human beings!*

"No"—she shook her head—"I don't think I have ever been much of a cynic—one of those persons who works very hard at not believing in anything. Still, when I was given the role of *Ann Mitchell*, I'll admit that my first thought after I'd read it was not, 'What a wonderful lesson this teaches,' but rather, 'You're lucky, my girl, to have fallen heir to such a histrionic plum.'

"But that was only at first. Pretty soon the thing began to get me. As the story of 'Meet John Doe' opens, *Ann* is a cynic all right. She has a gift for writing. She can think up such beautiful, inspirational things for *John Doe* to say (she is, in a way, his 'ghost writer') (Continued on page 71)

BY MARIAN RHEA

LEARN SOME LESSONS IN LIFE ALL OF US "OUGHT TO'VE KNOWN ALL ALONG . . ."



# Should Love Wait?

If you fell in love today would you marry now or wait until next year, until after the war, or after the depression, or until the home was paid for?

Should the unsettled conditions of the world of tomorrow postpone the love of today?

Does marriage retard the progress of the ambitious young man—or woman?

Is a measure of security essential to marital happiness?

Olivia de Havilland and James Cag-

ney both chorus a hearty, healthy "No!" to all the above questions.

Says Cagney, "Postponing marriage for any of those reasons is just like looking the stork in the eye and saying, 'I don't want to be born now—come back next year.' Or it's like challenging the grim reaper with a caustic 'Who invited you?' Besides," he grins, and there's a mischievous twinkle in his blue eyes, "science tells us that love lasts only twenty minutes, so why wait two years?"

"Security?" says Olivia. "Say, are

you talking about a love match or a business partnership? What has security to do with love?"

"Nothing," laughs Jimmy, "if the girl is marrying an actor. Security is something an actor wouldn't know a thing about. He may look forward to the time when he can wear old clothes because he wants to rather than because he has to, but he'd never actually plan on it. Anyone who wanted security wouldn't choose a haphazard profession like acting in the first place and the girl who plans to marry an actor had better make up her mind that 'Home Sweet Home' is just a song. She'll be lucky if the guy can sing it and she'll be more than lucky if he can swing it!"

"But most girls," Olivia reminds him, "do not intend to marry actors."

"Speak for yourself, Miss Alden," Jimmy replies, "but while we're on the subject, can any girl marrying any man actually plan on security? Suppose he does have a good job, money in the bank, the home paid for—he can lose the job, the bank can fail and a good tornado can make short work of the house."

"You're a pessimist."

"I'm not. I'm a realist."

"You're an actor."

"I suppose you would marry for security."

Olivia shook her head. "No, I would marry for love because I am a career woman. I don't believe that women with careers can look upon marriage in the same way other women do. A career woman may want a husband, a home and children, but I think most of all she wants what she already has—a career. I think most actresses make wonderful wives and mothers, but they seem to have the ability to let neither their husbands nor their children interfere with their careers. Since career women are like that, I can see no reason why love should wait."

"But what about the women who gave up their careers for marriage?"

"In that case," Olivia grins, "I think they must have wanted marriage more than they wanted a career and it is unfair to say that marriage interfered with (Continued on page 89)



Olivia de Havilland, star of Warners' "Santa Fe Trail": "Security? What has security to do with love?"



The subject is dangerous; the discussion startlingly  
outspoken; but we felt we owed it to young  
people everywhere to publish this article


**BY HARMONY HAYNES**

ILLUSTRATION BY MARY HORTON

James Cagney of "Strawberry  
Blonde": "Kids today don't  
accept their elders' ideas;  
they have ideas of their own"







James Stephenson: Bette Davis adores showing him the notices that say he stole "The Letter"



## ROUND-UP OF

Tiniest girl in Hollywood: the new find, Veronica Lake, of "I Wanted Wings"

**S**HERMAN WAS RIGHT So Hollywood changed her own very interesting name, Sherman Poole, to Virginia Gilmore and proceeded to make her over. They put hands on her teeth, cut her long beautiful hair (she could sit on it), taught her diction and then sat back and viewed the results. We viewed them also in "Manhattan Heartbeak," "Jennie" and "Western Union" with such stars as Cary Grant, Dean Jagger and Bob Young and recently with Cesar Romero in "Tall, Dark and Handsome." What's more, Virginia is slated to play Bette Davis' daughter in the Goldwyn screen production of that


famous play, "The Little Foxes."

So we know, along with Hollywood, just how good little Virginia is.

Hers is a lonely sort of victory, a one-woman triumph, really. There are no friends to enjoy her success, to enthuse with Virginia. She wants none. Her relatives, including her mother and several half sisters and half brothers, live in San Francisco in the accepted isolation Virginia prefers.

She's an individualist. Always has been since early childhood, walking through life alone because she wanted to. It's a fear of domination really, explains a person who thoroughly





She has a surprise in mind  
for Sam Goldwyn: Virginia  
Gilmore of "Western Union"

Guy with the catchiest  
smile in town: Dan Dailey  
Jr. of "Ziegfeld Girl"

The lowdown on four smart newcomers  
who are riding high today in Hollywood

BY SARA HAMILTON

# Pace Setters

understands Virginia Gilmore.

A miniature Margaret Sullavan, we'd call her, without Maggie's capacity for yielding to life. She looks like Maggie and even speaks like her. It pleases Virginia to be told so.

Born in Del Monte, California, under Hollywood's favorite sign, Leo, she attended the Immaculate Heart Convent in Hollywood all through the grammar grades and first year of high school. When her family moved north she attended Burlingame High School and San Mateo Junior College. Then the acting bee stung her. It got in a real good sting when she played the role of *May* in John Steinbeck's

"Of Mice and Men" at the Green Room Theater in San Francisco. And with Steinbeck directing, too.

Other group activities followed and later Virginia went over to Berkeley to the University of California for a course in Little Theater work.

To this day she doesn't know how Sam Goldwyn ever heard of her, but one day when she returned to the house where the Group theater was housed, there was "The Letter" from Mr. Goldwyn.

At first she demurred. She did have her heart set on New York. But a telephone call from the Goldwyn office decided her and from there she

went to braces and haircuts and what not.

She had a lisp, of all things, when they finally took off the braces, so patiently for months she had to work out of that. Hollywood doesn't know it yet, but she plans shingling her hair very short. Why, only heaven knows. I, for one, can't wait till Goldwyn sees it.

She lives in a tiny one-room apartment where the ice-box, stove, bed, chairs and practically everything folds up into the walls.

She never wears slacks and had to diet for "Tall, Dark and Handsome." She put on (Continued on page 72)



• Two-listed, here at a double-punch picture: Clark Gable, now making love to Hedy Lamarr in M-G-M's "Comrade X." Owner of one of the most productive ranches in the Valley, he works hard at his farming, is quietly proud of his home and his wife Carole Lombard







ones

• Hollywood with a home-town touch: Virginia Bruce. On the Universal lot she is the gilt-edged foil of John Barrymore in "The Invisible Woman"; as Mrs. J. Walter Ruben she's the pretty girl from the Middle West who reads her Fargo, N. Dakota, paper every day



The hill people came to know this stranger as the good shepherd. He was interested in them all, in their lives; but especially was he interested in the love of Young Matt for Sammy



He came over the hills—this man nobody knew—to bring life to a boy and love to a girl

**N**O ONE in the hill country knew where he had come from. He was a tall, slow-moving man with iron-gray hair and a face whose lines were all of sadness.

Late one afternoon when the sun was gilding all the westward slopes of the Charles he first appeared, standing on the door of the cabin where Jim Lane and his daughter, Sammy, lived. Sammy, leaning over the porch, saw him standing on the porch, which seemed in terror at the shadow of the door. "What you want?" she said fearfully.

"My name is Dan Howitt," he began, and then he saw Jim Lane, the blind man, from a wound in his shoulder. He started across the floor of beaten earth toward Jim.

"Don't touch 'im—don't you dare!"

Sammy said threateningly and put out one brown, none-too-clean hand toward the shotgun in its rack beside the bunk.

Howitt paid no attention. He was already touching, tenderly, the flesh about the wound. "Hmm—bad," he murmured.

"It's stopped bein' bad an' turned worse." Jim's pale lips, in his gaunt face, writhed painfully.

"I kin cure 'im," Sammy insisted. "I got salve—I got cobwebs spun in November—"

Straightening up, Dan Howitt looked at her. She was no more than 17, perhaps not even that. Her tangled hair was bright around the small, fearful face and her fragile body was lithe above the bare feet.

"This is no time to argue," he said

with a touch of authority in his voice. "The bullet has to be taken out. Get me some hot water and clean rags. And hurry!"

Sammy glared at him with all the mountain people's distrust of a stranger. But another groan from her father made up her mind. She turned and went toward the fireplace.

Afterwards, when Jim Lane was resting in relief from pain, she sighed. "All right," she said resignedly. "When you aimin' to take 'im away?"

"Take him away?" Howitt said. "What are you talking about?"

"I knowed from the first you was a revnu'er," Sammy said wearily. "That you was wellin' my pappy to take him to jail."

He smiled gently down at her and she found herself wanting to trust





# The Shepherd of the Hills

him. "I'm no revenue agent," he said. "I had nothing to do with putting that bullet into your father. I came to you because I want information . . . I want to buy some land and settle down here."

"Why?" she asked in complete bewilderment.

Dan Howitt shrugged his shoulders. "I like it here," was all he would say.

"But," she said, still suspicious, "folks like you don't come to land what's been corned out, or mebber won't grow no more'n unshuckable nubbins—with seed ticks an' chinch bugs an' whoopin' cough . . . Why'd you come?"

"Did I ask you how he got shot?" he asked, indicating her father.

Sammy, suddenly embarrassed, hung her head. "You didn't, fer a fack," she mumbled.

The sound of horses' hooves, moving slowly along the trail outside the

cabin, interrupted them. Through the twilight rode a young man, sitting his horse easily, lazily, whistling as he went. At sight of him, Sammy's eyes blazed with a new anger and she ran like a small furious wildcat out of the cabin. The horse slowed to a stop.

## THE CAST

Sammy Lane . . . . .	Betty Field
Young Matt . . . . .	John Wayne
Daniel Howitt . . . . .	Harry Carey
Aunt Mollie . . . . .	Beulah Bondi
Old Matt . . . . .	James Barton
Andy Beeler . . . . .	Samuel Hinds
Granny Royal . . . . .	Marjorie Main
Pete . . . . .	Marc Lawrence
Jim Lane . . . . .	Tom Fadden

Screen play by Grover Jones and Stuart Anthony. Based on a novel by Harold Bell Wright. Produced by Jack Moss. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Copyright, 1941, by Paramount Pictures, Inc.

"Howdy, Pretty," the young man said and, taking his slouch hat from his head, dropped it on Sammy's.

She snatched it off and threw it back at him. "Keep joggin', Young Matt," she ordered. "Don't git offen that horse!"

With a laugh, he swung one long leg over the bare back of the horse and slid to the ground, towering over her. One hand gently pushed the disordered hair back from Sammy's forehead.

"My!—ain't the birds a-hollerin' purty tonight?" he said teasingly.

"You an' yore rascality!" Sammy fumed. "Ol' Matt an' his cussedness—an' Aunt Mollie an' her p'isen ways—all o' you makin' people a-skeered o' livin' an' none o' you a-carin' any!"

Still smiling, still gently touching her hair, Young Matt Matthews said, "The bluebirds are nestin' all over the mountain. . . ."

## Fiction Version by NORTON RUSSELL

They stood by Pete's bed, waiting . . . waiting—Young Matt, Aunt Mollie, Old Matt





The next day, with Sammy as his guide, Dan Howitt went up Bald Knob to see Aunt Mollie and Old Matt Matthews. He found two bitter people, as gnarled and ugly as blackthorn bushes. who (Continued on page 66)



This thing called

# STYLE

If a woman has style, her clothes have distinction. Prime proof of this credo is Rosalind Russell's steel grey and sable brown street costume. The grey wool dress has a V-neckline, draped and tucked to accent body contour, and a softly flared, bias-cut skirt ornamented with a golden fish on a link line. Her breton is of grey felt; furs and accessories are brown

SCHAFER

BY  
GWENN WALTERS



The second commandment in the style business is a million-dollar manner. The star of Columbia's "This Thing Called Love" achieves this by way of a chartreuse satin "at home" outfit. The knee-length tunic, belted with a gold lamé cord, falls over an accordion-pleated skirt rippled at the hemline. Gold and ruby ear clips match the shoulder bowknot; the slippers of chartreuse satin are appliquéd and embroidered in gold







Third step toward the well-dressed list is a spruce simplicity. A "for example" outfit is this Irene tailleur. Of tan shadow weave wool, it has square shoulders, long jacket, slim skirt. Wool arrow inset detail and pocket finish are cream-colored, as are the surplice crepe blouse and gloves. Bag and shoes are brown to match the ribbon and coque feather trim of the beige felt postillion





Requirement for p.m. fashions is flattering formality, i.e., Irene's white chiffon, flowing from embroidered motifs of silver thread, beads, and rhinestones. Back drapery is brought forward and clasped at the front neckline. Smart extras: Rhinestone earrings and white satin strap sandals. Conclusion is the star of "This Thing Called Love" is a shining example of this thing called style







For any sheer—or low-backed formal dress, you'll find Maiden Form's "Allegro" evening bandeau a jewel! Shoulder straps and fastenings are adjustable and there's a tab to fasten the garment low on your girdle-top

FINK

Even youthful figures demand a contour garment this season when the new fashion is the tubular Cigarette Silhouette. Formfit's "Girdleire" and girdle styles accomplish just this with their new Scap-Hip feature (see sketch)

Young Marjorie Reynolds of Republic's "Robin Hood of the Pecos" dresses for her date in a sleeved evening dress of electric blue with fine lace bodice and heavy crepe skirt that features gathered front fullness. Dress designed by Patricia Perkins, Los Angeles



# What's your clothes I.Q.?



1. Mary Martin is a Hollywood pretty pretty who recently caused a riot at Ciro's by appearing in a new type fur. Created for her by a famous New York couturière, it is now beating the former fur champion, silver fox, to the punch. Here's the picture: there's Mary, husband Halliday and the fur. Can you name it?



3. The best conversational subject these days is the draft. If you take a feminine slant on military maneuvers, you'll be able to name three new styles that are a direct loan from the Navy.

4. Any woman can talk clothes, but it takes an ultra-smart one to interpret the following fashion terms. Just complete the sentences:

A dicky isn't the name of a small boy; it's

Byrd's cloth has nothing to do with the birds and the bees; it's

A huarache isn't a foreign peasant; it's

A waistt isn't a man's vest; it's

A frog isn't an amphibian; it's

5. Now we turn the tables and complete a statement for you. Matter of fact, we complete it three ways. Just check the one that's right. The newest color combination is (a) black and gold; (b) white and sea green; (c) red and blue

The best way for a girl to get places fast is to wear the right clothes. It is your style sense? If you're in the smart class, you won't have any trouble doing the tricks we give you here. If you answer four or more questions you're probably a girl whose clothes make other women green with envy. If you answer less than three, you'll probably be red with shame yourself. You can find your right category by checking the answers on page 78.

## FASHION QUIZ

BY MARIAN H. QUINN

Ascot

Black wool

Lace shawl

A "do dress" date

Turban

Black velvet

2. If you're material-minded, you'll have fun matching the styles in the panel above. Just select from the right column the proper complements for the three styles at the left.



6. Maisie is a lovable nitwit. Her clothes catch men's eye, make women laugh. A fashion-conscious girl can put her finger on the thing that makes the outfit in the picture above a "thumbs-down" one.

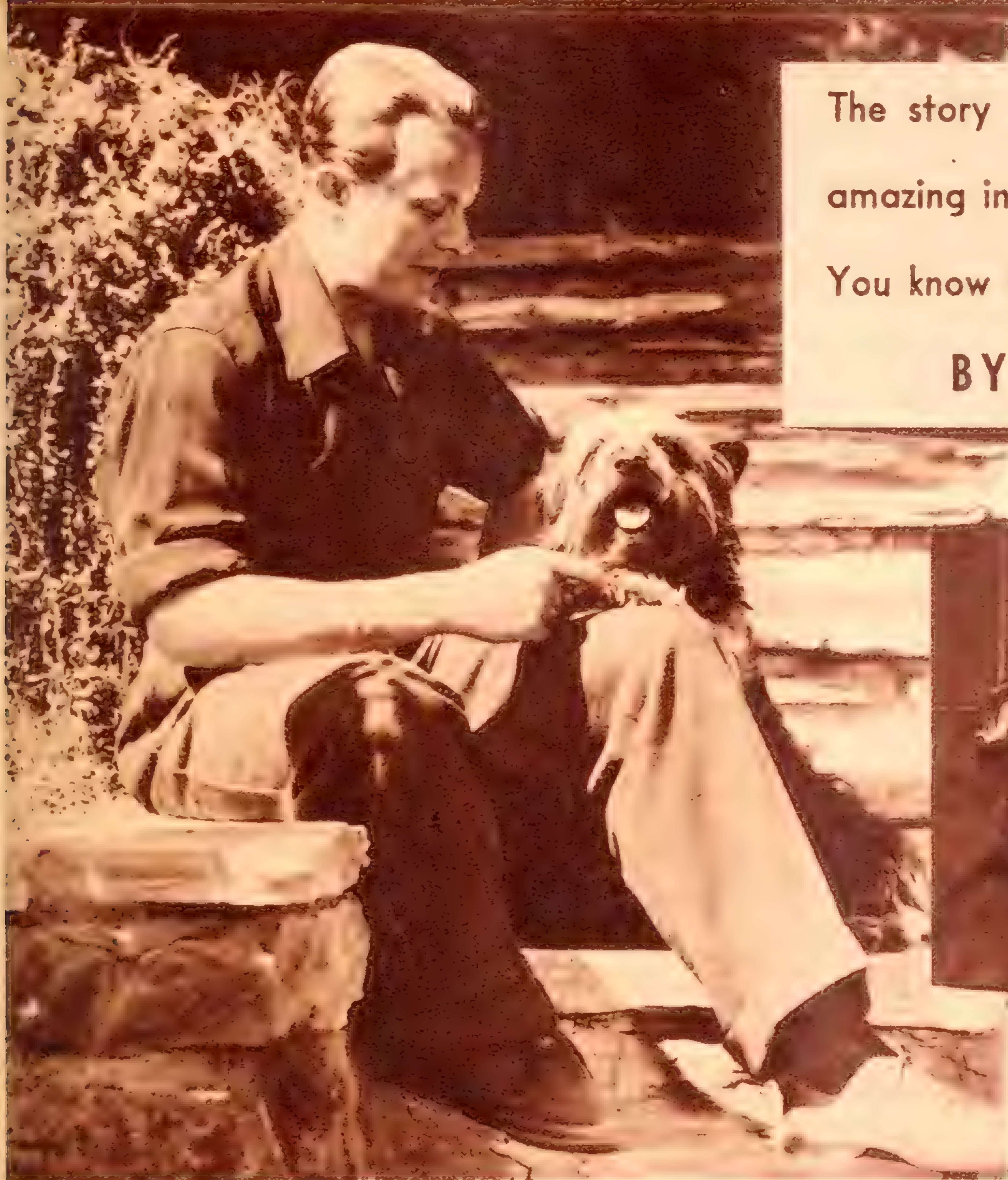


# The Man Hollywood Couldn't Beat

The story of a man, his wife, and an amazing interlude in their life together.

You know the man as Gene Raymond

**BY BEN MADDOX**



He came to tell her, thinking he was confessing failure. Jeanette MacDonald's answer was ready, warm, sincere: "Oh, Gene, I'm so glad!"

It is largely from a handful of friends that we bring you the story of the new Gene Raymond, the man who has returned from two years of "mysterious" seclusion to the studio whose contract he rejected just that long ago. There are those who would call it "What Hollywood Can Do To a Man"; to us it is the story of what a man can do first of all to himself—and for himself. It is the story of a man who revolted and, fortunately, lost. For it was in defeat that Gene Raymond found himself and his perspective on success.

Before we talked to those closest to Gene, we talked very briefly to the man himself. We already knew that RKO had hurried to take up his option upon the completion of his comeback picture, "Cross Country Romance." We knew the studio was planning bigger breaks for him, that as a first move, they had handed him a role in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," the new

Carole Lombard-Robert Montgomery opus. We knew that a quiet guy with a three-cornered smile had been given a rousing welcome by a sneak preview audience in an unpretentious picture. We knew the welcome ran through the whole hard-boiled studio setup.

Now we know the "why" of all these things. For we found, as we talked to Gene himself, a change as great in the off-screen man as the audience had found in the actor.

Gone, first of all, were the cagey reserve, the tense wide smile, the eager-to-appear-friendly handshake, the quick lithe walk and the fabulous blond hair. Here was a relaxed, interested-in-you young man with a smile in his eyes that matched the grin with which he said "Hello." A guy with close-cropped, darkened hair, who admitted readily its color got brushed into it. Here was the actor who used to blow up resentfully at any

mention of his hair, now saying calmly, "Sure, I brush the stuff in it every day. If they don't want blonds on the screen, they don't want blonds!"

Here was the actor who had once told us seriously and carefully and with a grim sincerity that he had lived his entire life according to plan. Who had said, "Everything I do is planned. Always has been, since I was a kid. I won't marry until I retire. A man should make as much of a career of marriage as a woman. I know myself and I won't play a scene unless I think it's right for me. I'll argue that with a director any day. If I can't get the parts I want, I won't work."

The last is exactly what happened. He grew tired of the wisecracking roles to which he'd been assigned. He said a definite "No, thank you" to a contract that most actors would have given their eye teeth to have been offered. When friends tried to advise him to take (Continued on page 98)



A favorite Lindy Hop variation by Jackie and Bonny is shown in the two pictures at the right

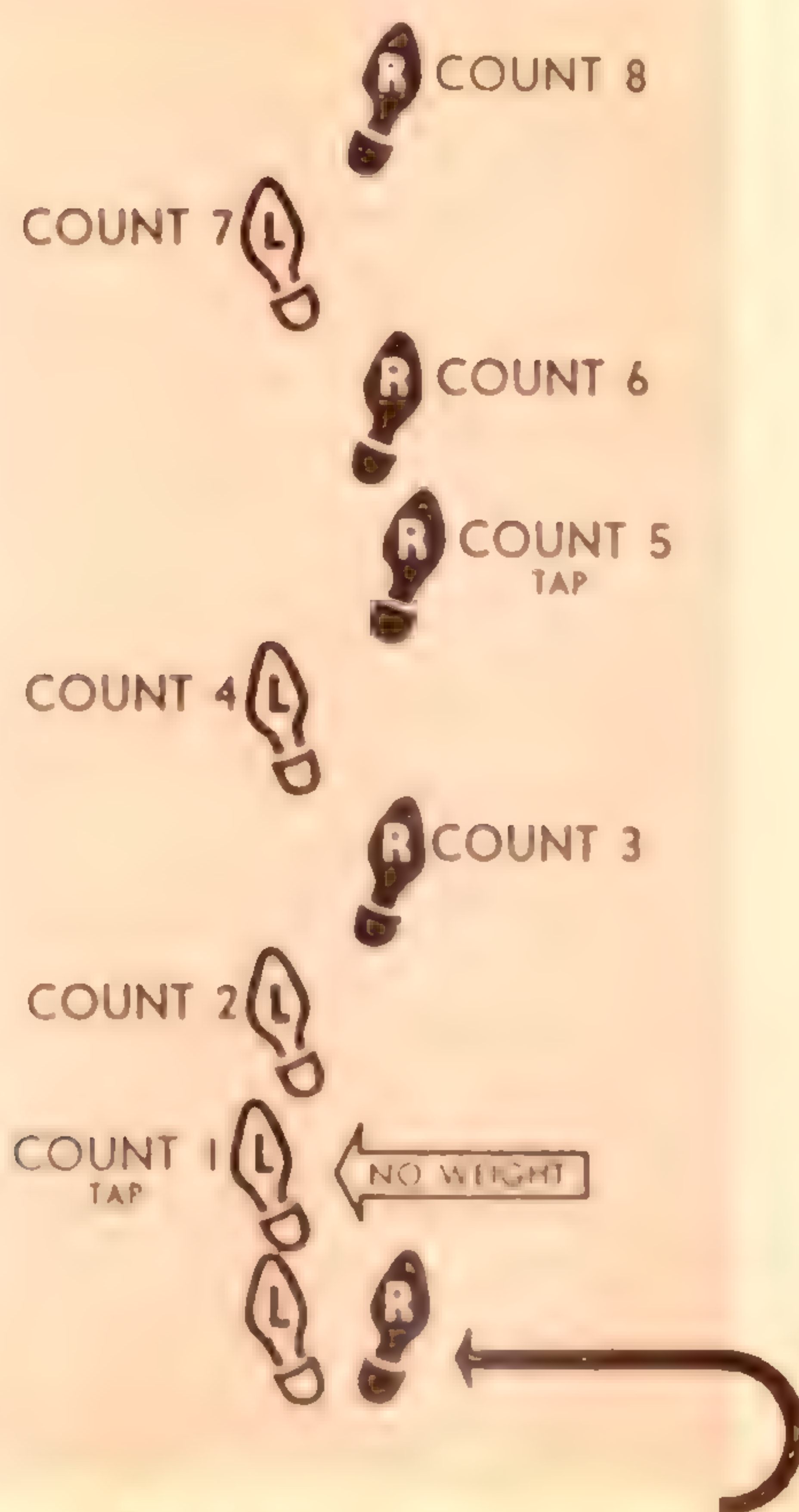
Bright examples of the new dance are Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville. In the two pictures below they are doing the off-beat fox trot (see diagram and text explanation)



## PHOTOPLAY—MOVIE MIRROR

# Dancing School

### Ground Plan for Basic Step of Off-Beat Fox Trot



Boy Starts Here  
(Girl Does Opposite)

THERE'S a dance in America today for which even the Greeks would have trouble finding a name—but not the Americans. The Easterners call it the Slow Lindy Hop; on the West Coast it's the Balboa, because all such steps start at the Rendezvous Ballroom in Balboa out there. We don't know what they think they're doing in the corn belt.

If you're still just fox-trotting with variations of the Charleston or the hoary Big Apple, you'd better get busy. Just turn the radio dial until you've got the music—Kay Kyser, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw.

Our guest stars this month are Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville. They're just going to dance, the way they would, and we're going to tell you what they're doing and how to do it too.

Let's leave a name for it to future historians, eh?

The original fox trot was the simple, four-beat step done in a brisk fashion to fast or popular music. One two, three, four, and repeat. Then you maintained the step through turns or whatever variation you felt like making.

But when jazz turned into swing,





The Granville-Cooper version of the famous Balboa is shown in the three pictures on this page. See text for directions



We acknowledge with gratitude the careful check which was given this feature by the Arthur Murray Studios

If you're still just fox-trotting along, you better wake up. There's a new dance swinging across America—and here's how you do it

## Conducted by HOWARD SHARPE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

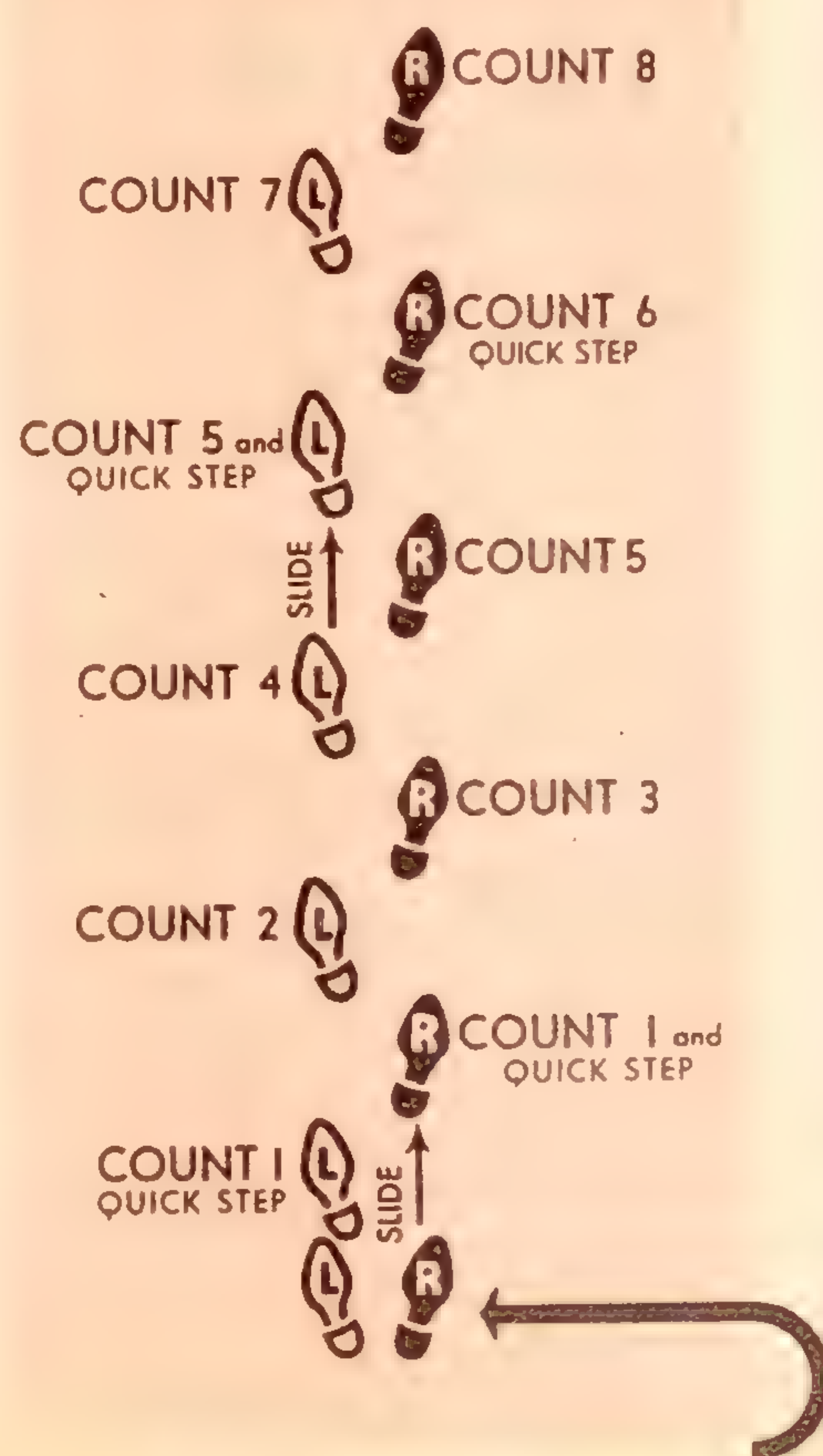
The subtle change of emphasis from the down-beat to the off-beat gave all the guys and gals an impulse to get a different rhythm into it. So they started holding—waiting—on the first beat; then they gave a little acknowledgment of that kind-of-neglected first beat with a quick touch of the toe to the floor and went right on.

Now that off-beat step is the basis for all modern dancing to popular music. From it came such variations as the Lindy Hop, first fast and then slow; the Balboa, which is more of a huffle variation; and all the jitterbug steps.

Dorsey's "Melancholy Baby," or better yet, Artie Shaw's platter of "Begin the Beguine," is what to stick in the phonograph. Turn the knob to "repeat" and stand facing each other. We're going to give the man's routine; you girls learn to do it backwards, starting on the other foot.

At the beginning, we'll just worry you with the actual steps, starting with that basic pause-and-catch-it-up fox trot above-mentioned and working into the slow Lindy Hop, the Balboa and anything else you want to make of it. After you've learned these you can cope with the instructions that

### Ground Plan for Basic Step of Slow Lindy Hop



Boy Starts Here  
(Girl Does Opposite)

turn them from walking steps into honest-to-pete dancing about which friend Arthur Murray would probably say: "That's the speed, boy, that's the speed."

Now look at the diagram on the left side of the opposite page. Start following the steps for the basic off-beat fox trot, counting to the rhythm of the music, *One, two, three, four*—emphasizing the off-beat. Just walk forward for a while until you're used to it, then, on the count of one, instead of taking a step, just tap your left toe very quickly on the floor without putting any weight on it; then step forward for the count of two on your left foot, forward on your right foot for the count of three, forward left foot on four; then, for the second group of four, do the tap on your right foot for Count 5, step forward on Count 6 with the same foot, shifting the weight to it—and so on.

Try doing this backward, and then in a simple square. In the pictures (1 and 2) Jackie and Bunny are doing the square and of course you simply turn right or left in the same rhythm, never breaking the step at all. Finally, when you're proficient, you'll be able to (Continued on page 88)



A natural, unaffected sort of chap with a penchant for polo shirts, a long roster of friends and an innate ability on which Paramount is now capitalizing in "I Wanted Wings": Wayne Morris





Brilliant wife  
of the brilliant  
Korda: Merle  
Oberon, now ap-  
pearing in "That  
Uncertain Feeling"





Mrs. Garson and her daughter "The Duchess of Garson." The nickname was bestowed by a sarcastic stage manager



Redheaded Rebel



She's pert: Greer with Laurence Olivier in "Pride And Prejudice"



Two men in her life: Louis B. Mayer who has Greer under contract; Benny Thau, producer who has an option on her dates

It is said that a woman never forgets her first love. It was fortunate that Greer Garson never could; for that was what saved her in the end

Official approval of this story: Greer, in costume for "Blossoms In The Dust," poses with author Ruth Waterbury



She's tender: With Robert Donat in her American debut, "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"

IN London, despite the depression of the early 1930's, despite her youth and femininity, the redheaded, green-eyed Greer Garson, out of Scotland on her father's side and out of Ireland on her mother's, had been a business success. No one could possibly have looked less the successful young business executive, yet she was all of that those early 1930's, talking glibly in glib advertising terms in a great, international advertising agency, earning a fat fifty dollars weekly, making her own way and snaring the fancy of every man she encountered.

That was the outer Miss Garson. The inner Miss Garson was still the disillusioned girl who had been turned down by the young man she adored because she had no money. He had none, either, and he wanted money. So he had told her he simply must marry an heiress. He did, too, even though telling you that is getting ahead of our story.

There are two reactions to heart-break. One is to go down under it, to be a boring object of pity the rest of one's life. The other is to take the idealism of that unrequited love and use it as a foundation for a life of

## BY RUTH WATERBURY

achievement and inspiration. Greer Garson thanked her stars that she was not born in an earlier century when marriage and domesticity were the only possibilities for a woman. She had foolishly imagined her happiness was conditioned on the inclination of one other human being; if that was denied, why then, she was armoured against ever repeating such an error. Love was not for her. But there were careers to be had. She had a good education, wide interests and the blessed necessity of earning her own living.

Thus when she finally got the chance to enter the Birmingham Repertory Theater, she took it without so much as a backward glance at her business career. It earned her much less money. It demanded much more work. Her original contract was good for only one play at a time, meaning she might be out of work after one week. It meant leaving London and her mother and living alone in a strange boardinghouse in a strange, unbeautiful city. Nevertheless, she was in ecstasy—for about

three days. The girls in her business office gave her a jade green dressing gown and a make-up box (she still uses both, which will show you how deeply sentimental she is) and she went off to Birmingham in a cloud of glory expecting to knock the theater people silly with a glance.

The theater people, who were professionals, did what professionals always do to talented, uppity amateurs. They knocked her ears down. They slapped her back to her own size. She was so elegant, so unconsciously patronizing, there was so much pure, uncured ham in her that she was tagged "The Duchess of Garson." There was a stage manager who particularly ragged her. He would ask, sarcastically, when he gave the company general directions, "Duchess, will that be all right for you?" He would murmur, scathingly, when she did not understand all his directions, "You Bachelor of Arts with first class honours, is this being too difficult for you?" Yet she survived, this sensitive, hitherto cloistered, spoiled Miss Garson.

She lived in what the English call "digs" and what we call furnished rooms, with the other girls of the theater. They gave her a load of



the facts of life, too. With the brutal reality of theater people, the girls told her she was not at all beautiful. They conceded she had a fine figure (Greer still calls it "figger," which is about the only English-ism still left in her speech), they grudgingly acknowledged that she had brains, but they said there was simply no hope for that face of hers. "It's like a pussy-cat's," said one, "eyes, brow, nostrils, cheekbones, mouth—everything goes up." Oddly enough, it was three years later that Noel Coward remarked to her, "You're lucky, you have the best possible mask for an actress—everything goes up—it should."

Greer not only survived at Birmingham, but triumphed, and learned much. Her first role there was that of a middle-aged Jewess in "Street Scene." She played it with a wig and an accent and she was so successful that the critics remarked she would go far "if she can get over her racial characteristics." This gave her great zest for her next role in which she played the typical young adventurous girl that she was, half Irish, half Scottish, and utterly English by upbringing.

She remained at Birmingham for two seasons. With an ability rare in an actress, the ability to see herself mockingly, she now says, "I was always overworked; we all were. I never got sufficient rest or food. I was often miscast but never downcast! It was a very happy time."

As the result of her Birmingham experience, she was cast for the leading part in George Bernard Shaw's "Too Good to Be True," which was to tour the provinces. Her seventh heaven of delight was rudely broken in on by a return attack of her childhood trouble, tonsillitis. Playing the last two weeks of the show with a temperature mounting in the hundreds, she collapsed and was hustled to a hospital. After that siege was over, she found her career was also virtually over now that she wanted to try for a London play, for no producer could be found who would take a chance with an unknown girl.

At this point our actress suddenly upped and married a barrister, but this was neither so sudden nor so inconsistent as it seemed. He was a brilliant and charming young man who had courted her steadily from the days when she was still at school and he was writing poems about her in the undergrad magazines at Cambridge where he was studying law. Now he was home on leave from India, where he was a Judge in the Civil Service Courts. He was the first man who promised that if she married him he would not ask her to give up the theater—if she did not

want to live in India, well, she should visit him there from time to time and continue to live and work in London. Greer pondered this slightly crazy idea for months—would it be fair to each of them?—would it work out happily? Finally persuaded that it would, she married him and they toured France and Germany together. On their return there was a surprising change of heart—of two hearts. He demanded that she should come to India and settle down there permanently. She wanted only—her freedom. It was an unhappy impasse.

Greer is not willing to discuss this brief marriage beyond the word "incompatibility." "Had our paths not diverged so soon," she said, "possibly the separation might not have been final, but fate was against us in that—he went back to his work in the law courts in India, I was drawn again into the theater."

That season's engagement was spent playing understudies, walk-ons, bits, anything—at the Open Air Theater. "It was a lull in my career," she mused. "But there were compensations—the long rehearsals in the sunshine, the strange beauty of the tree-bordered stage, the players, the music under a starlit sky."



She'd rather talk than eat. But she'd rather eat than sleep—because if she's asleep, she might miss something. Who is it?

It's Roz, of course—self-styled "The Flying Russell"

For an all-around tonic read the uproarious life story of Hollywood's Eleanor Roosevelt—

## ROSALIND RUSSELL

Beginning next month

Greer's big break came in characteristically unexpected fashion. She dined one night in London, at the University Women's Club, of which she was a member, and encountered Sylvia Thompson, the novelist. They had never met, but Miss Thompson came over and introduced herself. "I believe you are just the girl for the lead in a play I have written," she said. "Will you do it?"

The play was called "The Golden Arrow" and Laurence Olivier was the leading man in it. Greer's part was exciting, that of a gay and vivacious American girl. The play closed in three weeks, but Greer was launched as a London actress from that time forward.

FROM then on she never stopped working for three solid years except for two weeks' vacation. Within a month, she was the toast of all London. The beauty the Birmingham girls had not been subtle enough to see, London was delighted with. The figure they had praised was now magnificently dressed, daringly displayed. Within a year Greer was a star. With her mother, she moved into an enchanting apartment off Berkeley Square. Now, for the first time in their lives, they had more money than they needed, they had all the comforts to which their birth had entitled them but which they had never been able to afford before.

As for love, Greer put that behind her. The insistent cables from India piled up on her dressing table and she dared not answer them. Insistent letters piled up on her night stand and she didn't risk opening them. After begging again and again for a divorce, she was trying in these little ways to get some surcease from her anomalous situation. For those three swift exciting years there was no man in her life, nor did she want any. Her work was all of her and she was almost completely happy.

It was at the very end of those years that Mr. Louis B. Mayer, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and a group of his executives saw the play in which she was then starring and got in touch with her concerning going to Hollywood. She had no wish at all to do so. London was giving her all the success she wanted. She could not bear the thought of leaving it. But while she was still hesitating over the Metro offer, she got word from India that the man she had married was on his way back to England.

In a panic Greer sought her escape. After a single interview her movie contract was signed. She took the next boat for America.

In Los Angeles she stepped off the train calmly, not exactly expecting flowers to be strewn in the streets for her arrival, but thinking, nonetheless, that it would be very pleasant if they were. Instead, she was met by a couple of nice young press agents who barely knew her name and was taken out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where they knew her name, all right, but nothing more. Somebody found her a house. She and her mother unpacked their fourteen trunks, their book of (Continued on page 64)



# SCOOP!



Bette's "Farny": Arthur Farnsworth, aviator, violinist, sportsman

## The Man Bette Davis Married

Photoplay-Movie Mirror stopped its presses to bring you this exclusive—the information you could not find in the newspapers

BY SALLY JEFFERSON

**W**HEN word was flashed to a thoroughly unexpectant world that at eight o'clock New Year's Eve in the ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Justin Dart at Rockrim, Arizona, Bette Davis had become the bride of Arthur Farnsworth, one question was uppermost in the mind of every one: Who is Arthur Farnsworth? What does he do, what is he like, that he should win the hand of the screen's finest actress and Hollywood's most regular person? To answer this Photoplay-Movie Mirror stopped its presses and went to many sources to bring you a complete picture of the man and the event about which you all want to know.

Just a year before, to the very day, Jane Bryan, Bette's friend and protégée, had said good-by forever to Hollywood when she married the man she loved, Justin Dart. Now, in Janey's home, Bette was taking her vows and in a way was saying good-by, too, to many things—to struggle and heart-

ache and the intense concentration on work that she had previously placed above her personal life and happiness.

Bette was coming home again—to a life of peace with the man she loved, Arthur Farnsworth.

She met the tall and handsome 34-year-old New Englander two years ago when, weary to the point of complete exhaustion after strenuous years of picture-making, she went East for a rest.

First she had traveled to Boston and then on to the home of a school friend of her mother's at Bascom for several weeks. But still jangled nerves had refused to quiet down. Then she had remembered her mother's words as she left Hollywood, "If you feel yourself falling to pieces, go to Peckett's Lodge in Franconia, New Hampshire. You'll find rest there."

At the very sight of the Lodge, so peaceful and quiet, Bette indeed felt the cares of mind and body drop away. She knew that at last she had found

what she was seeking.

"Without a question, these kind people let me come home as one of them. They, stern Yankees all of them, accepted me, an actress, without a qualm. They asked no questions, made no demands. I dressed as I pleased, wore no make-up and revelled in peace. Ruthie, my mother, had been right," she said.

**H**ERE she met the man who was to be her husband, for the assistant manager of the Lodge during the summer was Arthur Farnsworth. He was a light-haired chap with blue eyes, a well-groomed six-footer, rather stocky but very handsome. Typically New England, he had a natural charm, an easy sense of humor; a man's man, he was marked by a poise that had been acquired through his extensive travels.

The son of a retired and well-to-do dentist in Rutland, Vermont, he had been educated (*Continued on page 76*)



# BEHIND THE CURTAIN IN Hollywood Beauty Parlors

A LONG sleek greyhound of a car slid down Hollywood's most famous boulevard at dusk and on past the beauty center—oh, definitely past. Half a block away the limousine stopped and out of it you might have seen step—if you could have seen at all in the half-light—one of the greatest male stars in pictures. Thirty-to-fortyish he was, with an advancing waistline and retiring hairline. Quickly he looked up and down the boulevard, then sauntered nonchalantly back toward the beauty clinic. At the driveway he suddenly turned and slipped into the back entrance of the building.

Shocking that a man should go to a beauty parlor? Not in Hollywood. In fact, the Westmore salon has a large and flourishing men's department to which the male population flocks in broad daylight. The point involved in the incident in the dusk was that the beauty establishment specialized in rejuvenation rather than grooming. Actually there was no stigma attached to the star's call, merely an admission—but a fatal one.

For if you must know, age is the real bogieman of the glamour city. Everything must be beauty and youth;

Item 1: The famous cowboy star who has permanent waves to give his hair body



if necessary, fake the former and lie about the latter. Which brings to mind Oliver Herford's classic couplet on Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality":

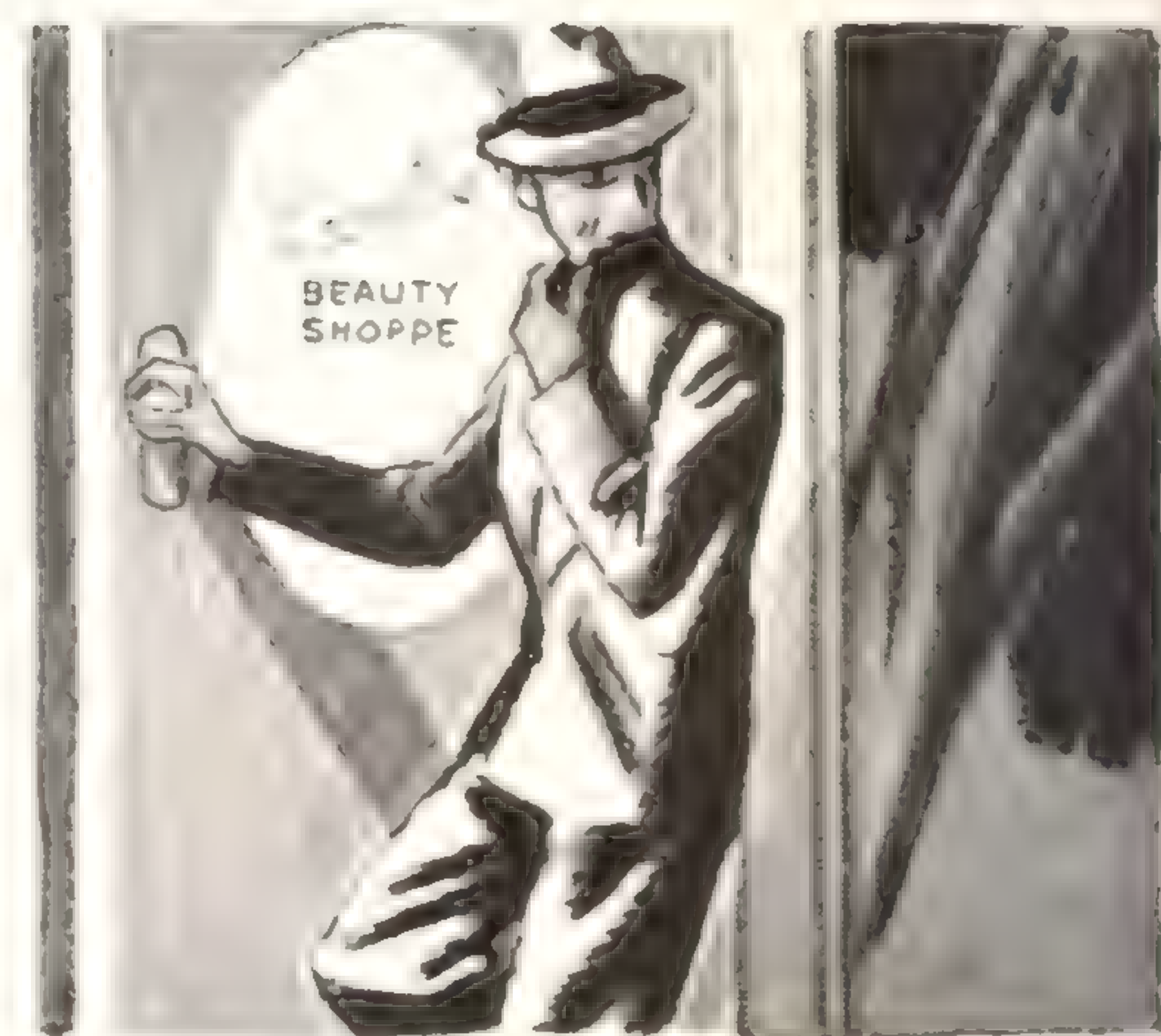
"Heaven lies about us in our infancy—

We lie about ourselves in later years."

The beauty business in Hollywood is a tremendous seething sub-surface industry, second only to cameras and celluloid. Although there are approximately two hundred beauty shops in town, most of the big names of the picture world patronize half a dozen beauty parlors. There is, for instance, the House of Westmore which is operated by Perc Westmore and his trio of brothers, Wally, Ern and Bud. All of the Westmores are top-notch studio make-up men. Here the stars consult a fortuneteller, Louise Lockridge, by appointment. While waiting for their fortunes, manicures or hair-dos, patrons are served afternoon tea or coffee on the house. During the course of a week you might see in the Westmore salon such famous personalities as Jeanette MacDonald, Ann Sheridan, the Lane sisters, Louella Parsons, Margaret Lindsay, Virginia Bruce, Mary Pickford, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland and Kay Francis.

Down Sunset Boulevard just a few blocks from The House of Westmore is the Ann Meredith Beauty Parlor, one of the oldest and most favored of the Hollywood shops. This is owned and operated by Mrs. Evelyn Cassidy. In the back of her shop is a patio where customers may eat their lunch between beauty courses.

Although the girls at Ann Meredith's are accustomed to seeing such famous customers as Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Countess Di Frasso, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Bennett and her sister Connie, the place was in a hubbub the afternoon I was there. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was having her hair and nails done. The First Lady of the Land completely won over the corps of help.



Item 2: One of the greatest male stars in pictures who slips in the back doors of beauty shops at twilight

The girls said she was so gracious and had so much personality one forgot she was no glamour girl.

To the shop of Flo Haley, wife of Jack Haley, stage and screen comedian, come such celebrities as Barbara Stanwyck, Rosalind Russell, Mrs. Ronald Colman, Mrs. Herbert Marshall, Mary Livingston, Lupe Velez and a host of others. Flo it was who installed a bar from which a maid serves vegetable juices or soft drinks right off the ice. If anything stronger is wanted, it may be obtained from the near-by Brown Derby.

The Max Factor establishment, world-famous for its make-up which has been on the market for years, is now the center of the hair business—true or false, but especially false. Some of the most effective hair styles in recent pictures have originated at Factor's from a switch here or a wig there. Did you know, for instance, that Ginger Rogers' hair in "Kitty Foyle" was a wig? And the "figure eight" worn by Norma Shearer in "Escape" was a \$150 switch which has started a new vogue among film colony upper-crusters.

Also, Factor makes Hollywood's most famous toupees—"hair pieces,"



If Hollywood beauty operators formed a syndicate they'd put the Winchells out of business. Here's a sample of what they know

## BY FRANCES MORRIN

they are officially called. Not only are these worn by a number of men in pictures, but by many playboys and big businessmen about town. The boys seem to have one great worry and that is the danger involved in drinking alcoholic beverages. Alcohol, it seems, working through the pores, dissolves the spirit gum which holds the hair piece on the head. Witness the plight of the middle-aged playboy who took his girl friend to La Conga. After a few drinks the crowd started to do the Conga. Our lad, weaving gaily in and out, caught his hair on the sleeve of his coat and suddenly found himself wearing his secret on his sleeve.

**I**N the parlors pretense is abandoned to the winds because women know they can hold no illusions for their beauty operators. As one girl told me, "All women let down their thoughts as well as their hair when they come into a beauty shop. I've worked all over the country, and I've learned that most women will tell their innermost secrets to a beauty operator and ask her advice about their problems. This is particularly true of Hollywood. Why, if the beauty operators here were to form their own syndicate we'd put the Walter Winchells, Hedda Hoppers and Ed Sullivans out of business."

Strong friendships often result between patron and operator. For example, one afternoon I was having a manicure when an attractive woman I recognized as the wife of a certain box-office star stopped at the table and showed the telegram she had in her hand to my manicurist. The girl smiled and said, "Isn't that nice?" After the woman had gone the manicurist exploded, "Aren't men heels?"

Hollywood enterprise: Clients can have their fortunes told, be served cool soft drinks from a specially set-up bar



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN HOLMGREN



It seems that the telegram was from New York, signed by the woman's husband and was one of those darling-I-miss-you-so-be-home-in-a-couple-of-days-much-love missives. My manicurist continued indignantly, "She's such a grand person and he's such an overstuffed rat! He isn't in New York. Just last night I saw him at one of the lesser known night clubs with another woman! Some stooge sent that wire for him."

One amusing incident I heard in my travels had to do with the sweetheart of a certain studio executive and an unsound-proof beauty parlor. While she was having her hair done she proceeded to shout in no uncertain terms what she thought of her boy friend's boss. Sitting in the next booth, the wife of the boss heard the entire broadcast. A week later the executive didn't live there at the studio any more. Yes, Hollywood history is made in beauty booths.

**Q**UITE the most refreshing episode I struck on my beauty parlor beat concerns a star celebrated for both her arrogance and her sense of humor. One morning she breezed into her favorite shop to get ready for a current heavy date that evening and found the operators a-twitter over Bill Powell's sudden marriage to pretty Diana Lewis. "It can't—it simply can't be true!" she gasped and dashed for the telephone to call one of Bill's friends. When she came back she said, "Well, girls, I'm simply terrific when it comes to holding my men. If I weren't a woman who meets her obligations I wouldn't go ahead with this appointment for a hair set because the guy who should have been looking at the moon over these waves will be gazing into the eyes of the new Mrs. Powell!"

Displays of the much-touted star temperament are almost unknown behind the beauty masks where you'd most expect it. In the local beauty parlor annals there are just two who were told off for bad behavior: Simone Simon and Francesca Gaal. Francesca demanded that a hairdresser do her hair over three different times and when she still wasn't satisfied, the owner asked her please to go and make it permanent. Simone on the other hand had her attack of temperament over a manicure. She let loose a Gallic storm which was promptly blown right back into her face with a torrent of French as stout as her own. The proprietor

of the shop was from Paris and informed Mlle. Simon she could go to—well, France, or words to that effect.

The day and night service many of the beauty operators give is rewarded by the stars with thoughtful gestures. Marguerite Stemper, a favorite facial operator and an oldtimer in the Hollywood beauty business, was in a pleasant dither the day I talked to her. Carole Lombard had sent her a beautiful padded robe; Sigrid Gurie, an expensive bottle of perfume. Norma Shearer has kept the daughter of one of her favorite beauticians supplied with clothes. Jenny Landry, who did the late Jean Harlow's hair for years, has never removed the slender gold anklet which Harlow herself fastened on.

Louella Parsons is very generous with her tips and gifts. Once she gave an operator a \$5 tip and then discovered she didn't have taxi fare home. So she borrowed the money back and sent the girl a check the next day.

One time Joan Crawford, who for years had Syb Eaton for her hairdresser and Dolly for her manicurist, overheard the two girls discussing another operator whom Joan didn't even know. This girl had had a long siege of influenza which had left her lungs in a weakened condition and the doc-

tables, massage tables and so forth. As a time-saving device Joan Crawford used to have her hair waved for work the next day while she was eating dinner at home. Many's the guest at the Crawford ménage that has had a splash of waving fluid in his or her salad. If Joan happened to be going out, she tied on her green hair net and donned a wig to save the hair-do for production purposes next day.

Margy Stemper has frequently gone to the Gable home at night to give Carole a facial just before she went to bed. Carole, says Margy, has facials to make her relax instead of having a massage as many of the stars do when they are working hard.

**T**HE charge for this work done outside the shop varies somewhat, but is at least double the cost in the shop. One star sent for her favorite manicurist to do her nails on the set at the studio because she was going to a party that night. This particular establishment charges a straight \$3 an hour from the time the girl leaves the shop until she returns. What with waits between takes, this one manicure turned out to be a costly little item—\$35 to be exact.

One very popular indoor beauty sport in Hollywood is growing fingernails to staggering lengths. Juliette Marglen, who is now with Westmores', discovered a wax treatment for the nails which makes them grow long and strong. Her own are a good inch and a quarter long and, heaven help me, she has little red foxes on the thumbnails and flowers on the rest. These decorations are put on with paper transfers over the polish and then covered with a coat of transparent sealer to cover them. Binnie Barnes has her initials applied in this way to both her thumbnails and her big toenails. Others of Juliette's famous clients are Barbara Stanwyck, Paulette Goddard, Norma Shearer, Deanna Durbin,

Jean Parker and Mary Pickford.

At the present time the House of Westmore is the only beauty salon in Hollywood which has a men's department. Here many of the leading men, producers and directors, go for their haircuts, scalp treatments, hair dyes and permanents—yes, permanents. The hair dyeing and permanents are not a matter of being vain, I assure you. The men hate it but sometimes the picture calls for it. Some permanents you'll readily recall were Jon Hall's in (Continued on page 93)

Read the fascinating and exciting full-length story of James Stewart's and Hedy Lamarr's next picture

### COME LIVE WITH ME

She didn't know whether or not to accept his invitation. What would you have done? You'll have your chance to see in the

April PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

tor had told her she should go to the desert. Crawford paid for the girl's care until she was well. Now Joan's prize possession is the clock Syb and Dolly gave her. The clock has the letters of her name around the dial.

Often the stars send for their favorite operator to give them treatments at home when they are hard pressed for time. For this purpose Rosalind Russell, Lupe Velez and Connie Bennett all have little rooms in their homes completely outfitted with professional shampoo bowls, manicure



# V I R T U E

**I**S virtue dead in Hollywood? Yes, Fearless means what you mean—the good old-fashioned kind that somehow gets applied to just the girls, the boys by some magic being exempt.

Periodically the charge is made that Hollywood sets the styles in questionable morals for young and old alike. Two camps then take up the flaming challenge: The determined optimists whose battle cry is sweetness and light and the sour-faced cynics who claim there are just two kinds of Hollywood motives, both of them ulterior.

Neither side is entirely right. For the truth, as usual, lies somewhere in between.

And having agreed in this series for PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR to find the truth and tell it without reserve, Fearless discloses how he sees it.

First, let's face it: Virtue is a far scarcer commodity in Hollywood than in most American towns of its size. Let me tell you why this is so and how it is so. Hollywood is a town of just one industry and that one is the most highly personalized business in the world. Its vices and virtues are therefore also on the personal side.

Since it is a single-industry community, competition is staggering. When the acid bath of this competition is applied to human nature, curious things result. Some people emerge as the knife-throwers they are at heart, ready to stab in the back anyone who stands in their road. Others, their backbones eaten away by the chemistry of fame, fall by the wayside. A few come through as glorious human beings.

Besides professional competition,

the  
great  
hollywood  
question  
mark

BY

"FEARLESS"

sex figures in the Hollywood picture. And not entirely on the personal basis, either, but because of Hollywood's great dictator, the box office. Sex sells stars to the public—no doubt about it. So the whole town is constantly on the hunt for the man whose picture on the screen will bring a rapturous sigh from the women in the audience, or the girl who will bring a gleam to the eyes of the boys. Also, most of Hollywood's movie colony is preoccupied during its business hours with the substance of life itself—the stories of its pictures—stories which mirror in different ways the sex problems of human beings. This inevitably makes Hollywood as a community more tolerant.

For instance, few social groups would accept in their midst the principals involved in the cases about which I am going to tell you. Yet in Hollywood such people can manage nicely; in fact, can seemingly reign supreme—for a time, at least. The first two are examples of driving ambition, Hollywood's great crime. The third is the case of an opportunist. I'm not going to mention names, since I have no wish to crucify the stars. Instead, I'll give them numbers—and maybe they'll mean more to you than just a number.

Number one . . . She's probably your favorite star if you go in for glamour. Her only assets when she came to Hollywood were a small stock contract with a big studio, a beautiful face and a long chinchilla coat. Oh, yes, she had a dress—two or three, in fact; but they were merely stand-ins for the chinchilla coat, the one great flash that must carry her to the top. When (Continued on page 96)

This article talks out loud about a subject which hitherto has only been whispered



# CUTIE-PUSS

"SO what?" Johnny laughed in Bunny's face. "After you've ribbed me as the biggest dope in the business? Tricked me into thinking you were a regular—arouser—making me like you, yes, and handing me every opening to get crazy about you—" He broke it between his teeth. "Thank heavens I never let it get that far!"

"No?" said Bunny.

She walked around the car and climbed in.

"Here's a funny one," she said. "I guess a billion people have heard me on the sound tracks. But since I started knocking around on my own, meeting people face to face, none of them knew me, nobody remembered the voice. But Dad, he knew, the minute he heard it thousands of miles away."

Johnny yawned and reached for the radio control.

"I'll tell you how he knew me!" said Bunny.

Because he loves me. That's why.

Johnny didn't say anything. He fumbled for his tobacco and papers and carefully pulled out a cigarette.

"That's why you knew me, wasn't it, Johnny?"

His hands went still. Otherwise there was no change in the stark silhouette.

"I would know your voice, Johnny," she said. "wherever I heard it. I love you. That's why."

He didn't finish making his cigarette. He let it dump on the vacuumed floor. He turned slowly to look at her.

"Don't tell me now," said Bunny. "Let me tell you."

She leaned forward and snapped the radio switch.

"Dad made me quit pictures," she said. "But it wasn't for publicity. It was because I was slipping. He sent

me away to the East to school."

Her hand strayed to Johnny's sleeve. She wanted so terribly to make him believe.

"But I didn't go. I played hooky. See? Under a phony name. Nobody knew it except me and the girl I planted in school. I thought I could buck the world. Make a big come-

stared down in her face. "No." It sounded like choking. "No, I wouldn't."

She sat and held her breath and waited. She could feel him, very close. But he didn't touch her. He was trying to see into her eyes, and it was too dark to see.

"You mean," he asked, low and husky, "you want to stay here? You

want to keep things the way they are now? The way we are?"

"The way we are, Johnny." She smiled and still waited. She had gone about as far as a girl should go.

"What about Hollywood?" he asked.

"I thought I wanted it," she said. "But that's all gone. If you don't mind my sticking along with you, I wouldn't mind where or what."

"Me neither," he admitted.

It ended arguments. Tenseness, anxiety, uncertainty—all that was gone. He laughed deep in his throat as he reached in the darkness—"Cutie-Puss."

During Bunny's absence in New York, Johnny and Gil had decided to cut "High Olympus" to a fifteen-minute dramatic sketch and let Mac go to town with the rest of the show.

That meant work—lots of work. Yes, and excitement and fun and the idiotic happiness some people find in the sweat of trying and doing.

Bunny was at it day and night. She was seeing Johnny twenty hours at a stretch, with hardly a minute alone together; but just being yelled at by her director was romance to Bunny.

It was in the midst of the general hullabaloo of frantic rehearsals that Natalie got her bright idea. Newspapers were spilling untold millions in free publicity on Bunny Stanwood and Meteor- (Continued on page 77)

Bunny was only 18, but she knew what she wanted: Fame as an actress, a great actress; and a blue-eyed young man named Johnny. She knew how to get them both

BY ALBERT TREYNOR

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK DOBIAS



Johnny blinked at her and then grinned. "I guess—maybe—I've been a fool—" "You dope!" said Bunny. "You darling!"

back. But what did I know? I'm the most ignorant girl you ever saw. Or was, until I got in with you. . . ."

Her voice broke a little. "Would you want to just throw it all away?"

He leaned closer in the dimness. He

Concluding one of the most human stories ever written about Hollywood



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR



MRS. ROBERT W. ARMSTRONG



SEÑORA PILA SUBERCASEAUX



SEÑORITA ANA ROSA MARTINEZ GUERRERO



SENHORA AIMÉE LOPES DE SOTTO MAIOR



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**CLOAK** your face and neck lavishly with the sleek, fragrant smoothness of Pond's Cold Cream. Smack your skin briskly with cream-wrapped fingertips for three full minutes—even five. Pond's has two distinct missions to perform for you. One cleansing. The other softening. It mixes with the dust, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

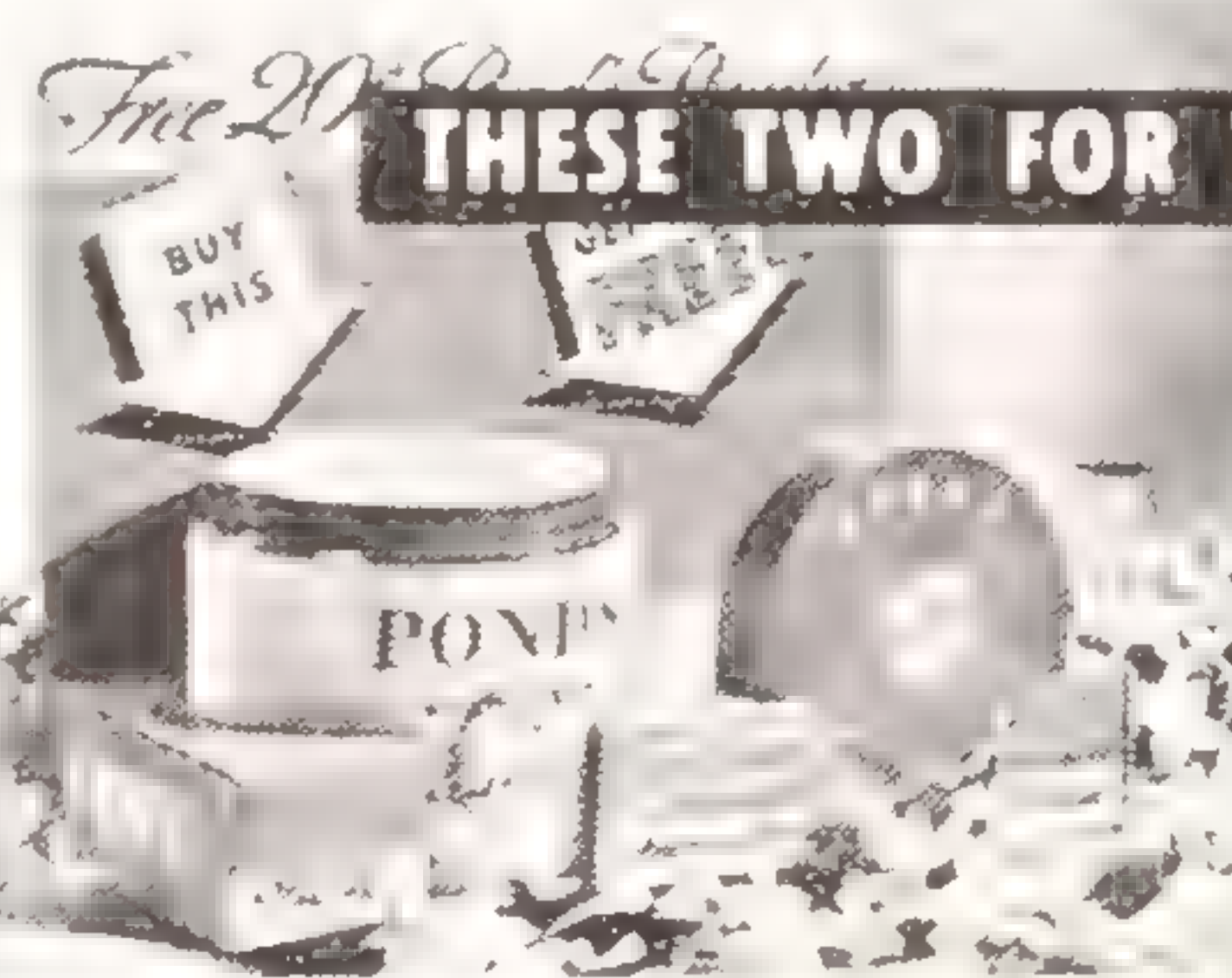
**WIPE AWAY** all this freed and softened debris with the gentle competence of Pond's Tissues—created tenderly soft and absorbent for this express purpose.

**SMACK ON** briskly a second coating of Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. This second creamy spanking enhances both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Note how the pores seem finer, lines less apparent in your glowing, softened skin.

**SPLASH ON** now the cool, wet fragrance of Pond's Skin Freshener.

**Then MASK** this spic-and-span face of yours with a smooth layer of a very different type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream—light as a cloud, innocent of greasiness. This cream's specific duty is to help disperse remaining particles, little chappings caused by exposure. Wait one full minute before you wipe it off. Then see how it leaves a perceptible mat finish on your skin—a petal-softness that receives and holds your powder smooth and captive for hours.

Perform this brief Pond's ritual in full always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin or make-up need freshening.



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SEÑORA PILA SUBERCASEAUX . . . SENHORA AIMÉE LOPES DE SOTTO MAIOR . . . names that hold the magic and dual  
connotation of great wealth and great beauty in five great American countries. Each one observes the Pond's Ritual



## Redheaded Rebel

(Continued from page 56)

telephone numbers and their china and sat back and waited.

Two months elapsed before the studio even called her. They said she might play the sister of Luise Rainer in "Toy Wife." It was then that Greer, shaken with homesickness, discovered the fierceness of her own pride. She stood even taller than her natural five feet four and announced in a small but most carefully modulated voice that she would prefer, if they didn't mind, not to play a second lead. Her politely outspoken revolt was for the purpose of stirring the M-G-M executives into some sort of recognition of her. It failed utterly in its objective. The executives merely said okay and once more forgot her.

SHE had come to Hollywood in December. By midsummer the loneliness and inactivity broke her down. She went to the hospital for an operation that several puzzled doctors, after a long consultation, said was necessary. As she came out of the ether, she thought that she had surely reached the utmost depths of personal misery.

It was at this particularly fine moment that her nurse brought a letter from one of her closest friends in England. It enclosed a long newspaper clipping giving the account of the marriage of that first boy whom she had loved. He had done just as he promised. He had married his heiress. There was even a photograph in the paper showing the happy pair leaving the church after the ceremony.

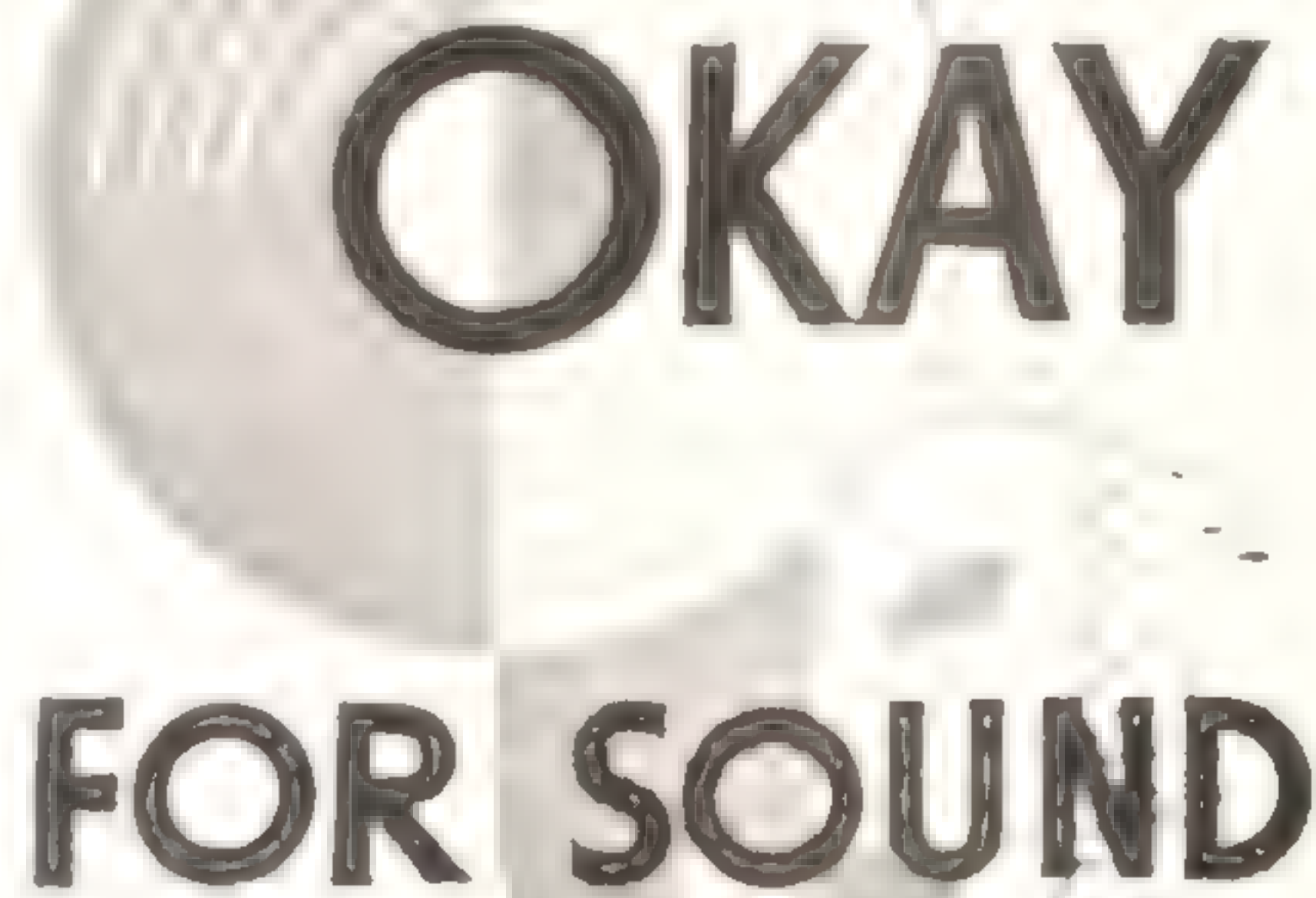
Greer lay shocked and still for hour upon hour. She sent her nurse from the room, gave orders she was not to be disturbed. She knew now that she must finally and forever think her way out. Until that moment of certain knowledge, there had remained the fragments of the old dream within her heart. Now she knew that from this day forward, it was up to her whether she was to let this wild, mad love of hers be the source of her own strength or her own weakness.

Her day nurse left and her night nurse came on. Still she said nothing. When morning came, she discovered that amazingly she had slept. It wasn't until mid-afternoon that Greer declared herself, when her worried doctor said something about the possible wisdom of doing what surgeons so glibly call "an exploratory," one of those operations where they prowl around the patient's interior to discover what, if anything, they should eliminate.

"I'll have no more operations, thank you," said Greer. "I'm getting well now."

SHE did get well, too, not only physically but mentally. The final disillusion of her lost lover was to act like fire on a wound, cauterizing it for all time. The burden of this old emotion lifted from her mind and her last weeks in the hospital Greer spent in talking to the nurses and doctors, thereby perfecting her American accent and losing her British overtones. When she was able to leave and go back to Beverly Hills, she hunted up a new house and started being her personal decorator on it. She began to make friends, among them the brilliant, sensitive M-G-M executive, Benny Thau.

Exactly two weeks before her contract was due to expire, she was offered the role of Mrs. Chips. In reading it she saw that it was the smallest part she had considered since her Shakespearian repertory days. "But I also saw," she says, "that it was one of the most beautiful



## OKAY FOR SOUND

A column of disc data  
on the new movie music

By JERRY MASON

**Bitter But Oh So Sweet:** The Noel Coward songs from "Bitter Sweet" are, of course, wonderful; and blond, booming Nelson Eddy sings them in his blond, booming fashion. All of them are permanent turn-table favorites: "I'll See You Again," "Tokay" and "Dear Little Cafe" (Columbia).

**Exotic Lamour:** Paramount has mixed up a sarong-less musical for Dorothy Lamour with the glamorous title of "Moon Over Burma." From that opus, the bewitching Lamour sings two good tunes. One is the title song and the other is "Mexican Magic" (Bluebird). "Moon Over Burma" has a nice throbbing quality which shows up well in dance tempo as performed by Glen Gray and his Casa Lomans (Decca) and Ray Noble (Columbia).

**Arise My Love:** Mr. Noble uses the other side of his "Moon Over Burma" disc to offer "Arise My Love," which comes from the Colbert-Milland production with the same tag. Bob Chester's, one of the good new bands, couples the affectionate "Arise" with "You're Breaking My Heart All Over Again" (Bluebird).

**Dancing Feet:** Ranking high in the winter's list of musicals is "Second Chorus." You can delight yourself with all four of the musical hits from the picture as performed by the star himself, for Fred Astaire faced a recording mike and tapped out "I Ain't Hep To That Step" and "Me And The Ghost Upstairs" and concentrated his peculiarly attractive vocal accomplishments on "Love Of My Life" and "Poor Mister Chisholm" (Columbia).

**You're The One:** Bonnie Baker sings cuddlesome versions of "I Could Kiss You For That" and "Gee, I Wish I'd Listened To My Mother." "Strawberry Lane" and "You're The One" complete hers and Orrin Tucker's quartet of wax impressions (Columbia).

**Hitful Assortment:** Lead off with Tommy Dorsey's sweet "You Say The Sweetest Things, Baby," from "Tin Pan Alley" and its accompanying "Not So Long Ago" (Victor). Good swing is Benny Carter's "I've Been In Love Before"—out of "Seven Sinners"—and "By The Watermelon Vine" which is aided by the vocalizing of the Mills Brothers (Decca). Add the chipper title song of Warners' "The Lady With Red Hair" by Hal Kemp (Victor).

portraits of a woman in love that has ever been written. There was only one hitch to it. Robert Donat had been cast as Mr. Chips and M-G-M wasn't too sure of his popularity. If "The Citadel" turned out to be a success then they would do 'Chips.' If "The Citadel" failed, they wouldn't. Of course, you know what a success that film was, so day by day I felt safer. Then, suddenly, there I was in London and people were saying 'Here she is,' instead of 'Who is she?' It was so gratifying to have people eager to see me, instead of regarding me as a long-nosed, redheaded nuisance."

EVEN though she was a sensation as Mrs. Chips, all was not yet to be clear sailing for her. M-G-M renewed her contract, brought her back triumphantly to Hollywood—and once more forgot her. She sat around for more months, but this time she did not get discouraged. Even when they gave her "Remember?" to play she refused to be downhearted. "It was the hardest work I ever did," she will tell you. "I knew it was bad. I knew I was bad in it, but I got through it somehow."

"Remember?" being as complete a failure as "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" was an outstanding success, M-G-M was more than ever bewildered as to the possibilities of its redheaded rebel. One faction said she was primarily a costume-role actress. The other faction, remembering her London successes as a modern, said she should be cast as a 1940 sophisticate. The result was that the studio wavered on two roles for her. If Norma Shearer did not do "Pride And Prejudice," they said, why Greer could. That is, she could if Joan Crawford decided to do "Susan And God." But, on the other hand, if Crawford turned down "Susan," why Garson might get that instead of Elizabeth Bennett in "Pride And Prejudice."

THE whole world knows now that she finally got "Pride And Prejudice." M-G-M thought the picture might be a success with the critics, but they doubted its popular value. But the Jane Austen masterpiece of a century ago upset everybody's calculations by being a smashing box-office hit in 1940.

Overnight Hollywood's attitude toward Greer Garson changed. Now the town knew that it had a new star in its midst. So also did M-G-M, who promptly made plans to cast her as lovingly as its other women stars. Greer knew she had won.

It was then, with her husband's latest refusal of her request for a divorce, that she went to the tolerant California courts and sought to have her marriage ties destroyed. She asked only for her freedom and that was granted to her on the grounds of incompatibility.

Now you hear her name linked occasionally with that of Benny Thau, but there is really no news there to be told. Friends and good companions they most certainly are, admiring and respecting one another deeply. But love, as yet, is no part of it. It is not impossible that it may be in the future, but Greer is not thinking much of the future these days.

This is because the present is so happy for her. She has her career. She has her pretty house in Beverly Hills. She has the luxuries that she has always wanted to be able to give her charming mother who lives with her. As for the future, that can take care of itself.

Of course, if it doesn't, Greer will take care of it and with beautiful dispatch.





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# The Shepherd of the Hills

(Continued from page 42)

greeted him at first with distrust and then with thinly veiled cupidity when they learned why he had come—to buy land from them.

"I'd like to buy Moaning Meadow," Howitt said casually at last.

Only Aunt Mollie's mouth, tightening with fury, showed that she had heard. Then she stepped forward. "Not for no money you got," she hissed. "It'd take—it'd take a thousand dollars to buy that land."

Something moved in the shadows behind her. It was a boy, Howitt saw—or perhaps a man. He seemed full-grown, but his face was blank and childlike. His lips formed agitated words, but no sound came; and remembering Jim Lane's words the night before, he knew this must be Pete, Mollie's idiot son.

"A thousand dollars it is," he said smoothly. "A hundred down and the rest in monthly payments."

That afternoon Howitt took possession of his land.

SAMMY wouldn't accompany him to Moaning Meadow. It was just as well, he knew. This was a time when he should be alone. The sun was warm on his back when he walked across the field where the flowers grew so big and so strangely without smell. Beside a tall, lightning-blasted pine tree he stopped for a moment, to stand looking down at a neatly tended grave and a wooden headboard bearing the one word, "Sarah."

Then he wandered on, to the little cabin that stood on the far edge of the meadow. The door creaked dismally as he pushed it open and inside there was a damp smell of mould, although everything was placed as if for instant occupation. Limp curtains were at the windows, a rocking chair by the cold fireplace, candlesticks with half-burned candles on the stone mantel.

Her home. The home to which she had returned to bear his son—the haven he had searched for so long and found too late.

The sun sank while Dan Howitt sat in the shadowy silence of the cabin, his head sunk forward on his chest, his hands hanging limp over the arms of the old rocking chair. At last, some sixth sense made him look up.

Young Matt was coming across the meadow toward the cabin. In the crook of one arm, loosely, he carried a shotgun.

With a sigh, Howitt stood up. He met Matt a few steps from the cabin.

Matt, standing quietly, said, "I gotta ask you to git offen this land, Mr. Howitt."

"But I bought it," Howitt said in his deep, friendly voice.

"It ain't fer sale. You'll git yore money back."

Levelly, Howitt looked into the boy's flushed face. "Look, Matt," he said, "this land is—"

"I don't wanta hurt somebody who's kinfolk t' Sammy," Matt broke in, "but—"

"You won't be. I'm not her cousin. She just said I was, to protect me."

Now definitely an enemy, Matt ordered, "Then git off—an' git off quick!" As Howitt stood without moving, he raised his gun toward his shoulder.

"Lemme berry that gun, Matt," said a voice from a clump of trees beside the cabin. Turning, they saw a stocky, sandy-haired man who also had a shotgun in his hands. He stepped forward, took Matt's weapon, pointed it toward

the ground and pulled the trigger. While the echoes of the shot died away, he calmly returned it to its owner. "Some folks," he remarked, "ain't to be trusted with a loaded gun."

Young Matt's handsome face was sullen as he took the gun and walked away without a word. Watching him go, the newcomer chuckled. "News travels fast here in the mountains, Mr. Howitt," he said. "Thousand dollars is high t' pay fer Moanin' Meadow—specially with the bad neighbors you got." He held out his hand. "I'm Andy Beeler. I own a badge says I'm 'the Law'—but mostly I fergit to wear it—makes too good a target."

They laughed together, then Beeler fell into a musing silence, looking off after the retreating figure of Young Matt. "With old Mollie Matthews to help, Young Matt's turned bad, all right."

"I wonder," Howitt said. "I wonder... how deep the badness goes."

SLOWLY, the people of the hills became used to Dan Howitt's presence among them. They watched, agape, when he bought a plow at Corky's general store and set to work clearing the overgrown fields around the old cabin. And when he was brought by Sammy to Coot Royal's house to see Coot's youngest baby, near death with the whooping cough, and was able to cure it, the news spread within a day all through the hills. People repeated, too, what blind old Granny Royal had said of the stranger when the baby stopped coughing and fell into an untroubled sleep:

"He's the good shepherd—that what he is!"

No one quite knew how it happened, but gradually a new pulse of life crept into the scattered community which centered on Corky's store. Coot Royal's family began making willow rocking chairs and Jim Lane put his old mill back into order and with Sammy's help was soon turning out cornmeal by the sackful. Even Pete, Aunt Mollie's woods-running son, was given work when Dan Howitt hired him and his two dogs to watch the sheep he'd bought from Boo Tucker.

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New York, N. Y.

Only the rest of the Matthews family stayed suspicious and apart. Young Matt and his friends from Bald Knob still maintained their still in Granite Valley. Aunt Mollie and Old Matt remained secluded in their cabin. They had not, Howitt learned, attended one of the community's gatherings since Young Matt was born.

Instead of renewing his efforts to drive Howitt away from Moaning Meadow, however, Young Matt one day agreed to go fishing with the older man. Groping, uncertain of himself, he even then was sounding Howitt out. He was so pitifully unused to kindness that he could not believe in it, but he needed help.

"Suppose," he said while their fishing lines dangled in the stream, "somebody was lost from you. Somebody you had t' find—somebody you was in debt to kill!"

"I don't know, Matt," Howitt murmured, wanting the boy to talk more, afraid to seem too eager.

"We got a curse on us, we Matthews," Young Matt said, his lips scarcely moving. "A curse as old as me! There ain't no rest fer us—livin' or dead—not till I find him who marked me fer what I am an' aged my mother too young fer her grave!"

Howitt's throat was aching with sorrow as he said, "I'll help you find him, Matt... You're a good son. But what would it be like—having to remember, as long as you lived, that you'd stopped a man's life?"

"You think I want t' do it?" Young Matt asked hoarsely. "That it pleasures me t' think about it?"

"There's Sammy," Howitt reminded him gently. "She loves you, Matt."

Young Matt's face grew stony. "I ain't got no right to love, nor marry. I gotta fergit thinkin' 'bout Sammy."

Howitt went back to his lonely cabin that afternoon, oppressed by the hatred that lay so heavy over these mountains.

BUT a few days later something happened that made him happier. Old Granny Royal, who had not seen since she was a child, agreed with childlike simplicity to do as he said when he advised a trip to the "city town" and an operation on her eyes. He accompanied her himself, waited at the hospital while the doctors worked over her and brought her back to Coot Royal's cabin to recover. There was to be a big gathering on Flying Cloud Bluff on the day the bandages were removed, with Granny's friends coming from miles around to watch the ceremony and see her face when first the light struck her eyes. On Granny's express wishes, Aunt Mollie and Old Matt Matthews and their family were invited to this gathering.

When the day came, there were singing and dancing on Flying Cloud Bluff long before the guest of honor arrived, her eyes still bandaged. Only Aunt Mollie and Old Matt stood apart, watching the festivities like strangers.

At noon, while the crowd fell silent, Dan Howitt lifted the bandages from Granny's eyes. For a moment she waited, swaying a little, moving her head from side to side. Then she said softly, "Thank you, God."

Howitt, watching, swallowed a lump in his throat as Granny went from one person to another, recognizing them at once, even though she had never before seen their faces. At last she came to Aunt Mollie and for the first time since the

(Continued on page 68)



# KEEP YOUR ACCENT ON YOUTH!

“Win New Loveliness . . . New Youthfulness in your  
**NEW-BORN-SKIN!**” *says Lady Esther*



## The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is constantly wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—always crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



## SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

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Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of  
Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Yes! It's really true . . . You are getting a beautiful New-Born Skin. Yes, under your present skin a Brand New Skin is coming to life. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help your New-Born Skin to keep its promise of appealing freshness and youth.

IT SEEMS a miracle too wonderful to believe, but at this very moment, under your present skin . . . a New-Born Skin is flowering . . . growing, gradually replacing your worn-out surface skin which flakes away in tiny little particles.

Will your New-Born Skin really flatter you? Will it help you look younger? The answer is "Yes!", says Lady Esther. "Yes . . . if you will care for it properly with my 4-Purpose Face Cream."

Don't let the dry flakes of your old surface skin imprison the beauty of your New-Born Skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently permeates those drab flakes . . . the surface impurities and dirt. It helps you whisk them away . . . so your New-Born Skin may appear at its clearest and at its best. And to do this . . . all you need is *one* cream. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream.

## Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Does he suggest that you feed your skin from the outside? Will he recommend astringents, or skin foods, or tissue creams? Lady Esther believes he will not . . . for it stands to reason that any cream that can fill the pores can be harmful to the skin. But ask him if my cream doesn't help your skin because it loosens the dry little flakes and surface impurities . . . really cleanses your skin. Ask your doctor if every last word that Lady Esther says isn't *true!*

So try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Use no other cream for a full month. Let my cream give you complete beauty care. Let your New-Born Skin come to light in all its glory. Use my cream particularly before you powder, for, after wiping away Lady Esther cream, your skin is in perfect condition to receive powder. Use just enough powder to protect your skin from dust—and see if your skin doesn't appear lovelier and more opalescent—smoother, more radiant—with a look that really spells beauty!



(Continued from page 66)

bandages had been removed, sadness filled her old face.

"Yore Mollie Matthews," she said slowly. "My blood cousin. I asked a-purpose to have you here 'cause I recollect you had a gift fer love an' kindness when you was a girl. But now there's a devil in you . . . two devils, one in each eye. Yore soul's et up with hate."

While Mollie glared, Granny moved on a step, to where Young Matt and Sammy stood together. Sammy she recognized at once, but at Young Matt she stared with suddenly widened eyes.

"Who's he?" she asked flatly.

"You know him," Sammy offered. "He's young Matt Matthews."

Then, "Granny said, 'I'm as blind as ever I was. He's no Matthews—no more'n he's a pizened Bald Knobber.'"

She turned around, questioningly, as if begging anyone to tell her that she saw aright. Her eyes fell on Dan Howitt and in that instant Howitt knew his secret was to be revealed.

"No, Sammy," Granny said clearly, positively. "He's no Matthews . . . he's kin t' his image—" she pointed a quavering finger at Howitt. "Son of his father—if I kin see at all!"

IN the frozen silence Howitt watched Young Matt wake to slow realization. Hatred was born in his face; the muscles of the powerful young body tensed. He turned and began to walk toward his horse, where his gun was.

"Don't, Matt, don't!" Sammy screamed, trying to get in his way.

Matt pushed her aside and went on. Then Andy Beeler was in his path, saying, "Stay where you are, Matt, an leave your rifle restin' where it's at."

Matt hesitated, eyeing the gun in Andy's hands, turning over in his mind the question of whether or not to rush the sheriff. But while he delayed, Aunt Mollie screamed. "Git back, you pore fool! We waited long enough for our revenge."

Pete, her son, had watched from the edge of the crowd and while Matt was delayed by Beeler, he had taken the gun from where Matt had left it. Now he was running, bent over, to the edge of the bluff. Aunt Mollie caught him just as he was about to pitch the gun over the edge. For a moment they struggled and then a shot rang out. Pete slumped down, into Aunt Mollie's arms.

Beside him, Howitt heard Granny Royal's voice, whispering sadly, "I wisht I'd stayed stone-blind, afore ever I brought this to pass."

They picked Pete up, they carried him sorrowfully away to Bald Knob, to the Matthews' cabin. Late that night, he was still alive but very weak. Beside his bed, illuminated by a single candle, stood his mother and father, Young Matt and Sammy, waiting. But Mollie, at last, sprang crouching to her feet.

"You done it! You done it!" she spat at Young Matt. "An' if Pete dies, it's cause you stand here mournin' woman-like, 'stead o' sheddin' the blood that laid the curse on th' Matthews from her day t' this!"

Young Matt did not stir. In a dead, flat voice, he said, "I'm the only one t' end th' curse." He picked up the rifle beside him.

Sammy's arms went out to him. "Don't, Matt! Turn back from killin'. Matt—please! Yuh gotta!"

He could not look at her, even when he held herself tight against him. Almost pleadingly, he said, "Git outta the way, Sammy."

If yuh go on," Sammy screamed, "it's

—it's gotta be ended, all th' feelins an' hopes between us!"

"There never was no hopes between us," Young Matt said. And he was gone.

Crushed, Sammy turned back to the group around the bed. The candlelight caught Aunt Mollie's eyes momentarily, making them gleam evilly.

Then, startling them all into motionless silence, Pete spoke—Pete, who since he was a child had never been able to utter a word.

"Matt!" he called weakly. "Matt! I gotta tell yuh . . . I got better'n a brother when I got you, Matt . . . Matt!"

Aunt Mollie's face became masklike, hearing her dying son call for another, forgetting her. On the other side, Old Matt cried silently. At last, she was able to keep silent no longer.

"Pete . . . Pete, son," she murmured with a tenderness Sammy had never heard in her voice before.

The boy's eyelids fluttered open. "Ma," he whispered plaintively. "Ma . . . I kin remember . . . you used to have gentle-like ways . . . till that night she died



NEWS! The first photograph of the most discussed play and picture ever to reach Broadway and Hollywood: Charley Grapewin as Jeeter Lester in "Tobacco Road"

an' I ran after yuh into Moanin' Meadow when the lightnin' came an' took away my speakin' . . ." He took a deep, painful breath. "Ma . . . it's . . . you . . . who's the curse o' th' Matthews. . . ."

His voice faded away. He was dead.

Aunt Mollie, crouching beside him, looked up. The hatred was gone from her face; she was crushed, broken. "Go 'way," she pleaded. "Leave me alone with my baby! . . . Please!"

Dawn was breaking over the hills when Young Matt came across Moaning Meadow to Dan Howitt's cabin. Howitt had been waiting for him. In the early light he saw Matt emerge from the trees, pause a moment beside Sarah's grave, then come on with a steady, purposeful tread.

His mouth sad with the pain of what he must do, Howitt went to a drawer and took from it a revolver. He snapped the chamber open to make sure it was loaded, then slipped it into his pocket before going out to meet Young Matt.

They came to within an easy sight of each other and stopped. Young Matt raised his gun, slowly and carefully sighting along it at the motionless figure of Howitt. His finger tightened on the trigger, just as Howitt's hand flashed into his own pocket.

The two explosions were almost simultaneous . . . almost, but not quite. It was Young Matt who fell, on his face an expression of surprise and relief—as if to say, "I'm glad I didn't kill you!"

Howitt was standing over him when Sammy ran out of the woods toward them. "I'd rather kill you," he said to the prostrate figure, "than have you mislive your life as I have mine!"

BETWEEN them, Sammy and Howitt picked Young Matt up and carried him into the cabin, laying him on the bed which occupied a screened-off corner of the single room.

All day they waited, tending the feeble breath of life that still lingered in Young Matt's wounded body. In intervals of consciousness he looked stonily at Howitt, saying no word. Toward dusk, Howitt dropped the curtain behind him.

"He doesn't seem to want to live, Sammy. He hasn't the will. . . ."

Sammy was crouched on the floor. She raised her head. "The will to live . . ." she whispered. "But he ain't t' blame fer bein' learned t' see an' fight fer th' wrong things!"

"I know, Sammy."

"Why cain't he live—an' see good an' clean an' new—an' feel folks a-lovin' him, 'stead o' teachin' him to hate?"

"You know why I shot him, Sammy," Howitt said pleadingly. "Don't you? I saw him coming down the meadow—and in him I saw myself twenty-five years ago—without anybody to stop me from making the mistake I made. I'd rather have let him shoot me. It would have been easier. . . ."

He took a deep, shuddering breath. "But to let him do something that would make the rest of his life a greater hell than mine has been . . . No, Sammy, I couldn't do that. It was better to have his blood on my hands than mine on his."

In his curtained-off corner, Young Matt was awake, listening. He felt tired and weak, but not from the wound. It was as if something more than blood had gone from his body, leaving it light and free. As he lay there, he knew what that something else was. It was the heavy load of hatred he had carried so long.

"Ever since I been able to remember," he thought, "I been sproutin' an' growin' too fast outta my britches. I reckon I never grewed any—inside—till today . . . It's kinda like bein' borned again—right side up."

And he called, weakly, "Sammy!"

They were there, pushing the curtain aside, looking down. And what they saw in his face told them that Young Matt had at last found the will to live, and to love.

After a while Dan Howitt left Young Matt and Sammy together and went to the door of the cabin. The sun was shining brightly now and Moaning Meadow was green. He walked across it to Sarah's grave and, standing there with his head bowed, he whispered, "I've done what I could. Can you forget how I deserted you . . . and rest now . . . my dear?"



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**Clever girls take  
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"Men love to be near the girl who's sweet," this famous beauty says. And tells you how screen stars protect the daintiness important to charm. Lux Soap's **ACTIVE** lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt —leaves skin *really* fresh.



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Ciro's sees some cut-ups: Lana Turner and Tony Martin ape the high-school set's footwork, end up—as is usual when they're together — laughing loud and long

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## No More Divorces!

(Continued from page 31)

Shaw. There was little laughter, little exchange of gay banter with either man. Lana hadn't yet taken out insurance against break of heart that can be acquired, oddly enough, only through break of heart. That gift of the gods is hers now; we doubt if she'll ever lose it.

Night clubs, clothes, excitement, love and glamour once meant more than anything in the world—yes, even career—to Lana. But last week we encountered Tony and Lana on a typical date and we aren't over the shock of it yet. On a Saturday night, too!

**P**ASSING down Beverly Boulevard, we had halted our car to watch the miniature golfers when something about a laugh, a familiar, contagious laugh, drew our attention. There on the links, whanging balls through impossible tunnels, were Lana and Tony and a girl friend of Lana's.

We were all set for *Ciro's*," the friend said later, "for Lana only goes to a night spot on Saturday nights now, so as not to interfere with her work. In fact, Lana says it proves just what a small-town girl he really is to go stepping only on Saturday nights. Anyway, Lana spied the golf course and nothing would do but we must play golf. Not only that, but we played every nickel machine on the place and spent hours at the shoot-galleries. It was one o'clock in the morning when we finally left the place and went home. I never saw two people so full of life more companionable, two people who could have more fun at simple things than Tony and Lana."

You mean to tell us," we interrupted, "that Lana, on a Saturday night, pre-ferred a golf course to *Ciro's*?"

"I know," the girl shrugged, "seems a little bit, but you have to know the Lana to understand."

The "new" Lana came about just a few months ago; when M-G-M's little red-head boarded a boat for Honolulu

"All my life," Lana once said, "I had dreamed of marriage. The wonderful day when, in a white veil and satin dress, I'd walk down the church aisle to become a wife. I'd pictured it over and over in my mind. . . ."

On the day she sailed all she had left of that dream was a sense of bewilderment at what had happened, the tragic memories of the months before that had so completely changed her life.

For in a short time, too much had happened to Lana—the violent romance with Greg Bautzer that had torn her so emotionally; his demands that she leave the screen if they were to marry; the constant quarreling, the indecisions.

Then, out of a clear sky, there had been that sudden strange, unexplainable elopement with Artie Shaw.

He had painted a pretty picture for Lana, Artie had, and one he undoubtedly believed himself; of home and children and work and fireside. He hadn't demanded Lana give up her work. He had simply offered a haven for her torn heart.

Her happiness those first few weeks was something to turn the eyes from, for it was almost out of this world. That's why it hurt dreadfully when the marriage ended so abruptly. That's why it became so necessary for Lana to get away, to untangle the webs that had enmeshed her. That's why Lana had sailed away to Honolulu.

She never came back. The Lana who loved clothes and excitement and good times above all else disappeared in Honolulu. A new Lana returned, a Lana who had found herself.

"I just know everything in my life has changed," she said. "I've got back everything I'd lost. I harbor no bitter feeling toward Artie. It just wasn't the right time for marriage for either of us."

In Hollywood she began work in earnest. Instead of the usual Sunday cocktail parties that she had loved, she would

spend the entire day studying her role for "Ziegfeld Girl" with coach Lillian Burns. Down at the studio they began to refer to her as A. H. Turner—After-Honolulu Turner. That was how marked the change was.

**F**OR a few brief weeks she tried out the old whirl with Victor Mature. Then she gave it up. Parties and night spots had lost their fascination.

At that moment came laughing, brown-eyed Tony Martin with his talk of football, of baseball, of golf, of music, of fun. Now, at last, Lana was ready to understand and appreciate a companionship such as this.

It was in San Francisco, where Lana had gone to be matron of honor at a friend's wedding, that she ran into Tony. He suggested that they go dancing; they walked into the Palace Hotel only to find Artie Shaw playing there. It was a second-act real-life drama, but Tony's easy charm and poise smoothed over the situation. From then on, Lana and Tony were friends.

She went to football games with him on Saturday afternoons, dressed in one of the conservative suits she always wears now, and shouted her head off. She listened to his talk of baseball, learned the players' names and grew excited over the World Series. She took up golf and spent hours with Tony on the golf courses. She sold her violent red car and bought a subdued gray one. Occasionally—but only occasionally—she went to dinner with Tony at *Ciro's*. She bowled over director and cast by bouncing onto the set early every morning, eager to begin her work.

Her whole personality has undergone a change to the point where acquaintances scarcely recognize the calm, the sure, the happy Lana.

Tony Martin gave Lana laughter and happiness at a time when she needed it most. Thus it is that she has accepted his counsel and advice.

Recently Lana was scheduled to do a benefit. Dozens of other stars were to be present and several times Lana, who loves clothes, had gone to the closet and looked at the beautiful new dress that she could scarcely wait to wear. But when the day came she was feeling desperately tired from her work at the studio. She consulted Tony.

"Don't go," he advised. "You've got to think of your health and your work."

"Can you imagine me?" Lana said afterwards, "eating milk toast in bed and going to sleep at nine o'clock with a new dress hanging in the closet?"

No man has ever given the tender solicitude, the understanding and friendship that Tony Martin has given Lana. He has brought her to a new maturity, given her a new idea of what companionship between a man and a woman may mean. Most of all, he has shown her how to work out her problems.

Hollywood therefore, was not surprised when it was rumored that Lana Turner might be reconciled with Artie Shaw. They remembered what she had said just recently: "I have no illusions now about marriage. I've learned a lot. I'll profit by my mistakes."

For the wisdom of that statement made by the new Lana, credit goes to Tony Martin. Perhaps Lana will go back to Artie Shaw; perhaps she will go on to a new romance; or perhaps she will continue as she is, a girl to whom work is foremost in mind and heart.

Whatever comes to pass, Tony Martin will remain an important milestone in Lana's life; for even greater than love right now is the new Lana Turner, the girl who has found herself.



## The Laws of Averages

(Continued from page 33)

that people will believe them blindly, gladly. But all the time she is thinking these same people are suckers to fall for 'that stuff.' The money in it is all she wants, Ann thinks. Oh, yes, Ann is a fine cynic—until her benevolent Frankenstein creation turns on her and calls her to account. Then, suddenly, she sees those who have embraced the 'messages' from her facile pen as they really are—better off and happier than she has ever been."

NOT, Barbara pointed out, that "Meet John Doe" is a preachment. "It is too entertaining," she insisted, "too warmly human for that. I only mean that it can and does open your eyes to what is going on about you. Because he is any man, you come to realize that the actions and reactions of Frank Capra's *John Doe* may very well be those of other John Does you know. So you get to looking around. You see that most John Does and Jane Does are pretty swell people . . . that they behave pretty creditably under all kinds of circumstances. In fact, you find yourself a little prouder of the human race as a whole.

"I have known for some time a certain writer who, almost two years ago, was terribly burned in an accident. Doctors told her she would never walk again. She had no income except what she could earn. She became, in a way, a charity patient at a Los Angeles hospital. She could have remained so all her life, I suppose. But it never occurred to her to accept this fate. She began writing again. Sometimes she interviewed stars who visited her bedside and sold what she wrote—turning back every cent she made into the fund that was supporting her. And she did more than that. She willed that she would walk. She never gave up trying. *Now she is walking!*

"Well, that takes *real* courage! It is easy to be brave under the spur of emotion. But to go on fighting seemingly hopeless odds, day after day, week after week—that spells another and greater sort of courage. Stop and look about you. Doesn't almost everyone you know have some sort of battle to fight, some sort of cross to bear? And don't most of them carry on quite admirably? I think so, and I suppose I have thought so all of my life, in a way. But it took those weeks of working in 'Meet John Doe' to really bring it home to me.

"This is a troubled world. I am afraid, too, it is in part a cynical world. A few of its John Does and Jane Does have gotten into the habit of expecting the worst. They call it 'defensive mechanism.' But by the same token, there are many others who have the wisdom and the courage to expect the best. They know that we can look for good or we can look for bad and find what we are looking for. No, they don't set themselves up as philosophers. They are just simple human beings trying to get along.

"I can remember, as a child, a certain old man who used to spout off to me and to anyone else who would listen that the country was going to the dogs. He was sure of it. He had been sure of it for sixty years.

"Well, you know, and I know, it hasn't gone yet. What's more, there's a good chance it won't with the John Does and the Jane Does—bombed, blasted, hungry, robbed of all that makes life worth living—still carrying on because they've got what it takes!"

# Can you do this?

# —without doing this?

One of the things that assured the popularity of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, *the very first day they were put on sale*, was this:

**Fels-Naptha Soap Chips produce no irritating, sneezy dust**

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## Round-Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 37)

pounds before they discovered it was caused by the water she drank after her solo dance numbers.

She's amazing, serious, hasn't had too much fun, we imagine, spends her spare time writing poetry and is even having some of it published.

She's doubtful of everyone and everything but her acting. She gets awfully tired of herself as a self, but not as an actress.

In fact, this very lovely young lady proves she does all right by herself all alone. Who are we to intrude?

### Veronica Lake:

THE tiniest miss in all Hollywood, just five foot two, weighing ninety-eight whole pounds, is Veronica Lake, Paramount's newest discovery. There are several outstanding things about Miss Lake. One is that she's the only naturally silver-haired young lady we've ever met; another is that she never wanted to be an actress under any circumstances.

She was, in fact, all set to be a doctor. After years of schooling at the Villa Maria Convent at Montreal, Canada, she enrolled in the premedical course at Montreal's McGill University.

Born in Lake Placid, New York, just south of the Canadian border, she chose Canadian schools for the simple reason she felt they offered better courses.

You may have glimpsed her very briefly in RKO's "Sorority House" and M-G-M's "Forty Little Mothers," but we doubt it—Veronica was just a little blonde flash across the screen. However, you'll have a difficult time overlooking her in "I Wanted Wings" for Paramount, the studio that now has her under contract.

She had never even dreamed of a theatrical career until her mother and father (a commercial artist, well known in New York) came to California and liked it so well they stayed. Veronica left school and came along, but became so lonely she decided to join the Bliss Hayden Little Theater group around the corner, just for the company. Even then she wasn't too interested until they let her play a prostitute, of all things, and the wonderful scope for emotional expression through acting began to appeal to the quiet-spoken, gentle-mannered, charming little lady.

A test made at M-G-M finally came to the attention of Arthur Hornblow, Paramount producer, who sensed the well-bred charm of little Veronica which, of course, is a manufactured cognomen, her real name being Constance Keane.

For several months she's been married, and happily so, to John Detlie, an associate art director at M-G-M. She's a swell little cook, has a special hot biscuit recipe that sounds divine and employs one maid to look after her and her husband.

Her nose is covered, literally covered, with freckles. She skis, rides and swims, has the mind of a scholar, the face of an impish angel and is slated for stardom, or we miss our guess.

Funny thing is, we seldom miss it.

### It's Never Too Late:

THIS is a story for men—and, yes, women—who feel they have chosen the wrong field of work and that it is too late to do anything about it.

Don't believe a word of it, for James Stephenson, the actor who created a furore as the lawyer in "The Letter," is

a shining example of how to do a complete turnabout in one's middle years of life and find the very thing for which one is best suited.

Born in Selby, Yorkshire, England, Stephenson thought first of becoming a dentist but soon dropped the idea to become a businessman, a dealer in cotton. He was, as he himself says, an absolutely rotten businessman, getting nowhere, vaguely unhappy but not knowing quite what to do about it.

Destiny did, however. It was while he was back home, between trips, that a friend explained they were putting on an amateur theatrical and begged Stephenson to play the lead. The play was "School For Scandal."

"You are, of course, out of your mind," Stephenson insisted, "for I've never acted a line or a scene in my life."

But the friend insisted and, to please him, our cotton broker agreed.

He was good. Amazingly, surprisingly good. So when they next offered him the lead in another amateur play, "Man And Superman," the longest part ever written for an actor, he accepted it with much less coaxing on their part. Again he astounded all Yorkshire and himself. He knew, at the end of that amateur play, he'd found his life's work.

He joined a stock company at Liverpool at a salary of three pounds a week and when it finally reached ten pounds, or fifty dollars, he married a nonprofessional.

It was she who persuaded him to take a chance in London for the play "Storm In A Teacup."

Warners' London agent saw him in the success and brought him to Hollywood, where, for three years, he awaited his chance, playing whatever came his way. His role in "White Banners" remained in Director Willie Wyler's mind, however, and when it came to casting "The Letter" he fought tooth and nail for Stephenson and finally enlisted the aid of star Bette Davis herself. Bette adores showing Stephenson the notices that have him stealing the show.

Very quietly he "mucks about" his Palisades home when he isn't working. He hasn't a drop of the accent that most Yorkshire folk possess.

Hollywood's fast work continues to astound him. After his outstanding success in "The Letter" the next assignment Warners gave him was a role in their big "Flight From Destiny." Now they've handed him the lead with Geraldine Fitzgerald in "Winged Victory."

Mr. Stephenson is a man who has been kindly placed by Fate in his proper role in the play of Life.

Let's make it happen to all of us.

### Give Us Our Dailey Hooper:

THEY come tall these days. Dan Dailey Jr. is another of those six-foot-four-inch giants who graduated from Macy's basement as a shoe salesman, about which he knew nothing, to the interior decorating department, about which he knew less. In fact, young Dailey Jr. has been going farther doing things he knows absolutely nothing about, and doing them well, than anyone we've ever heard of.

Take him now in "The Mortal Storm" as the leader of the young storm troopers who reeked of stern-faced villainy. Dan never even wore a stern face before in his life, let alone trying to act that way. But, nothing daunted, he went right on to "The Captain Is A Lady," "Hullabaloo," "Dulcy" (Dan was Ann Sothern's



harassed brother), to his best role to date, the punch-drunk prizefighter who slaps Lana Turner silly in "Ziegfeld Girl."

All of which is swell; only Dan never acted in his life until he hit movies. He's a hooper, a professional knockout hooper who's never danced a step in movies. Can you beat it?

Back in New York, where Dan was born, he loathed school with a fine old loathing that labeled him the black sheep of the Dailey establishment. His father, resident manager of the Roosevelt Hotel in New York City, had dreamed of Dan's growing up in the hotel business, but Dan had no use for the idea. Then one day he had his sisters, aged 4 and 13, teach him the few dance steps they had learned at dancing school and, thus prepared, he entered a recital at the little town of Baldwin, New York, where his family was living. To his astonishment he was immediately offered a job as a dancer with a traveling vaudeville unit.

He grabbed it while the Daileys groaned. From there on he learned more and more steps, danced in night clubs or any place that offered a job. The comic part of it is, he didn't want to be a hooper so much as an actor; but he kept right on dancing.

TO please his family, he took the Macy job and tried to forget the stage, but it was no go. When he joined a show troupe on a South American cruise ship, his father was frankly and openly through, t-h-r-o-u-g-h, through.

But Dan stuck it out, good times and bad. Once he's sure he saw his mother blink out of Minsky's Burlesque House where he'd landed a job dancing between two numbers of strip teasing. He stuck out the boos and calls of "get off the stage" to win the audience over. He never mentioned the incident to his mother, however.

The boy had to eat. He even went up to the Johnny Madison School of Dancing in New York and taught dancing from nine in the morning until midnight and then often knocked off a night-club job until two in the morning.

His best break came when Lorenz Hart got him a singing (he'd never sung before, either) and dancing job in Broadway's musical hit "Babes in Arms." He bought a box and insisted his family occupy it. His father has been his most loyal fan from that moment on. In fact, the family go en masse to his pictures and had hysterics at "Dulcy" when Dan appeared first, bellowing in his shower. It was so much like Dan at home.

Touring in "I Married An Angel," the company hit Los Angeles at Christmas time in 1939. Bill Brady, the M-G-M casting agent, spied the young hooper and decided he'd make an actor. Dan was crazy about the idea. Nowadays he takes his hoofing out in teaching Judy Garland, Ann Rutherford and Lana Turner the Lindy Hop and other new steps. He and Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper and the girls get together almost every Monday night for a jive session.

Dan's homely face is lit up by the catchiest smile in town. His quick little laugh is built on two floors, one note above the other.

He was married once, but he now lives with another fellow in Hollywood. Furthermore, he admits brazenly he's the best scrambled-egg-maker in the world.

Now for his hobby. It's horseback riding, with Dan giving riding exhibitions at all the swanky horse shows. His own horse, "Stylish Rex," is the pride of his heart.

Like everything else he does, he never learned to ride but does it beautifully.



## Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

**PUT FRESH #2** under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is absolutely greaseless. It is neither gritty or sticky.
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5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not harm even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



### Free offer so you can make your own test!

Once you make this test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. That's why we hope you'll accept this free offer and make your own under-arm test. Just drop a postcard to FRESH, Louisville, Ky., and we'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.



Popular companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not *stop* perspiration. It comes in a tube instead of a jar.



[illegible]

**MRS. SALLY WEBB'S LOVELY HANDS**  
*"I do and my dear Annemary,"* write Mrs. Webb from Astoria, Idaho, "I have a 3-year-old son. His fingers I cannot keep from constantly picking my hair out and digging it."

**FREE!** PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE



**VERGENS  
LOTION**

FOR  
SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

(Continued from page 19)

This hair-do would be a perfect compliment to Carmen Miranda if a man were to be her dancing partner, but if he doesn't intend to spend the rest of his life doing the Rhumba or the Conga, why have his hair look like he's going to? Sleek, rough, or just the "average man," they're all doing it. So help me—if Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney aren't included!

Please don't misunderstand me. I'm 100% for the actors of Hollywood. They furnish us grand entertainment. But couldn't we make it wigs for character parts and when a man is "just a man" let him please have a regular haircut?

Hero Worship—Hear, Hear!

EVELYN PURCELL.  
Hollywood, Fla.

DOROTHY DOWELL,  
Deadwood, So. Dak.

PERHAPS the greatest favor that the dictators have done America is the banning of American films. For many years producers had to cater to the



wishes of foreigners who liked or did not like some particular phase of American life. Now we can get good old American films free to express themselves in the good old American idea of freedom.

ROY O. PHELPS,  
Kansas City, Kansas.

**T**HREE big cheers for the villain!  
Who's saved us many a show.  
That popular rascal George Sanders  
Whom we're mighty happy to know!

Hurrah for the saint and the sinner!  
The robber who steals every scene  
The man with the force and the talent  
That makes all the others look green!  
JEAN SHEPARD,  
Oakland, Calif.

**I**T'S a real pleasure to watch, through the years, some of our dead-pan dolls develop into accomplished actresses. And likewise, our handsome heroes.

Ginger Rogers is really knocking 'um dead these days. She's a natural for "Kitty Foyle." A few years back, she was very wooden in "Top Hat."  
TOMMY DUNAGAN,  
Montrose, Calif.

**J**UST recently I saw another *Cisco Kid* picture and I enjoyed it very much. Cesar Romero makes a very charming *Cisco Kid*.

But he is far too versatile and talented to become typed in this role. It seems to me that the producers are overlooking a very good bet in not giving him more varied roles to play.

EILEEN STETLER,  
South Bend, Ind.

**F**OR about two decades Ronald Colman has been turning in fine performances. He appears almost as youthful and even more charming today than in 1925.

Aside from being an accomplished actor, Mr. Colman endears himself perennially to the public by his personality. It exudes gentleness, humor and modesty. You can easily imagine his fitting into any group with ease and good grace. Only genuine character can earn from others the conviction that a man is all that one feels Mr. Colman to be.

SALLIE DUNAGAN,  
Montrose, Calif.

**B**ETTE DAVIS as a comedienne! Why not? She is an outstanding actress. Why can't she be a comedienne too? People always know that their nerves are in for a tryout when Bette Davis is on the bill. We are tired of her heavy drama. So come on! Give us laughter instead of drama!

SHIRLEY M. WILKINSON,  
Detroit, Mich.

**I** JUST had to tell someone of the way I thought Errol Flynn acted when he came to our city.

In the first place he came at his own expense to appear in a show for charity. That in itself was grand. Then he took in many of the city's sights. Everywhere he went he was hounded by autograph seekers. He was marvelous to them.

I can't praise this young actor enough. He has won many friends in Cleveland to add to the numerous friends he already has.

MARGARET JACKSON,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

"Your lovely **FACE**  
is satin-smooth to kiss."



Thrilling Smooth Skin can be yours . . . new

"ONE-JAR" Beauty Treatment works against dreary Dry Skin

**J**UST ONE CREAM is all you need to help your complexion to luscious satin-smoothness—the new Jergens Face Cream! All-purpose cream, made by Jergens skin scientists, makers of the famous Jergens Lotion for your adorable hands. This lovely new Jergens Face Cream:

(1) cleanses expertly; (2) helps soften your skin; (3) gives a velvet finish for powder; and (4) makes a lovely Smooth Skin night cream that helps amazingly against sensitive dry skin. And, girls, very dry skin may tend to wrinkle early!

Alix—world-famous designer of exquisite fashions—endorses this new "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment for daily care of your complexion. Try this light, fragrant Jergens

Face Cream yourself. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00 a jar at beauty counters. Get Jergens Face Cream today, sure.

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ALREADY POPULAR!

Walter Winchell introduced Jergens Face Cream on the air. Thousands tried this new cream.

"Did more for my skin in 4 months than expensive cosmetics had done in years," writes Mrs. J. A. Ware. Hobbs, New Mexico. "Thanks for your new Jergens Face Cream."

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Please rush my free sample of the new Jergens Face Cream.

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# Scoop! The Man Bette Davis Married

(Continued from page 57)

## From the Confidential Notebook of Mr. F---



Arthur said he didn't sleep today. He said he couldn't get going! Wonder if I haven't better take a laxative - been putting it off too long.



Harry said I ought to try Ex-Lax. Took some before I went to bed. Say, this Ex-Lax taste is a new one on me - just like chocolate!



Felt like a million when I got up this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine - just what I needed. Just watch me after those birds today!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, gentle! No shock. No strain. No after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings relief. Try Ex-Lax tomorrow - announced a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢

**EX-LAX**

first by private tutors and then, after a term or two at high school in Rutland, had attended a school for boys at Hoosick, New York. He had decided first on a business career, but music, the common love that united his entire family, eventually won out. Arthur left for New York to study the violin. Concerts all over the East followed with his sister Barbara, a concert singer, and brother Dan, a cellist.

A second interest was flying. Arthur became active in aviation through his first wife, Betty Jane Aydelotte, designer and aviatrix of Boston and Barnstable, Massachusetts, before their divorce two years ago. He became a skillful pilot, winning ratings of one S-land and two S-land and his plane was a familiar figure at the East Boston airport, where he flew for a private company.

AT the Lodge Bette and Arthur rode, played golf, tennis and went swimming, Bette's favorite sport. In the evenings, Arthur played and sang for her.

In Boston, Arthur's close friends, among whom are the Cushings (especially Betty Cushing, ex-wife of James Roosevelt), began to hear of the happy twosome. So did the reporters, and in no time Boston papers were printing rumors of a romance—rumors promptly denied by both Bette and Arthur.

One evening, as Bette sat on the porch of the hotel with its owner, Robert Peckett, he said very quietly, "Bette, I've lived here nearly fifty years, yet I never look out over those forests and fields of mine without feeling a thrill to the core of me when I think that these are my trees and this is my own land."

In Hollywood Bette had never cared to own or possess for long a home or land. The town seemed too restless, too uncertain for her.

And then, far up there in New Hampshire, Arthur Farnsworth and Bette one day walked up a roadway lined on either side with colorful butternut trees to see an old home Arthur had purchased as an investment. The minute Bette Davis saw the house she knew so many answers to things that had puzzled her before. Here, before her, was her home.

She bought the house, of course, and called it "Butternut Lodge" because of the trees around it. Instantly she plunged into plans for redecorating, plans in which Arthur shared intimately. A furniture connoisseur, he spent many hours with Mrs. Davis touring New England buying the antiques Bette wanted.

But soon, all too soon, she had to return to Hollywood for "All This and Heaven, Too."

She said good-by to her friends and neighbors—and to Arthur Farnsworth. As yet, not one word of love had been spoken between them, but something even deeper—a feeling of friendship born from a sharing of land and home—had grown in their hearts, something even they didn't understand at the time.

The first Hollywood evidence of a new element in Bette's life came when the word spread that a handsome stranger named Arthur Farnsworth and his sister were house guests of Bette Davis in her River Bottom home in Glendale.

On a motor trip they took to Death Valley with Mrs. Davis, Barbara Farnsworth and a party of friends, Arthur's devotion to Bette was observed by all. It was plain that he worshipped her.

Not too unnaturally, the romance rumors began. Bette, in the midst of work, nervous, upset and embarrassed, denied

the rumors vehemently. So strongly, in fact, did she speak that Arthur Farnsworth, sharing her feelings, left Hollywood for home before even Bette's friends had a chance to know him. Several close friends had met him at the christening of Bette's sister's baby and once photographers had snapped the couple at the Grove. But that was all Hollywood knew of him.

"Anyway, it's ridiculous," several people close to Bette said. "No one has ever been in Bette's heart but Ham." And friends, returning from New York, brought word that Harmon Nelson, Bette's ex-husband, who had been popular and successful in New York had confided, "I'll never marry anyone but Bette."

So almost at once, Hollywood forgot that a man named Arthur Farnsworth ever existed. Bette went on from success to success—until the summer of 1940 when she went back East. Again she and Ham met in New York and were seen everywhere together; again rumors were revived.

But from New York Bette telephoned close friends in Boston, "I'll be there soon," she said. "Give my love to Arthur." (Arthur, at that time, was living in Brookline, a Boston suburb.)

"I knew," said Mrs. Robert Peckett, wife of the owner of the lodge, "that Bette and Arthur were in love." And I think Bette knew it, too, when she again returned to Franconia.

THEN came last Christmas in Hollywood. Bette sat among us at Ciro's, and presented the Red Book Award to Martha Scott for "Our Town," the award she herself had won the year previous for "Dark Victory."

Not one of us with whom she laughed and talked guessed her secret. Oh, there had been a bit of whispering, of course, for the papers had announced Harmon Nelson would be in Hollywood to spend Christmas with Bette; and he hadn't come. We all wondered silently at that.

But the following Tuesday morning, Bette and her friend Ruth Garland, her brother-in-law and her sister, Mr. and Mrs. Pelgram, her mother and several friends set out to attend what everyone, except Bette, supposed was a New Year's Eve party at Jane Bryan Dart's ranch home in Arizona.

Bette, at the wheel, kept her eyes fastened to the road ahead as a blizzard swept in over the desert. Then, just before they finally reached their destination, Bette said quietly, "This is not a New Year's Eve party. Farny has flown out from Boston to meet me here. I am going to marry him this evening."

It was the first intimation they had. They arrived at the Darts two hours late and as Bette, beautiful in her white jersey evening dress, and wearing lilies of the valley, stood before the bank of flowers in Janey's living room to repeat the vows that made her Mrs. Farnsworth, they still couldn't believe it. But Bette knew her own heart and mind.

The Farnsworth family are "very happy" about the marriage. Extremely fond of Bette, they realize that Arthur's love for her is worth the sacrifice he is making in giving up his Boston work in order to live with Bette in Hollywood. His great pride in her career has prompted him to put her before any selfish interests of his own.

Hollywood, who loves Bette Davis for her realness, her loyalty and kindness, wishes them both all of the best—for ever and ever.



## Cutie-Puss

(Continued from page 62)

Argus was cashing in. They'd dug up Bunny's ancient films, released them as four-bell specials.

The Danville Bijou had marquee'd Bunny in "Lady Flyaway" on Sunday; Monday, "Wingless Angel"; Tuesday, that smashing tear-jerker of childhood days, "Baby Needs Shoes."

Nat and Bunny happened in on Mac as he ruefully eyed the crowd on the opposite side of the street. "They'll keep it up until they've run out of all their damned Stanwood film," he fumed. "How're you going to fight that kind of competition?"

"Why don't you let me do some Stanwood imitations?" Natalie was inspired. "Say! That would be pretty good!"

"Well, now!" Mac always was on the alert for splash ideas. "A timely gag at that. It might even be a draw. Sure you could do it?"

"I can do any scene from any Stanwood picture!" Natalie asserted with buoyant self-confidence. "Couldn't I, Joan?"

"That's right, Mac!" Bunny heartily agreed. "I'll bet she'd be a smash!"

Mac nodded. "She's in."

Bunny crooked her arm around Nat and sighed, "Come on, honey, let's get to work."

They got through the week somehow, hardly resting to sleep or eat. "High Olympus" was the sore point. Whatever the rest of the show looked like, things were not going so well with the sketch. They were on the ragged edge with nerves and last-minute doubts at the final Sunday night rehearsal. Johnny finally dismissed them in disgust. "Go sleep it off," he advised.

Bunny stumbled away from the stage and headed for her basement dressing room. She never knew how she got through that night or the next day. And then, before she realized it, it was Monday night and she was standing tensely in the dimly lit wings watching. The curtain was up . . . and the audience was hanging on to the arms of the chairs. What was happening on the stage wasn't vaudeville or burlesque, not in the accepted sense, and it certainly wasn't legitimate. But whatever it was—senseless, impish, wanton, ribald, mad—the show was rolling. It was hitting its pace.

BUNNY made her first stage appearance with Marty. In her little dress of white cotton, black shoes, bare legs, Cutie-Puss and her partner were vouchsafed just five minutes in which to grab the spot. When the man at the switchboard blacked them out, something had happened to Bunny. The spontaneous roar of applause caught her off balance. It was something new in her life. It scared her silly. It went rushing, tingling through the bloodstream. It did things to the spinal column.

"Oh, gosh, Nat—" she gasped, as she tore back into her basement dressing room for a lightning change—"aw, gee—they liked us—"

"Yeah?" said Nat.

Nat was a little wrought up on her own account. For, after chafing on the sidelines all her life, Miss Irwin was about to make her public debut, her bid for recognition, for fame perhaps.

At any rate, Natalie hoped so, as she peered anxiously into the make-up mirror. "How do I look?" she asked. "Do you think I look like you used to?"

"You ought to know," Bunny shrugged. "You saw me often enough!"

# The 3 ways to Brunette Beauty



MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III, is a true brunette. She has rich brown hair and hazel eyes and a warm-toned skin. She chooses Pond's Rose Brunette because it matches the warm tones in her skin.



Ask yourself these three simple and telling questions when trying to choose your right shade of powder.

Shall I lighten my skin?

Shall I match it?

Shall I warm it?

It all comes down to this:

Are you lovelier when your skin looks frail shell-pink against your dark hair? Or when your skin looks ivory-cream to contrast with the dark lights in your eyes? Or when your skin is a warm, rosy tone to dramatize your vivid brunette coloring?

Pond's has 4 superlative brunette shades to provide the effect you choose.

**A lovely rose-pink shade** with creamy overtones—Rose Dawn. It is light enough to match very fair-skinned brunettes. Slightly darker brunettes by the thousands use it to lighten and brighten their skin.

**A rich ivory-cream shade**—Brunette-Rachel—all cream and no pink. Countless brunettes use this to match their natu-

ral creaminess of tone. Some use it to add warmth to a pale ivory skin. Dark brunettes use it to lighten their skin when they prefer an even beige tone without pink in it. By far our most popular brunette shade.

**A deeper, sunnier shade**—Rose Brunette—in which there is more rose than cream. Matches most successfully brunette skin with a great deal of warmth. Darker brunettes use it to lighten their skin. The pink in the powder takes the dull yellowy tones out of the skin.

**The darkest, rosiest** of our shades, Dusk Rose. It brightens muddy tans. It matches a deep, rosy tan. Other brunettes, who dislike growing paler in winter, keep a warm, sunny tan all the year with Dusk Rose.

Pond's Powders give a smooth-as-baby-skin finish to your face and keep away shine for hours. They are faintly perfumed.

Brunettes will find their 4 beautiful shades grouped together on the counter. **Blondes** will find an equally successful group for them, too.



**Free** Write to Pond's, Dept. 8MM-PC, Clinton, Conn., and state whether you are a blonde or a brunette—you will receive generous samples FREE.



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Nat moistened a finger and carefully  
smoothed a strand of golden forelock.  
"Did you notice anybody you knew in  
the audience?" she asked nervously.  
"Flanders—or any of our Meteor-Argus  
crowd?"

"Who?" Bunny glanced sharply at her  
former stand-in. "What do you mean—  
Meteor-Argus?"

"Well, I'm hoping somebody—maybe  
just one of our scouts—"

"Nat!" Bunny stared with a sudden  
dawning of suspicion. "You didn't, by  
any chance—you wouldn't!"

"I wouldn't what?" asked Nat, intently  
busying herself with the beading on her  
curling eyelashes.

"Write! Let 'em know where to find  
us!"

"Well, uh—" Nat turned abruptly and  
thrust up her chin. "I guess I've got a  
right to be seen, haven't I?"

"Uhuh!" Bunny's voice went flat. "So  
you wrote! Who to?"

"Flanders," said Nat stiffly. "And as  
far as I'm concerned—"

"What name'd you sign?" demanded  
Bunny.

"My own!" said Natalie tartly. "A  
name they would know . . . They wouldn't  
come, just for anybody."

Bunny looked scornfully at the child-  
ish little face, the madcap lock of shiny  
hair, the rosebud pout—and it made her  
feel self-conscious, uncomfortable, just re-  
calling that she herself had been like that.

"I'm afraid it won't get you much,"  
she said, "just doing imitations of some-  
thing that wasn't much good in the first  
place."

"You've no right to resent it," Natalie  
flashed back—"that I'm able to do the  
things you did—"

And then she stopped and glanced at  
the door. Somebody had knocked. "Are  
you decent?" called a voice.

"Sure," said Bunny.

The door opened, and a couple of men  
looked in. Strangers.

"Sergeant Kelso," one of the pair intro-  
duced himself. He was a big, grizzled  
man, awkward in build, decidedly apolo-  
getic in manner. "And this is Mr. Clancy.

our juvenile officer. Sorry to bust in  
but it's orders from the chief. Your  
father wants you held, Miss Stanwood.

Bunny dropped her make-up pencil.  
She stumbled up from her chair. "My  
fath—" She choked it off. Her teeth  
shut against her lips. The officers hadn't  
so much as glanced in her direction.  
They were looking intently at Natalie  
Irwin.

"Mr. Stanwood wired us from New  
York," the sergeant was saying. "He  
flying on to Danville by plane. Out  
to be here within the hour."

Natalie was on her feet, facing them  
in her golden-girl make-up, with her  
supercilious smile. "You're mistaken,"  
she said. "I'm not Miss Stanwood."

The sergeant cocked his head archly.  
"Sure, I know!" he grinned. "My  
woman's nuts about you, Miss Bunny.  
We've only seen you about forty times."

"But I'm not!" Natalie was beginning  
to get alarmed. She appealed to Bunny.  
"Tell 'em who I am!"

Bunny just blinked and looked blankly  
at Nat.

"Sorry, Miss Stanwood," said the ser-  
geant blandly, "but you know how it is."

"Bunny!" shrieked Natalie. "Tell 'em  
I'm not you! Tell 'em—let go of me!  
I'm not Bunny—she is! She's Bunny!"  
Let me go, I say!"

But the officers escorted her out of  
the dressing room—one on each side—  
and gently closed the door behind them.

Bunny sat down again, widened her  
eyes at herself in the mirror and reached  
for her tube of grease paint.

JOHNNY was in the wings, listening to  
the audience howling out front, while  
he gasped for air. "High Olympus" was  
to follow—but how could any set of  
legitimate actors buck their way against  
a tumult like that?

Johnny started pacing back and forth,  
tensing his fingers, watching for the  
curtain to ring up. Then, through the fog  
of anxiety, the sound of loud, indiscreet  
voices suddenly jarred him out of himself.  
Over there by the stage door—some kind  
of disturbance—people trying to get past

## HOW'S YOUR CLOTHES I.Q.?

Here's the final line-up of the quiz on page 48:

1. The fur is Paradise fox; watch it boom. It is made by inserting monkey fur in white fox.
2. Ascot—turban. A new match that's perfect for midwinter.  
Black wool—black velvet. Take out your best wool dress, trim it in black velvet and go to the head of the fashion line.  
Lace shawl—a "do dress" date. Latest fillip for evening dresses. Schiaparelli is sponsoring it, so you can't go wrong.
3. Blue serge dresses and suits; evening coats that are copies of officers' great-coats, complete with eagle insignia; middy blouses.
4. A dickey is a sleeveless blouse with a small round collar, destined to be worn with sweaters and jackets.  
Byrd's cloth is a special light-as-a-feather material used by Admiral Byrd at the South Pole. Because of its great warmth, it is used by winter-sporters in the know.  
A huarache is a Mexican sandal, worn by the best people for the best "at home" evenings.  
A weskit is a type jacket popular for sports wear; sleeveless, close-fitting, generally made of suede.  
A frog is a trimming made of netted thread that substitutes for a buttonhole. It will be seen on the newest spring suits.
5. The newest color combination is red and blue. It's a result of the "Let Freedom Ring" atmosphere.
6. Too much "junk jewelry."



a protesting doorman. With a sense of outrage, Johnny rushed across to back up the keeper of the door.

"Police, see?" One of the intruders was speaking with stiff authority. "And this is the young lady's father!"

"I beg your pardon!" Johnny stepped into the breach. "Nobody can come in now." He looked out into the dimly-lighted alleyway. There were three women in the group and three or four men. One of the women—he stared sharply—why, she was Natalie, the missing Miss Irwin, still in her make-up—

"Sorry," said a man in the forefront, a tall, lank, easy-spoken individual—"but you'll have to let us in. I'm Stanwood. Bunny Stanwood's father. I had a hunch I'd find my daughter wherever Natalie Irwin was. Seems I was right. I'm taking her with me, now!"

Johnny stood blocking the stage entrance, confronting Bunny's father.

"It's a theater, Mr. Stanwood," he pointed out. "There's a paid audience in there. Your daughter's a member of a working company, ready to go on—"

Stanwood stirred sharply. "She's not going on—"

"Please!" said Johnny. "Miss Stanwood's a professional. And you yourself must have had theatrical contacts. You must know, sir—it's one of those things that just isn't done!"

"He's right!" One of Stanwood's companions shouldered his way into the argument. "I'm Jake Flanders." He nodded to Johnny. "I've had a few theatrical contacts myself and—well, you don't walk into somebody's production and break it up. Sorry, Stanwood. And you, too, Mrs. Stanwood . . . Let's go around front and give it a gander."

It put Mr. Stanwood in an angle. He shrugged, and laughed. "And who are you?" he asked Johnny.

Johnny told him who.

"Did you know you had Bunny Stanwood in your cast?"

"I found that out," said Johnny, "a little too late!"

Stanwood stared curiously at the gloomy young man. "Too late for what?"

Johnny didn't say what. He gave Mrs. Stanwood a hand-up in the dingy area-way and steered them all around to the front of the house. There was quite a little group of them, Flanders, the Stanwoods, the tear-stained Natalie, in her crumpled dress, Mrs. Cornelius, Bunny's faithful dresser and companion.

And they walked in on a miracle. The dramatic sketch was under way and even by now the little company had the audience in their grip. They had stilled the laughter somehow, broken through the mood of insanity that Mac's ridiculous business had left for them to overcome. And they had caught their pace, caught the sparkle. Yesterday's rehearsal had been pretty bad, but tonight the shine was on them.

No, it wasn't the play they had brought out of New York. There wasn't a scrap of "High Olympus" left, not even the title. But it was still a slab of life.

It had Mother Stanwood blubbing as she gripped Johnny's arm, held by the pathos, the humor, the bravery of the little girl in green. And it was a wonder that mother even knew her own child; for the quiet, assured young woman up there wasn't Bunny Stanwood at all; she was another young person, a little stray from the New York streets and night courts, a Miss Daisy Clove.

They stood through the finish, Mother weepy and shaky, Johnny wistfully smiling, Natalie sniffing, Dad and Flanders pinching each other black and blue, and the dour-faced Mrs. Cornelius just look-

We didn't tell it to the Marines  
...they told us!



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IN RECENT TESTS at Quantico, Va., U. S. Marines reported that Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor *lasted* on an average of 25% longer than the peppermint flavor of all the other brands they tested. In addition, a large majority of these Marines said that they preferred the peppermint *flavor* of Beech-Nut to the average of the others tested. Prove this yourself. Get a package of Beech-Nut Gum and see how long and how much *you* enjoy its fine, distinctive flavor!

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ing on. They saw the flash of the curtain intervening, felt the silence, then the re-awakening of the audience, the first gust of applause. . . .

Then Johnny took them all backstage. Flanders was first. He elbowed his way in. "Bunny! Sweetheart! Listen. It was all a terrible mistake—"

"Hello, Uncle Jake!" said Bunny.

She caught sight of her mother. "Darling!" She pushed Flanders aside and grabbed. "Oh, gee—I'm glad!"

"How's the—" Stanwood had to stop and quiet something in his throat. "How's the girl?"

"O. K., Dad."

"Here it is!" interrupted Flanders. "The old home lot is the place for you, sweetheart." He glanced alertly at Stanwood. "Five years this time, with options, and as far as money goes—"

"Wait a minute!" Bunny reached to pat Flanders' cheek. "I'm already tied up!"

"What?" yelled Flanders. "Who beat us—not Colossal?"

Bunny turned to the doorway. "Johnny! Johnny Morrison!" She smiled brightly. "No, Uncle Jake—not anybody out there. Just a private party, here. The one who wrote the sketch and directed it—who taught me everything I know—the swell-est guy—"

"WHAT do you want?" Johnny came back from the outer passageway, reluctantly it would seem, not at all gracious about it.

"Tell 'em why I can't sign up with Meteor-Argus," said Bunny. "Show 'em our contract."

"Contract?" Johnny grinned mockingly, as he reached into his pocket. "You mean this?"

"Yes." Bunny turned to Dad, brisk, businesslike. "It was my idea. And the two of us—we've been working so hard—"

"It's nothing but a gag, Mr. Stanwood," said Johnny. "She's under age. Of course I knew it wouldn't hold." He tossed the papers on the make-up shelf. "All right, Cutie-Puss," he said. "You can go back where you came from."

"But you promised!" gasped Bunny. And then, in a gust of indignation—"Why—you dirty double-croser!"

"Mind if I look at the papers?" asked Stanwood.

He picked up the contract and ran through the pen scratches as meticulously as though it had been drawn up by all of Meteor-Argus' sixty-odd lawyers.

"This uh—morals clause?" he asked gravely. "Did you ever uh—poke her in the puss, Mr. Morrison?"

"I had to," said Johnny. "Once!"

"What?" choked Mother Stanwood.

"Why?" demanded Stanwood.

"He thinks I'm a louse," said Bunny

quietly to her father.

Stanwood glanced from Johnny to Bunny and back, searchingly, to Johnny. "I, myself," he said, faintly smiling, "never had the nerve."

"What's that?" asked Mother sharply.

"It looks as though it's been taken out of my hands." Stanwood sighed. "Oh well—" He brought out his fountain pen, uncapped it. Then, quick and decisive, he scrawled his name beneath Bunny's signature on the Danville Inn letterheads. "We'll just legalize it."

"Thanks, Dad," said Bunny and glared at Johnny Morrison. "Now try and break our contract. I'll sue you through every court in the United States!"

Flanders groaned. "They've just handed that guy a million bucks!"

"Not me," said Johnny contemptuously. "I don't want any part of it."

"What?" Stanwood gaped at him.

"He thinks I've been ballyhooing myself," said Bunny indignantly. "He thinks it's all cooked up between you and me and the studio and we're a lot of cheap, fuzzy people."

"But he can change all that now," suggested Stanwood blandly, "under the terms of your contract."

"You see!" said Bunny triumphantly.

Johnny blinked at her. "I guess—maybe—I've been a fool—"

"You dope!" said Bunny. "You darling—you ape!"

"Listen, Johnny!" Flanders was trying to get in. "That little sketch—marvelous! The direction—swell! We can use you too, Johnny. Just take over the contract—make it a double one, eh? Meteor-Argus can use you both."

Johnny caught himself and turned soberly. And for that moment Bunny stopped breathing. For some of the grandest people on earth have gone haywire, listening to that siren call.

But Johnny just shook his head. "You only want her because of the ballyhoo," he said. "Professionally, she isn't ready yet. Nor am I. We're just beginning. Someday, maybe—"

"Besides," said Bunny, "we couldn't leave Mac."

Johnny turned to her, joyously. But at that instant somebody stuck his head into the open doorway. "Three minutes for the strong men, Miss Brown—"

"Oh, my goodness!" Bunny stepped backwards, unzipped her dress and started hauling it over her head. "Cornelius—my tights!"

Mrs. Cornelius picked up the little pink fleshings. And then suddenly a kindling light reawakened the faded blue eyes. "Out, gentlemen! Clear the dressing room!" The warhorse who had supervised the dressing room of Bunny Stanwood, child star, was back in action. "Miss Stanwood wants to change!"

### Close Up and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

"Tobacco Road" and as Korda regarded a page of romantic history . . . each studio cast each story in the way which seemed individually best . . . each director was allowed to work in his own particular way . . . the ultrarefined, subtle method of Cukor . . . the brooding poignant realism of Ford . . . the beauty-and-romance consciousness of Korda . . . and so the films will emerge . . . as individualistic as the symphonies of Brahms and Sibelius. . . .

It goes just as much for performances, too, this expression of individuality . . . the dynamic Miss Hepburn is back, praise be, and giving a masterpiece of a per-

formance in "The Philadelphia Story". I hope, personally, that she won't be away from us for such long periods in the future . . . Cukor coaxed a different and most memorable performance from Cary Grant . . . we know all about Cary as the gay comedian but go see him as a much-in-love young man . . . you'll like him even better in that mood . . . an unimportant but delightful little picture "Second Chorus," comes along and gives a fresh insight into the debonair charm of Fred Astaire, whom we have also been missing . . . despite the comparative failure of both "Our Town" and "The Howards of Virginia," you know there is



stopping Martha Scott, who starred in each of those and is due soon in "Cheers For Miss Bishop" . . . the fact that Technicolor discovered there were other dramatic colors save blue and red (as witness that lovely ballet in "Bitter Sweet") opens up a whole new visual experience for all of us there . . . the delightful fact that Jack Oakie has "come back" to steal two pictures and immensely aid a third . . . the first two are "Tin Pan Alley" and "Little Men" and the third is "The Dictator" . . . the fact that Ginger Rogers has gone back to being a blonde again makes us hope that Joan Bennett may do likewise and restore that delicious prettiness of hers to us . . . the fact that a guy with a broken nose can be a fast-rising star and almost a glamour boy . . . meaning Broderick Crawford . . . go see the way he swipes "Seven Sinners" away from hero John Wayne and "The Trail of the Vigilantes" from hero Franchot Tone . . . even though Messrs. Wayne and Tone are very good, indeed, in their own ways, too . . . the realization of the fact that a girl who is young and very small and married to a wealthy star can still have her own pert talent and put it across with lilting laughter . . . meaning Diana Lewis, Mrs. William Powell to the income-tax department, who is in "Bitter Sweet" as cute and saucy as anything we have ever seen since little Miss Temple popped up in "Little Miss Marker" . . .

KNOW Hollywood renders all this up in terms of entertainment . . . and to some sourpusses it seems too frivolous to discuss entertainment these days . . . but the people who ought to know best about the value of it . . . those amazing valiant British say that seeing movies is one of the best ways of keeping their spirits up . . . if England, under this horror, can still love movies, then most certainly we may too. . . .

It all gives Hollywood a healthy bill of health as 1941 begins . . . there will be some "stinkers," as Hollywood elegantly calls its flops, this year just as last . . . there will be some very interesting pictures that will fail at the box office, this year as last, just as some interesting ones will also catch on . . . just because Ben Hecht's "Angels Over Broadway" didn't do business is no particular reason for discouraging Mr. Hecht in any further trial flights . . . he can always make another fortune by writing a slick, smooth screen play . . . as witness "Comrade X" which is a mere carbon copy of "Ninotchka" without the wit or the delightful love story of the Garbo film but plenty of pleasure, nevertheless, and serving as a vehicle to prove that Hedy Lamarr can act as well as be beautiful (though her beauty is still sufficient as far as I am concerned) . . . there will most certainly be, in 1941, one or two performances by Miss Bette Davis which will make everybody say, as they always do after Davis' films (right now they are saying it about "The Letter") . . . "Well, she deserves the Academy award, that's all" . . . there will definitely be mornings such as there was recently the morning after "The Son of Monte Cristo" was previewed in the afternoon and "Little Men" was previewed in the evening of the day preceding . . . a morning on which you wonder how the shades of famous authors act when they see what has happened to their brain children in the mills of Hollywood. . . .

It means vitality, all of this . . . it all makes you believe, in these darkened days, that there is still some hope for man and his imagination. . . .



*"H'm. You pups have got a bad rash all right. Don't know as I ever saw anybody worse broken out... Oh, you feel fine, do you?... Well, you don't look so good! You ought to see yourself in the mirror!"*



*"Funny—your tail looks O.K.... By Jove, I see it all now! Your mother's been stingy with the Johnson's Baby Powder—giving you little dabs in the rear instead of good all-over rubs!"*



*"Listen—stick around at bath-time and get in on my Johnson's rub-down. You'll feel like a different dog—so slick that rashes and chafes and prickly heat'll have a tough time getting a toe hold!"*



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## He Called Her "Man-Poison"

(Continued from page 28)

his most characteristic gesture as he hurried down the path. All her doubts and uncertainties dropped from her. This was right. This was the answer to everything.

"Where's Mike?" George was saying. "He showed up," Annabelle said quietly, and as she saw the look of eager inquiry in George's face, she added quickly, "but he went back."

Annabelle tried to close her mind to the disappointment which swept over George. A sentence that Mike had said to her popped back into her brain and vibrated there: "Some wives don't help any man."

Then she knew; she couldn't just walk up to Mr. Perkins' little parlor and become the wife of George Hurley, as she had decided in the taxicab.

"George," she said, "I've got to—" "You mean he came and went back without seeing me? Didn't he say anything?"

Annabelle said, without bitterness, "He said plenty, George."

"What did he say? Why did he go?" Her eyes turned to the swing under the tree in the yard. "Let's sit down just a minute," she said.

For a long moment Annabelle found herself unable to start. They sat there, and George respected her silence. Her voice sounded a little strange and unnatural when she finally spoke and so he took her hand reassuringly.

"GEORGE," she said finally, "Mike doesn't think you and I should get married."

George started to speak, but she silenced him.

"Wait, let me talk. I guess you know that it was just a lark when Dad put me in the publicity department. I'd never worked a minute in my life and I wasn't intending to work then. You just can't know, George, how much it meant to me when I suddenly found myself interested in the work, loving it—and I guess you know when that happened. Well, that day I first met you I was excited because I thought Dad had such a good bet and because I thought there was such a good chance to put you over."

George stopped her, "What was it that Mike said?" he insisted.

"I'm coming to that," Annabelle said. "That night—at Venice—after we really understood each other for the first time, something happened to me. I've told you so little about myself, George, and yet I sort of feel that you know everything."

"What did Mike say to you?" George said intently.

"He said I'm not the right kind of wife for you, George," Annabelle said. "He called me—man-poison."

There was silence between them. A train whistle sounded in the distance.

"That's a lousy thing to say," George said, "and I know why he said it."

"Why?" she asked, in a small voice.

"Because of what they say about you in Hollywood, the people who don't know what you're really like."

She was silent, trying to hold back her tears.

"It's all right," George said. "If you feel like crying."

"No, thanks," she said. "Oh, George, you're so darned sweet."

"Come on," he said suddenly. "Mr. Perkins."

"Okay," she said. "Mr. Perkins."

They went into the house to the ever-patient Mr. Perkins.

When a girl dreams of her wedding it is always in terms of flowers, organ music, bridesmaids and a great horde of friends in a huge church—but she forgets that no matter how different or ordinary the details, the event is always awe-inspiring!

So it was this night with Annabelle Clark. Her memories would be the smiling, good-natured face of Mr. Perkins, the sleepy but resigned expression of Mrs. Perkins and the neighbor who had been awakened to be witnesses, the unbelievably short ceremony and George's nervous smile as he took her in his arms.

LATER while the last of the airfield drew farther and farther away from them as they headed into the clouds, they sat in silence. Then Annabelle said, "I wonder what my father will say?"

He leaned over and kissed her. "What do we care what he says?"

"Sure," she answered, "what do we care?"

What do we care? We care plenty, Annabelle thought. Anyone who knew how Holton Clark's mind worked had to care.

George's head rested on her shoulder. He was dozing happily. Below them the earth was a white eerie vastness. Magically, the moon turned the earth into a great stretch of unreality and she saw her little self and all that she had been as if through the wrong end of a telescope.

Would things have been so very different if Edna had lived? Well, probably not, because no more dominating male could be found on earth than Holton Clark. What remained of Annabelle's faint memory of her mother was a frail aura of gentleness, gentility and ineffectuality.

According to the Holton Clark code there was only one way to bring up a daughter. It was the expensive way, the way of highly recommended French governesses, safely aging riding masters, the fashionable dancing school, the year or two at the French convent (before the war, of course), a Grande Tour with carefully selected companions (female) and chaperones (old and cautious). Then the expensive finishing school which finished a score of girls per year within an inch of their already worthless lives.

If Holton Clark ever had the slightest doubt about the desirability of bringing up his beloved Annabelle in this manner he managed to suppress it in favor of some more profitable doubt about how the Clark Studios were being run. The Clark Studios turned out four or five super-films every year and had acquired a reputation for making the finest movies produced in America. People wrote things about the "Clark touch." The Clark touch was nine-tenths hard work—and the hard work on the super-films was definitely to the disadvantage of the Clark super-daughter, who was getting about as bad a break (and how well she knew it today) as any American beauty could!

EVEN Holton had suspicions when Annabelle, aged almost 18, returned to Hollywood one stifling June and presented herself at the Clark manor in Beverly Hills.

It was then that Annabelle found herself shipped off to the ranch in Arizona to "have some of the veneer scraped off," as she overheard her father explaining to his friend Helga Bentley, the newspaper and radio columnist.



# Evening in Paris

## -for Evenings of Romance

You're in tune with love—a joyous harmony of fragrance and youthful color! Your Evening in Paris lipstick, rouge, and powder blend with each other and with your skin, in a thrilling "live" shade. And all are fragrant with your perfume—romantic Evening in Paris! You and Cupid and Evening in Paris—that's an alliance no man can resist. You'll see!

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She hadn't liked the ranch at all—at  
Then she'd caught sight of Boots  
armill, as trim and handsome a cow-  
as ever smiled at a visiting dude.  
Now she looked back at that episode  
complete self-loathing—but that *had*  
opened before she'd started to think.  
There was no use making excuses for herself.  
That was what she was—and she'd done  
any human might have done, es-  
pecially any spoiled, pampered and  
truly worthless human.

She had run off with Boots Havermill,  
a wonderfully romantic August night.  
She had said, then, that she didn't care  
Holton Clark said. But the hostess  
the ranch had her little plan about  
and she kept a strict eye on him.  
That was how Holton learned about the  
stage in time to have it annulled.  
She realized that he had been right,  
she remembered ruefully that he  
never bothered to consult her, had  
considered for a moment that per-  
this was important to his daughter.  
Now would he be about George Hur-  
Deep inside of her, Annabelle knew.  
She knew, too, how different this was  
how much had gone on in her since  
long talk with Helga Bentley. "I  
most of the things you do, Anna-  
" Helga had said in a frank, direct  
"you do out of spite toward your  
c. He really isn't so bad, once you  
to understand him. Besides, what's  
important to you, darling, is to be  
y—and you can't be happy and  
ful at the same time."

After the annulment, Annabelle had  
to her father and had asked him  
at her to work. It wasn't easy to  
age toward Holton, but suddenly she  
felt an intent, passionate desire to  
happiness, to put some meaning into  
life, to hug something meaningful to

her. She had grown up and she knew  
it was going to be pretty tough to con-  
vince anybody of that fact.

Still, she managed to make a lark of  
the day's work in the publicity depart-  
ment of Clark Studios. She knew how  
to make people forget that she was the  
boss' daughter, and they did. Then she  
met George Hurley and had the intoxi-  
cating experience of encountering some-  
one who really seemed to need her affec-  
tion—her womanly understanding.

**G**EORGE stirred as the plane lost alti-  
tude and zoomed down into the  
Glendale airport. They stepped out of the  
ship and fought their way through photog-  
raphers and reporters.

"No interviews now," Annabelle said  
pleasantly. "Come see us soon. Yes, Mr.  
Hurley's house in Laurel Canyon."

At Mr. Hurley's house in Laurel Can-  
yon, all the lights were on.

Holton Clark was waiting for them.

Every move Holton Clark ever made  
was planned days in advance. That was  
one reason Clark Productions were the  
envy of less fastidious competitors.

For all the planning Clark had done  
for his scapegrace daughter it was a  
wonder that more of his plots didn't have  
happy endings.

The plot in the case of her second mar-  
riage was simple. He had a call from his  
friend Helga Bentley which threw him  
into a temporary apoplectic frenzy. He  
then phoned the main office and told them  
to get him Mike Harrigan, but fast. Mike  
Harrigan was off on one of his plane  
trips into the desert, but it would be  
arranged that he would phone the very  
moment he touched wheel to cement.

When Mike phoned he admitted that  
he'd tried to dissuade Annabelle from a  
silly marital venture but without success.

Then Mike agreed to let Annabelle's  
father into George's Laurel Canyon home.

Holton Clark allowed himself to be let  
in, then sent Mike away, saying, "Come  
and see me at the studio tomorrow. I  
have some ideas."

**N**OW he met Annabelle and George  
quietly. "Mike Harrigan was good  
enough to let me in," he explained calm-  
ly, found himself a chair and waited for  
them to join him in the living room.

There was so much power in his de-  
tachment that George seemed absurdly  
young, but managed a comparative calm,  
"Won't you have a drink, sir?"

"Thanks," Holton Clark said, "I just  
had one."

Annabelle jumped into the breach.  
"It's nice of you to come over, Holton."

Holton grunted. "Why didn't you kids  
let me know this was on your minds?" he  
said finally.

"We thought of telling you about it,  
sir," George said, "but then—"

"But then Annabelle decided it wasn't  
a good idea. Is that right?" Holton Clark  
finished.

"Well, no. Not exactly," George began.

"Yes, that was it, exactly," Annabelle  
cut in.

Her father turned to George. "I sup-  
pose you know, Hurley, that the last  
time this happened—"

"Yes," George said, "but *this* time it's  
not going to be annulled."

"I see," Clark said. "You've thought it  
all out. It's really love."

"Yes, sir . . ." George began, "we—"

"Wait a minute, Holton," Annabelle  
said. "I'm afraid your particular brand  
of sarcasm is only appreciated by the  
Clarks, so I suggest you save it for me."

Holton Clark smiled. This was a form  
of fencing before a blowup that only





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he and Annabelle seemed able to control without temper or confusion. If he were not so disturbed he would have enjoyed the battle.

"All right," said Holton, "I'll try to talk so Hurley can understand. For some reason you two decided to run off and get married in the usual Hollywood fly-by-night manner. I don't understand marriages like that and I don't like them." He squinted deliberately at George. "Is it fairly clear so far?" he said.

"So far it's clear," George said, "and I'm beginning to understand just why you haven't been able to have any real understanding with your daughter."

"Oh, George," Annabelle said, "it isn't understanding Holton cares about—it's having things his own way. He's been too busy with important matters like movies. How do you expect him to waste any time on a triviality like a daughter and her happiness?"

Holton Clark's face went white.

"That's below the belt," he said.

"Well, listen to this," Annabelle said. "All the money you ever spent on me—and heaven knows you've spent plenty—never bought one ounce of faith. George and I would rather have come to you, but every last thing you've ever done for me or to me made me know it would be hopeless. So now do your worst. At least, we're married. Is that clear—so far?"

HOLTON CLARK turned away from her then and faced George Hurley. "Let me ask you a question, Hurley. How much money have you in the bank?"

George flushed. "Well, not very much. A few hundred dollars."

"And of course, you've taken out an insurance policy for your wife?"

"Well, no—I haven't, sir," said George nervously, "but I intend to."

"I daresay," said Holton Clark. To Annabelle he added: "It couldn't be that your husband counted on the Clark millions? Or perhaps just the Clark Studios?" He turned again to George Hurley:

"Your contract runs another three months, doesn't it?"

"Yes," George said.

"You thought of that, didn't you, when you asked Annabelle to marry you?"

"In the first place," Annabelle said, "he didn't ask me. We just decided to get married."

"I'm talking to Hurley," Holton Clark said. "You realized, of course, that the son-in-law of Holton Clark would get a better build-up than just George Hurley—and when the contract came up for renewal—"

"I never even thought of it," George said angrily.

"Maybe not," said Holton, "and I know you didn't think that when your contract runs out you'll be washed up in the movie business."

The color drained from George Hurley's face. For a long moment he couldn't talk. Then: "You wouldn't do that to me," he said.

Annabelle looked at him sharply. She hadn't realized how much his career meant to him. In a way she was glad, because she sometimes thought that George was short of ambition. But the intense reaction from her father's words surprised her and made her a little uneasy.

"Well," said Holton Clark, "now we understand each other. I don't believe in this marriage and I never waste time on a property I don't believe in."

He reached for his hat. "Come and see me at my office, Hurley. I have some ideas."

When he turned to Annabelle the expression in his eyes changed.

"I do care about your happiness really," he said, "even if you don't so now."

Annabelle didn't flinch. "Thank the wedding present, Father," she said as she closed the door after him.

For a long time after he left Holton Clark stood between them and thought of all the things they could have said, but hadn't. Then suddenly Annabelle found herself crying from vexation and exasperation. Then she went to George's arms and allowing herself to be comforted.

He held her close and his young, eager mouth was pressed against hers. The excitement of their intimacy swept her and all her doubt of him and marriage was dissolved in the consciousness that this was her husband and this was their honeymoon.

Holton Clark was no longer in the room.

"COME and see me at my office tomorrow, I have some ideas."

Mike Harrigan, having worked all four years with the unpredictable Clark knew that one thing at least was predictable after those words at George Hurley's canyon home. Holton Clark in the middle of an intrigue, a speculation of his in which the "Clark touch" even more apparent than in a Clark production.

Mike had closed his ranch for several months because he knew that the Guatemalan location would keep him busy at least until May. Silly idea, to make an action picture in Central America instead of in the studio, but when Clark had his heart set on anything there was no use arguing.

The flight to Arizona had been a nuisance to Mike, but if there was hope of keeping George from tying himself up with that mess of trouble, Annabelle Clark, the trip was justified. He'd tried—and yet—that girl—somehow he couldn't keep his mind off her. She was obviously a push-over—anybody with silken blonde hair like that was sure to begin with—and even though the anger in her eyes when he'd given her that talking over was too manifest to be doubted, he was sure that the accusation was justified. Of course, she wouldn't brook a word of what he'd said—certainly not to George, because that would ruin his chances.

Why the devil didn't he just let her and get on with his Guatemalan picture, the best property Clark Productions had ever given him to direct?

He never expected that that was the basis of Holton Clark's "idea."

Clark looked out of the window at the green-fringed mountain that towered behind the Clark lot. "Harrigan," he said, "I want this 'Girl from Guatemala' to be a honey. I think Mary Ann Morris is okay as the girl, but I don't think that from the Spanish pictures is good enough for the boy. I have an idea."

"Yes?" said Mike, also looking at the mountain.

"George Hurley," said Holton Clark like him better for it.

There was a long pause. "Okay," said Mike. "I think he could do it."

"Better postpone your sailing," said Holton, "so I can fix things up."

"Good break for Hurley," Mike said. "I figured you'd want to give Holton Clark—I mean Mrs. Hurley—a nice wedding present. But frankly, I don't see how you figure we can shoot a picture on a honeymoon."

"Oh," said Holton Clark, "I g

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE ME



ou didn't get the idea exactly. My daughter isn't going on the trip." "I see," said Mike. Through the window he saw that a deep shadow darkened one side of the mountain. "What's going to stop her?" Now Holton Clark rose also. "My idea is that you can take care of George Hurley okay," he said evenly, "and that I can handle Annabelle okay. Do I make myself clear?" It was a good idea, a right idea, and he would play ball, because he and Holton Clark saw eye-to-eye on this business of George Hurley and Annabelle Clark, but suddenly Mike realized that he didn't care for this man at all. He thought, "No wonder she's like she is. No wonder." He waved a casual hand and left.

N the middle of the day George phoned Annabelle and told her the plan. "That's wonderful," Annabelle said. "It sounds like a swell opportunity." "Mr. Clark says I'll be back in two months at the most." "It didn't take Holton long to get what we wanted, did it?" George said, "Darling, it's the biggest Clark production of the year. It's really a great break. Mike Harrigan is directing." "I see," Annabelle said. "When does the boat sail?" "Friday next week," said George. "Oh, that's plenty of time," said Annabelle, "We can get ready by then." "You'll come along?" George asked, excitedly. "I don't think your father planning on that." "Let him just try and stop me," said Annabelle. "That reminds me," George told her. Mr. Clark said for me to tell you he'd like to see you at his office. He says he has some ideas." "Really?" said Annabelle. "Good-by, darling. I'll see you tonight." Holton Clark put on a great show for his daughter. What a break it was (he said) for George Hurley to get the lead in "Girl from Guatemala"! What a break it was for her to fly East and spend the next few weeks with Aunt Matilda in Newport! Aunt Matilda had just wired a strange coincidence—that she would have to have Annabelle visit her. By the time the company was back from location, Annabelle would have returned to Hollywood. Holton presented the plan as if it were the ultimate in largesse, but he was not entirely taken by surprise when Annabelle failed to react enthusiastically. "You don't seem to understand at all," he said quietly. "I'll admit I don't know much about how to be a good wife, but I'm going to learn. I haven't read the rule books, but I wouldn't be surprised if rule Number one were 'Stay with me.'" "See here," Holton said. Now he sat at the edge of his desk and scowled down at her with typical intensity. "I believe you mean every word of that, Annabelle," he said. "And you're going to have a chance to prove it. But right now I want you to play this game my way. I think you two have a fever and all I want you to do is to give yourselves time to recover. Then, if you still feel the same way about it, I'll withdraw my objections." "Yes," said Holton Clark. "If you don't want to go to Aunt Matilda's, that's okay. Stay here. Stick to your job, get Hurley's home ready for him—that Canyon house is a nightmare—and then, when he comes back, if you still feel the way you feel about him, I'll stand behind you both."

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"Where's Annabelle?" he shouted in the inter-office phone. Jerry told him. Then when H.C. had hung up with a anguished oath, Jerry phoned Helga.



Helga was capable of handling this most difficult moment in her life. She whispered to Norma to take over the party. Then she called Annabelle from the pantry where she was helping with the drinks, and told her it was a phone call—to take it upstairs. Helga followed Annabelle up the broad stairs.

Annabelle reached for the phone. Helga sat on the bed, "There's no phone, dear," she said quietly. "I just wanted to talk to you alone."

"Oh," said Annabelle, "what about?" Her face clouded with perplexity.

"Sit down." Annabelle sat on the edge of the other bed. "Something very terrible has happened, darling. But I know you can take it." Annabelle's hand went to her throat; her fingers twisted around the gold chain and pressed against her collar bone the topaz pendant George had given her.

"Malaria," Helga said, carefully. "You can get malaria down there in Guatemala. You can get it—and sometimes, well, sometimes, darling, it's fatal."

"George?" Annabelle said, with somebody else's voice.

"Yes, Annabelle," she said. "George. He died this morning."

It was a curious little gasp that came from Annabelle's throat before she crumpled up on the floor in front of Helga.

HOLTON was standing over her bed. His face was wracked with torment. Annabelle couldn't stand the sight of him. He sent him away. Nor could she stand the color of her own thoughts. When our mind returns to consciousness and the horrible fact walks back into it, that fact walks with a measured, confident step, slowly, surely and inescapably. There is no way to turn it out, no way

at least that a brave person would take. And now Annabelle knew that she must be brave.

But the overpowering numbness that had set in with the first news of George's death gripped her mind and heart like bands of iron. She couldn't think, she couldn't feel. The only thing she knew clearly was that she hated the very thought of her father. How dare people scheme and plot with others' lives? How dare they?

Then one day Helga said—oh, it seemed so many months later but actually it was only a little over a week—"The ship comes in today." The ship that was bringing back the memory of George.

For a time Annabelle thought she couldn't go to the boat, but at last she knew it was something she must do. She must hear from Mike Harrigan's own lips what had happened. She must, and she begged Helga to let her go alone.

As the boat came in to the dock at San Pedro, Annabelle squinted at the deck, wondering if he would be there.

She found him at last, coming down the gangplank, his face darker than usual, his arms hugging a large box.

She went up to him and he raised his hat but didn't speak.

"I'll drive you back to Hollywood," she said.

Mike Harrigan talked a moment to the customs man, then handed the box to Annabelle. "Take this to your car," he said. "I'll clear my baggage and see that the rest of them get off all right. Wait for me."

She could not decide if he was in any way different toward her. He was still cold and distant. But at least he didn't scorn her—and perhaps for once he was giving her the benefit of the doubt and

assuming that she might have some measure of genuine grief to overcome.

She nodded and went to her car. She sat behind the wheel and waited; then opened the box which was untied. The contents had obviously been thrown in without care. There was an old shirt, and a pair of slacks. And a pith helmet. Mike Harrigan's little sentimental thought—to bring back the last clothes his friend George Hurley had worn! Annabelle stared at them. This, then, was her last physical contact with the man she had felt so sure would mean great happiness to her. A hat, a shirt, trousers. They meant so little—and yet so much. Her hand touched the rough, male texture of the shirt.

"What will I tell him?" she thought. "What will I tell my child when he is old enough to ask about his father. Will I show him this shirt and say: In this your father was stricken, dear, long before you were even born?"

Lost in her reverie she scarcely heard the door of the car open as Mike Harrigan joined her.

Next month Annabelle Clark faces the tragic circumstances of her approaching motherhood. Her husband is dead; his best friend mistrusts her. Her father's cold-blooded action in sending George to Guatemala has estranged her from him. In the meeting with poor George's parents, Annabella faces an even greater drama and stumbles into a problem which only Mike Harrigan can solve. If she could foresee the part he was to play in her life, how differently she would have acted! Read the thrilling second installment of "Man Poison" in the April Photoplay-Movie Mirror on sale Wednesday, February 26.



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## Why I switched to Meds



by a secretary

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## Photoplay-Movie Mirror Dancing School

(Continued from page 51)

stand perfectly still in one square-foot area on the floor and do the step. When this happens, you've got it.

**SLOW Lindy Hop and Variation:** The Lindy Hop (see diagram on page 51 for basic step), a blood-brother to the shag, covers four counts, except the first two are a sliding skip. We'll call it one-and-two—on the "and" you slide your off foot up and that makes the skip. Then it's just steps: three, four. On a crowded dance floor the step can be done on a dime, but we'll walk you through it to show you the rhythm. One way to understand the diagram is to pretend your index and middle fingers are legs and put the tips of them on the footmarks. Then watch what your fingers do as they dance along.

Jackie and Bunny show you their favorite Lindy Hop variation in Photos 3 and 4 on page 50. For the two steps that cover counts five and six, seven and eight, they face each other and kick forward, first with the left foot, then with the right. You'll notice from the picture that the right kick goes between the feet of the partner and the left kick on the outside. Then, for the quick one-two-three count, Jackie takes Bonita's left hand with his right and they back away from each other with long steps, getting all the way back on the "two" count. He pulls her to him for the third step and they go right into a repeat.

That backing-away business needs some description, by the way. The steps are done in a swing slide-shuffle, with the derriere out and knees very straight. You swing your ankles out a little as you used to do in the Charleston. It's all kind of sedate jitterbug stuff and fun if you're with a young crowd.

**THE Balboa:** Remember that sway-shuffle step all ducky tap dancers break into sooner or later, when they look as if an invisible hand is holding them a quarter-inch off the floor and slowly waving their limp bodies back and forth so that their feet just brush

the wood? That's the basis of the Balboa, which is done to the catch-time fox trot we described at the beginning of this month's lesson. The distinguishing feature of the Balboa is that while you are doing it you cross one foot over the other for one or two steps; and further that practically anything you want to do with your feet is okay, so long as it's a light, fast shuffle.

Jackie and Bunny have their own version, as you can see. (Photos 5, 6 and 7 on page 51). They stand side by side, holding hands, and (1) kick forward with the right foot; then (2) they cross the right foot over the left, shifting the weight to it, and (3) bring the left foot over to the left. Then they just walk out of it to the right, turn to face each other and repeat, starting on the left foot this time instead of the right.

When you do this next turn you're just being fancy, although it's no trouble at all for the boy. The girl has to know how to whirl like a dervish and end up facing the right way, on the right foot, and not dizzy. You can break it in at any time, on any step you like. Jackie and Bunny chose a favorite of theirs (see picture, lower left) in which he turns to one side and she to the other alternating each step, for two or three steps. Then Bonita puts her right arm behind her back so that her hand reaches Jackie's right hand as he leads her. He takes it and swings her away, stepping back himself.

Whirling to her right, Bunny takes one full turn away from him, pauses for a beat; then, whirling this time to her left she does two full turns on the way back, taking smaller steps, of course, and ends up on her right foot close to Jackie and facing him, ready to continue dancing. In the picture at the right, below she's just completing her final turn.

Naturally you'll go on learning from here, watching other people and copying their steps. But if you use in combination the three simple steps and variation Jackie and Bunny have shown you you'll more than get by on any floor.

Below, left: Jackie and Bunny start to do their special turn in the Balboa routine. The girl has to know how to whirl like a dervish, end up the right way (below, right), on the right foot, and not dizzy



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## Should Love Wait?

(Continued from page 34)

the career. In the case of the man it might be different—maybe having a family to support might hold him back."

But Jimmy wouldn't accept that for one minute.

"Not if he's got what it takes. You hear lots of men around middle age alibi their lack of success by saying, 'I never had a chance. I married too young and tied myself down with a family!' Nonsense. I know a young fellow who just passed his bar. Getting started as a lawyer isn't easy. It takes time to build up a practice. This kid has a wife, a baby, a mother-in-law, a young sister and brother-in-law to support. As if that wasn't enough, another family of relatives came from the East and moved in on him. That looks like excuse enough for anyone to toss in the towel and yell, 'I'm licked!' But not this kid. While he's waiting for clients, he runs errands for other lawyers—files papers, serves summons, looks up records. He solicits errands that he can run for his neighbors while he is downtown and reverses the procedure in his neighborhood evenings. Not content with that, he has a job as relief man in a gas station nights. That boy will be a great lawyer someday—not because he had what is known as 'a chance' but because he has what it takes and he isn't letting a little thing like a big family hold him down."

JIMMY himself is living proof that marriage is not a handicap to an ambitious young man. When he and his Billie fell in love there was no money in the bank and no great future in sight, but they didn't hesitate a moment. Jimmy, born and reared in the tenderloin district of New York, was accustomed to accepting things as they came—love came and he accepted it without fear or prejudice. Marriage was one of the three vital statistics in the history of man and, to Jimmy, the most vital.

Jimmy is not a fighter in the pugilistic sense of the word, but he will fight for anything he believes right and just. Because he was born, he feels that he has a right to live and when an obstacle looms up in his path, it is all a part of the game and may the best man win.

In many ways, Jimmy and Olivia are alike. They both know what they want from life and aren't one bit afraid to go after it. No one does Olivia's thinking for her and her thoughts are not limited by precedent or convention. She has often been referred to as a rebel, but actually she is not. She was born in Tokyo, Japan, and spent her early years there. White girls in Oriental countries are necessarily bound by the conventions of society. Back home in the United States she enjoyed a new birth of freedom, one she challenges anyone to take from her. She has not married—not because she is afraid of marriage, but simply because she has not fallen madly in love. Somehow when you look at Olivia and watch her brown eyes dance, you feel that if she ever loves it will be madly.

But don't misunderstand us—madly refers only to the heart, not the head. Olivia will never forget to use her head. She doesn't approve of these spur-of-the-moment affairs that strike in the moonlight and flicker out in the sunlight.

"When I say that love should not wait, I do not mean that a boy and girl should meet and take the next plane for Yuma, but if they are genuinely in love and plan to marry sometime—that sometime might just as well be now."

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- Do not send us stories which we have returned.
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"Then if the man can't support the girl?" Jimmy asks, and there is a tinge of teasing in his voice which doesn't tease Olivia one bit.

"Boys and girls who plan to marry will find a way—they can both work if one salary isn't enough for two."

"But some men don't want their wives to work; it hurts their pride."

"Pride?" Olivia's eyebrows raise disdainfully. "What possible difference could it make if the man permits her to work two years before she is married or two years after she is married—she's still working, isn't she? If they are honestly working toward a home they can do so just as well after marriage as they can before—in fact, they can do it better, and faster. Before marriage a boy spends a lot of money taking a girl out and a girl spends a lot of money keeping up appearances so that she will look her best when he does take her out. After marriage, if they want to make a payment on the furniture instead of buying a new dress and a dinner, they can do so without the one feeling guilty and the other feeling slighted. It isn't house-keeping that's so expensive, it's courting."

"But women don't want to work!"

"That idea originated with man, not woman. Any woman, honestly in love, takes great pride in helping the man she loves provide a future for them. She knows that the harder she works, the quicker she can quit her job and stay home and keep house—and raise a family."

Jimmy laughed softly, proving that if he didn't quite agree, he approved wholeheartedly and went on to say, "Kids today know what they want from life and aren't afraid to go after it. They are better equipped for life than kids were twenty years ago. Knowledge seems to come to them from everywhere. They do not accept the ideas of their elders, they have ideas of their own. Years ago, success was for those who had earned it; today it is for those who have the initiative to go out and get it. It's a young people's world."

THE idea that threats of war should cause love to wait makes both Olivia and Jimmy gasp.

Says Olivia, "When people do not know what lies ahead, why should they hesitate to accept the happiness that is theirs today? Suppose the young man does have to go to war in a day, a week, a month or a year—his going cannot rob the girl of the past but it can rob her of the future. Life doesn't hold out so much happiness that any of us can afford to say, 'No, I'll accept it tomorrow.' Tomorrow may never come—to both of them."

Says Jimmy, "All through the ages, great warriors like Julius Caesar, Napoleon, Clive of India, have, when their time came, said that they were glad to die because they did not wish to live to see the day when the whole world would be plunged into war and chaos. Every time a war breaks out any place, and there always is one, people get excited and say, 'This is it!' but it never is. This isn't it, either. The world will go right on and people will go on in spite of war, pestilence, earthquake, flood, tornado, stock market crashes and depressions—so what are they waiting for?"

Although they both agree that love shouldn't wait—they disagree on the subject of family.

"Children," Olivia says, "should not be asked to face a future of uncertainty."

And Jimmy wants to know what child ever faced anything else. "The very fact that he is born proves that he will die and war does not take more lives than



disease, accidents, famine."

"But suppose the husband should not come back from war—what would the young mother do then?"

"The same thing she would do if the husband was hit by a truck on his way to work. Being killed in an accident might not be as heroic as being killed in action, but the result is the same—you have a widow with a child to support. And if I know anything about women, she'd be darn glad to have that child and wouldn't mind working to support it. The loss of the husband would be easier to bear if she had that child to work and plan for.

"Those mothers in Europe who are sending their children to strangers in America—do you suppose there is a single one of them wasting any time wishing the child had never been born?"

"Of course not," Olivia said, emphatically, defending her own sex, "but those mothers did not expect war to strike. Now that it has struck, they are doing what every mother since the beginning of time has done—placing safety for their children before everything else."

"And don't you think our women could and would do the same thing?"

"Naturally," Olivia agreed, "but realizing that they might have to do just that should make them stop and think before they bring a child into the world."

Jimmy shook his head. "Perhaps people should always *think* before they bring a child into the world—but do they? I mean, do they ever think of the child from the child's standpoint? Do they ever ask that child if he wants to be born? No, the plans they make are the plans they themselves wish to carry out. True they are all for the good of the child, but the unborn child knows nothing of them. Seems to me that planning for a child is pretty much like planting a tree. You plant it and tend it carefully for years and years, hoping someday to bask in its shade. If nothing happens to that tree you are very lucky and so is the tree, but that doesn't prove it was lucky that the tree was planted in the first place. No, Olivia, parents may spend a lifetime trying to please a child, but the child was had in the first place because it pleased the parents. Children, like love, should be accepted when they come. Children of the last World War are the young people of today—has anyone the right to say they should not have been born?"

There isn't any answer to a fearless statement like that, but there is a great lesson—that whatever comes or doesn't come, we must do the best we can.

## WATCH—

for the stunning  
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**HEDY LAMARR**

by

**Paul Hesse**

on the April cover of

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# The Bath Awaits, Milady!

Just for fun—and with the help of Alice Faye—we play some modern tricks on what used to be a Saturday-night exclusive

BY GLORIA MACK

PRODUCT of the fight-and-get-ahead school, Alice Faye took over Hollywood in a few short months, suddenly found herself in the high income tax brackets, a girl with money—and with plenty of ideas as to what to do with it. She loves luxury; is the perfect exponent of luxury; and for that reason we use her for our beauty-and-the-bath experiment.

Look at the pictures at the right carefully for a moment. Which one does your eye linger on? If you turn automatically to the serious pose you're a deep thinker, a poised woman of the intellectual world. Your grooming will reflect that personality; the type bath you choose will be the first step toward that reflection. You are the devotee of the ritual bath, the let's-linger-longer type who loves a warm and relaxing tub . . . who has a little tray filled with cosmetics clamped over her tub and uses this respite to cream her face, care for her hands, give herself a manicure. Your tub is never complete without a bath oil, a rubber bath cushion that will let you doze or dream, a little rubber mat in the bottom of the tub that will keep you from slipping when you step out.

But if you like Alice the Gay, you're the gamin type. You like a brisk tub. You know a warm bath will relax you, a cold shower will pep you up. You rub your bath oil directly on your body; you take a short-order tub by using a special contraption, a face cloth encasing your soap. You finish off with a sweet-scented toilet water, perfect complement to your off-again, on-again personality.



Alice the Serious



Alice the Gay



Alice the Feminine

NOW we have Alice the Feminine, or Alice the Tomboy. . . .

If you like the picture at the extreme left you're the lavender-and-old-lace girl. You're the type that makes the bubble bath boom; you like dust powder in a pretty box; your soaps are scented, but ever so faintly. On your walls you have little hanging shelves with all your cosmetics arranged, so that your bathroom is really a pretty, feminine dressing room.



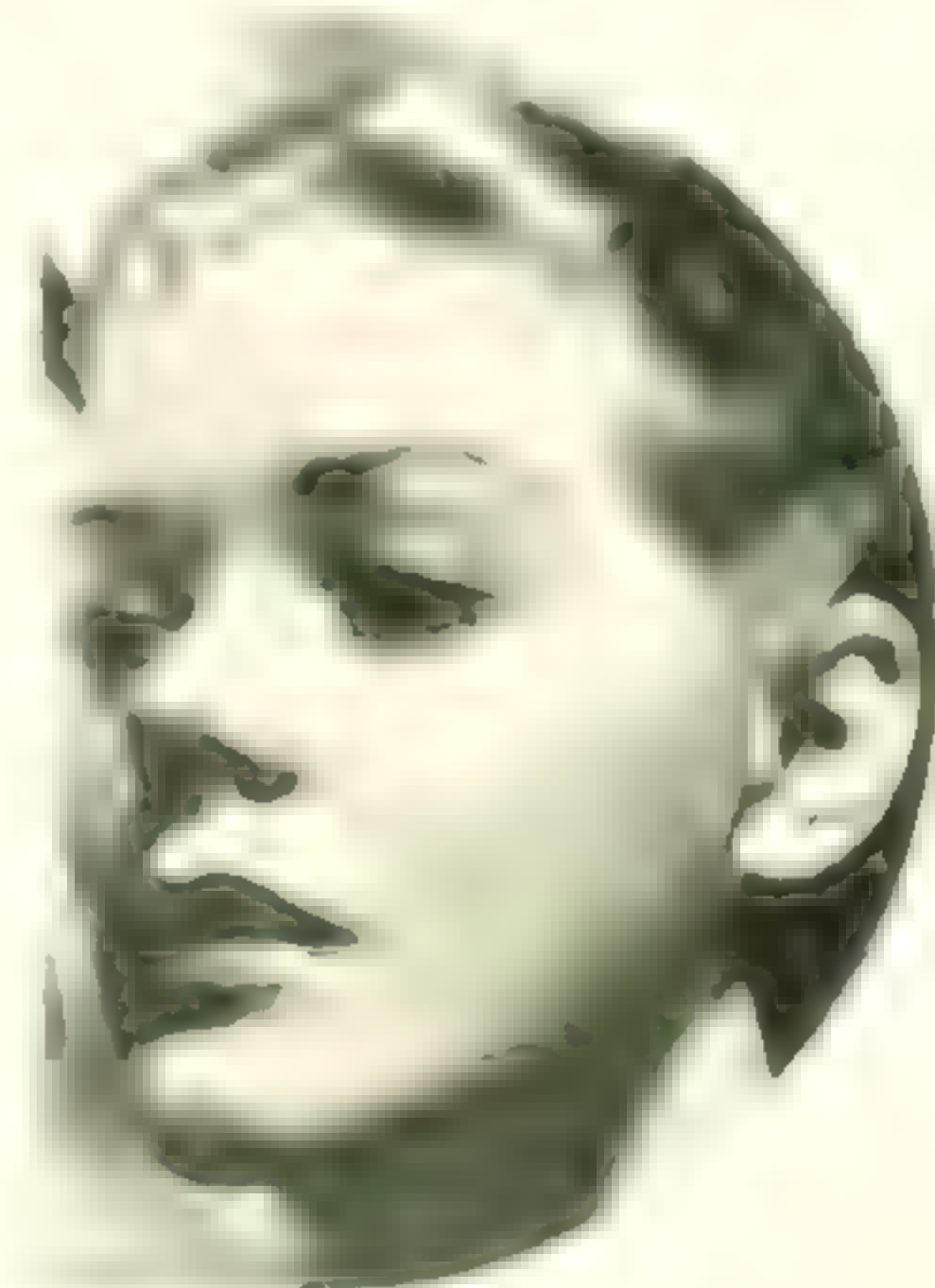
Alice the Tomboy

If you like Alice the Tomboy, you're a brisk and efficient type who takes her bath at its face value. You have a quick dip, finish off with a cold shower. Your towels are large and efficient and you never slip up on the rubdown routine. Incidentally, you're well aware of the fact that a bath towel that has been warmed does the most efficient quick-drying job and also makes you feel like a spoiled duchess. Your after-bath cosmetic is cologne, a bit heavier than toilet water, probably in pine or a nice outdoors scent.

THEN there is Alice the Glamour Girl, or Alice the Person

If you like the Alice at the lower right, you're the exotic, intense type who has a Cleopatra outlook on the bath. You use bath crystals, revel in their soft heavy scent. Your powder is chosen to match and you are probably the proud possessor of one of the new bath mitts filled with dusting powder. You use perfume for a polish after your tub, applying it while your pores are open so that you are scented completely and effectively. You have the glamour-girl's gadgets . . . toe brushes and nail brushes . . . and you use them while you're lolling in your tub, a mask all over your pretty features.

If you're rooting for Alice the Person, you're a nature lover and to you the bath is, first of all, an aid to nature. Therefore you're completely equipped with good stiff bath brushes and you give yourself that wonderful complement to the bath, a brisk body brushing. You realize that the more baths the better, because they keep circulation moving, make the body more immune to midwinter diseases. You give your skin a fresh, healthy glow by applying a cleansing cream to your face before you step into the tub and then letting the combination of steam and cream give you an easy, effective facial.



Alice the Glamour Girl



Alice the Person

FOR the final picture, we have Alice in Hollywood, mistress of a San Fernando Valley home, proud possessor of a supercolossal bathroom done in French blue and pink, equipped with bath oils, bath salts, bath powders, huge fluffy towels—in other words, the works.

For the final word, we have the Faye reaction as to why this bathroom is special: "I meant it to be. A relaxing bath with all the extras is simply wonderful for you . . . the heat, the perfume (and when you're in the tub is the one time you really can have as much scent as you like and nobody can object to it) then the rubdown. It works the other way, too—a short brisk bath can wake you up!"



## Behind the Curtain in Hollywood Beauty Parlors

(Continued from page 60)

Hurricane," Spencer Tracy's in "Captains Courageous" and Tyrone Power's in "The Mark of Zorro." A certain cowboy has a permanent regularly because his hair is very fine and the wave gives more body.

Anent the permanent wave business, here's this one on Warren William. Warren, as you no doubt know, is a great diver of the sea. He spends a good deal of time in and around his boat down at the harbor and has made friends with some of the old salts there, like Captain Eddy O'Ryan, who sailed one of the best schooners around the Horn. One morning Warren was visiting with his pals and he became so absorbed in the tales of O'Ryan that he forgot about his appointment to have his hair permanently set for the picture he was about to do. Suddenly he jumped to his feet exclaiming, "Holy gee, boys, I nearly forgot about my permanent. See you later." With that he fled, leaving his companions with jaws sagging in astonishment. It took a little time and a lot of explaining before he was taken back again into their good graces.

Favorite barber of many of Hollywood's top flighters is genial Bob Matz. Henry Fonda, Melvyn Douglas, Basil Rathbone, Jeffrey Lynn, George Raft and Eddie Robinson all come to him. Dick Powell and Tyrone Power, who used to be his customers, stopped because they felt embarrassed about being seen going into a beauty salon. George Raft usually comes accompanied by Mack Grey and some of his other friends known as the Grue-me Group. They make a holiday out of their visit. Once when George was in a particularly good mood he treated everyone in the salon to champagne.

When I asked Bob to tell me the most amusing incident that had happened in his department he ran his hand through his thatch of silver hair, which by the way is the envy of all his patrons, and said, "Well, I think one of the funniest things was the time John Barrymore came in here with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Jacobs, to supervise his haircut. She was pretty fussy about John's hair because she had been cutting it herself and thought she knew how it should be done."

Bob frequently goes to the studio or to the home of his patrons to cut their hair. He has a standing date to go to Charles Boyer's house every other Sunday to cut his hair.

You might wonder if the constant contact of these beauty operators with their famous clients doesn't tend to breed envy of their fame and wealth. The answer is always an emphatic "No." One girl summed it up: "I wouldn't trade places with any of them and I've worked on nearly all the top-notch stars. They have looks and fame and money, but I don't know one of them who has the peace of mind or contentment I have."

### SNATCH!

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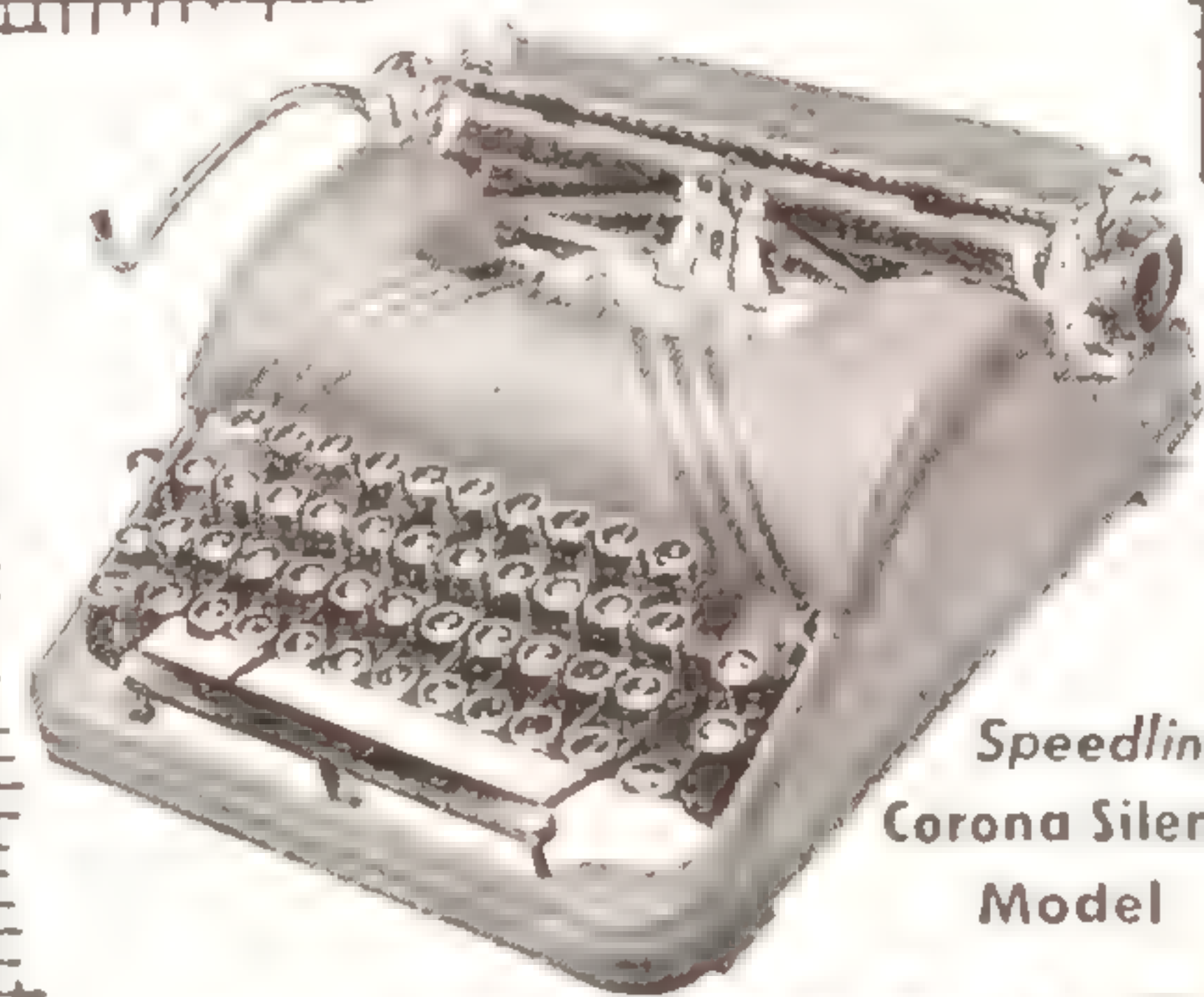
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## "Bogie"

(Continued from page 23)

early days when sometimes he didn't know where his next meal was coming from, he worked just as hard and sincerely as he works now, and even then he didn't like playing straight young juveniles. The parts often enough were sympathetically written and even made heroes of him, and Bogie played them conscientiously and got good notices. His performance in "Saturday's Children" was full of charm and humor. But none of it was Bogie's stuff. Being just a nice young man in light youthful comedies wasn't good enough for him, and after a while he got a little sick of the parts for which he was always cast, and a little discouraged. And at the same time the jobs became a little rarer and sometimes there were long lean stretches when the pockets were close to being empty.

Because he had made a great hit in the same sort of role in "Saturday's Children" and "Cradle Snatchers," nobody would give him a chance at any other sort of role until Arthur Hopkins cast him in a role as far removed from that of a young juvenile as is possible.

THE play was "The Petrified Forest" and the opening night, although I had nothing whatever to do with it, was for me an exciting occasion and one which I will always remember. Concerned with the play were four good friends, Leslie Howard and Humphrey Bogart, actors, Robert Sherwood, author, and Arthur Hopkins, producer. Gilbert Miller, another friend, had an interest in the play,

but the production was Arthur Hopkins. Bob Sherwood and Leslie Howard were doing all right for themselves but Hopkins had had a lot of bad luck and three or four failures in a row and I loved Arthur. Also, I knew that for Bogie that opening night meant everything. Not only was he down to his last nickel and beyond that, but he was so discouraged that if the play flopped and he made no impression he was ready to give up acting forever. I knew that he liked the part and that for days before the opening night he had sacrificed his good looks by cropping his hair so short that his head appeared to be shaven. He was putting everything into this chance of showing that he was the excellent actor he knew that he was, and not just an insipid young juvenile. I knew what the first night audiences could be for I had suffered from them. That night I could not have been more nervous if the play had been my own.

Well, everybody knows about the night. The play was a great success not only as a play but as a comment on American life. And on the opening night the audience remained to cheer long after the curtain came down. The whole cast came out again and again and from the cast the audience singled out Humphrey Bogart, the boy who had always played pleasant young juveniles, for its greatest cheering. Now Humphrey Bogart was playing a gun man, a cold brutal killer, and he gave one of the best performances ever seen on the American stage.

SHALANAR FARM

Dear Bogie—

Here is a copy of the Tribute to Humphrey J. Bogart I have done for Elsie Heyer, another pal. It took nine months to give birth to it, but it is not easy to write a tribute to an Elsie Simson here — as perhaps you can see. Am enclosing some snaps of the new house. We move in next week and expect the Bogarts as early visitors.

"Love and Kisses" to you both

Louis

The copy, as you can see, has not been corrected,

Personal touch to a personal story: This is the letter one Humphrey Bogart of Hollywood received from Louis Bromfield about the story, "Bogie," finishing on page 95



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Back stage that night the dressing rooms were filled with happy people but happiest of all were, I think, Humphrey Bogart and Arthur Hopkins. Even so, I doubt that they were any happier than myself. That night we celebrated until the morning papers appeared and then we celebrated some more, for the papers thought that Humphrey Bogart was as fine an actor as the audience thought him. And those of us who were celebrating knew that not only was he a fine actor but a swell guy as well, because that night Bogie was very humble.

From then on there are few incidents in Bogie's career which most picture-goers do not know. After "The Petrified Forest" Hollywood wanted him. He had been out there two or three years earlier when picture companies paid very little attention to him. I was there at the same time, working and trying to understand, without much success, how Hollywood figured. Only to me it didn't make so much difference because I was never dependent on Hollywood or the theater for a living. But Bogie was an actor and that was different. Nevertheless, during the first attempt to get a break I never heard him complain or turn bitter.

After "The Petrified Forest" things changed. Hollywood wanted him and he gave Hollywood in return all he had, which is still worth more than Hollywood is paying him.

When Paul Muni differed with Warner Brothers on "High Sierra," Muni walked out and Humphrey Bogart stepped in. I think Warner Brothers were lucky because I am sure that in the role in question Bogie's performance is better than Muni's would have been.

**B**EFORE "High Sierra" Bogie played in a picture made from one of my own stories, "It All Came True." It was a difficult part—not the conventional gangster role into which Bogie had been forced again and again, but that of a gangster with a grim sense of humor who is kidded throughout by the story itself. And there were other complications, because at one point the writers attempted to turn the character into one of unrelieved menace. The picture was partly shot before the producers discovered that this was a mistake and attempted to remedy the error by retakes and rewriting. However, the character still remained a little muddled. Nevertheless, Bogie turned in one of the best comedy performances I have ever seen and audiences took him to their hearts wherever the picture was shown.

In Hollywood Bogie ran into the same danger to a career which had confronted him years earlier on Broadway. There because he was so good as a young juvenile they never wanted to let him play anything else; in Hollywood because he was a magnificent gangster they have insisted on his being a gangster forever. I, myself, believe Humphrey Bogart is a good enough actor to play any role you give him and make it vivid and real.

Few people in pictures have played so many parts exactly the opposite of their own characters. Bogie is about as far from being a cold, inhuman gangster as it is possible to be. He is intelligent and kind and even sentimental and generous. He has a great love and understanding for animals and in his house a half dozen dogs live in peace and comfort.

Few people have known such violent ups and downs. It's all right now. He's arrived. And I know no one out of a pretty big acquaintance embracing most of the world who deserves great success more than Bogie. He's a swell guy.

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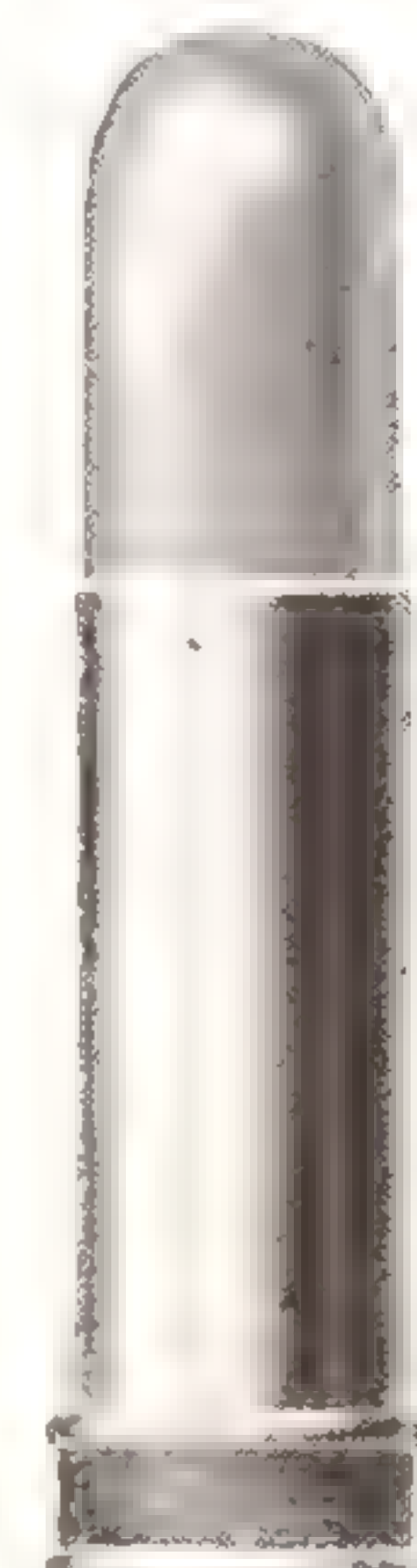


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the big studio paid no attention to her. she began to be seen around with a glorified page boy from a smaller studio and twelve inches less of the coat, cut off to make it look different. Next season the page boy was supplanted by a feature player, albeit a not very well-known one. Still, feature players were better than page boys. And the coat, which was beginning to wear around the edges, was remodeled into a waist-length cape.

But a swimming pool miraculously spouted in the back yard of her modest little Beverly Hills home. Even though parts had been none too numerous for the feature-player boy friend, he somehow managed to squeeze out the money for this luxury for his lady fair.

So she began to rate in the Hollywood roster, pools being more important than apparel. And just as the cape was facing the unhappy prospect of becoming virtually a chinchilla ruffle, the final step was achieved. Through the boy friend she met a top-flight director and became his wife, promptly discarding the feature player. Her social I.Q. became terrific and her career began going places. But not enough places to suit her. There were the usual rift rumors, confirmed presently by a divorce. Insiders knew that the husband had grown wise to her cold-blooded selfishness. Now she is out in the open sea once more and the going is a little rough. According to her enemies, not rough enough.

**NUMBER TWO** . . . She set out to achieve aristocracy at any cost, to be the top-ranking name in Hollywood, and she has won her goal. She became recognized not only as a star but, with her marriage to the brains of one of the big four studios, as Hollywood's leading socialite. Though ironically the means she used to attain her aristocracy were anything but fastidious, no one dares to breathe a word against this woman who fifteen years ago haunted the hotel bedroom of the then most promising juvenile leading man in pictures, offering to do anything if he would get her a break at the studio. To rid himself of the nuisance he finally had to lock her out. Eventually she got her break, but through a series of other men; from small to larger, from big to top.

Her marriage finally placed her where she wanted to be, but it didn't give her love and now that she and her husband are no longer together she is reaping the terrifying isolation her ruthlessness has created. On the one side, she cannot afford to make a bad picture, with the glittering eyes of enemies within her own studio fixed on her once lovely throat, waiting to tear her to pieces. On the other, she has no one to whom to turn for advice and companionship, because she has raised herself beyond the reach of warm and friendly hands. Now, no longer young, she sits on the dusty heap of all the things she once wanted, lonely and afraid.

Number three . . . You'll be seeing her soon on the prophets' lists for high-voltage careers—that is, if the powers that be decide this charming load of dynamite is worth the headaches she's apt to give them. Already she has completely monkey-wrenched the vast machinery of two major studios.

She came to town with the hard-to-get technique. She just didn't want to be in pictures, her interests in life were far more serious. Hollywood, however, finds such bait irresistible and when one of

the studios became sufficiently pressing she capitulated to the extent of accepting a stock contract. Then—the great Hollywood success story—a prominent director from another studio who was looking for a "different" type for his next picture saw the test of the girl.

On his insistence the second studio arranged to borrow the girl and immediately word went out that she was to have the works from a publicity standpoint. The marked attention she was receiving zoomed the interest of a leading producer in her original studio. Suddenly the girl saw a chance to play the producer of the one company against the director of the other—object, career.

However, the spark that had flown back and forth between the two men now threatened to leave said career in ashes. It remains to be seen if the girl will fall between two fires.

**BUT** the Hollywood wags who quip that the reward of virtue is oblivion are not one hundred per cent correct by any means.

It is untrue that a girl cannot possibly reach success in Hollywood by the straight and narrow path. It is untrue that always there must be the personal interest of some man, or man behind her. There are some outstanding examples of girls who have reached the top without any such help.

For instance—Deanna Durbin! There is a girl who snapped her fingers at the handicap of "The awkward age" and won her place among the mightiest with sheer talent and personality. On that day in June when Deanna stands in the flower-laden living room of the home of her father and mother to make her marriage vows to young Vaughn Paul, no girl will ever have more truly merited the traditional significance of the bride's pure white wedding dress. And on that day you may be sure not a voice in the land will be raised to cast a doubt.

All very well, say you, but Deanna became famous as a young girl and simply grew up with it. That's a very different matter from the 18- or 19-year-old who starts out to make her splash from the springboard of young womanhood. A youngster is automatically protected against the predatory eyes of the males. Not so the budding young woman.

**WELL**, then, take the case of Katharine Hepburn. Katie was no great Broadway star when she first went to Hollywood. She had done one New York play of note; done it amazingly well, to be sure. But there have been hundreds of theater names who have come to Hollywood with more claim to prestige than Hepburn. Just two weapons with which to wage the Hollywood battle were hers: her screen test and her brains. Together they won for her a friend and valued advocate, George Cukor, who was to direct "A Bill of Divorcement." George flunked away at the RKO executives and they finally gave the almost unknown Hepburn the part which had made Katharine Cornell a star in the theater. With Hepburn's success in the picture came deep and abiding friendship between Katie and George. But no one who has the slightest knowledge of the situation ever accused their relationship of being anything but what it was—a fine, stimulating friendship.

You say how lucky she was to have had a George Cukor to guide her. I'm not for a moment denying it. But I can assure you if it had not been for the





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qualities she had within herself, if it had not been for that moving, fluid thing that makes a great actor or actress and becomes a fascinating challenge to a creative imagination like George Cukor's, she could not have held his interest long enough to win the great break he was able to give her.

Suppose we take another case; a case in which no one can point a finger to a man as the key to the star's success. I'm speaking of Bette Davis. Not in my wildest flight of imagination could I envision a Davis toadying to a "sponsor" (no relation to radio). Bette, as you know, with little more than two years under her theater belt, arrived in Hollywood on a heap of "Broken Dishes" and her performance in "The Deep South." Bette herself says everything she did that first year was wrong. There was no one to advise her in the ways of Hollywood. Eventually she wore out her welcome; Universal was distinctly speeding the parting guest. She had not one thread of an excuse to stay on in Hollywood—except an unpromising test made at Warner Brothers for the George Arliss picture, "The Man Who Played God."

As everyone knows, that test turned the tide. Arliss didn't know her personally, he never became a profound "influence" in her life. But he did say to the Warner boys, "I like that girl"—and Bette cancelled her return ticket in favor of stardom. However, George Arliss, master technician, would never have said what he did if he hadn't seen the evidence of Bette's work to equip herself with the tools of her profession.

The point is it can be done. A woman can battle her way alone to the top even in Hollywood. But she has to have equipment, brains, the command that a mastered art gives, or she'll be thrown to the wolves. She has to have enough to hold her own against the howl of the pack and the black forests of despair.

Too few in the city of glamour have bothered to arm themselves with the most powerful defense weapon virtue can have—trained ability. Driven on by relentless ambition, they resort to substitute bargains which don't pay off in permanent happiness. More and more this is becoming apparent: Virtue plus ability is good business.



Waikiki beach scene: Broderick Crawford and bride Kay Griffith, radio singer, on their Honolulu honeymoon



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## The Man Hollywood Couldn't Beat

(Continued from page 49)

it, he set his jaw stubbornly and with a bit of righteousness, said, "Okay, if I can't get the parts I want, I'll spend my time on my music. I've always wanted to study seriously anyway."

And he did. For eight to ten hours a day he worked at his music. Learning, composing, rejecting, studying.

THE weeks devoted to study went by and he said "no" to stage offers; to fabulous personal-appearance offers from New York, South America, New Zealand; to offers of screen roles such as he had been playing before his rebellion.

The weeks waste little time in becoming months and, occupied as he was with his music, delighted as he was with the publication and fine criticisms of the song he wrote specially for Jeanette MacDonald to sing on her concert tour, he did begin to wonder at the absence of interest in him for the roles he felt he should play.

"I found myself wondering if instead of when I was going to do another picture. It set me going back to wondering about a lot of other things. I began to get the idea. Maybe I didn't know myself so well after all. Maybe, at least, I didn't know the kind of part that was best for me. Maybe I'd clung too long to my desire to do the Sabatini characters I believed in. A lot of maybes like that make a guy stop, look and listen. I did all three. And discovered what a lucky guy I was. And how!"

All of us are conditioned by our youthful training and Gene was singularly conditioned for high-speed success. From the time he was 5 he'd been progressively successful in the theater. At 14 he appeared on Broadway in a hit that ran two years. At 16 he was starred in another smash that ran equally long. Except for a brief, bewildering interval of bad plays, he was established firmly on Broadway before he left his teens and by the time he came to Hollywood he was used to dictating terms. Nothing had happened in Hollywood to temper his natural acceptance of his own opinion as the only right one. As a youngster he'd been taught to think of himself for himself. And a couple of disillusionments—

broken promises—had crystallized into a frankly suspicious quality. So he traveled his lonely way with no friction, no opposition to polish his judgment. That's why he was cagey, thrifty, self-certain.

Sparkling Jeanette MacDonald came into his life. His plans, which had left out love entirely, didn't hold up. Even though carefully and cautiously he analyzed his feeling for her, he couldn't analyze away the happiness and laughter which came when they were together. Here was a girl who had worked hard for her success, who, with the odds against her, had set about to win. And she had won. She'd faced the conflict and come out mistress of herself, and he loved her.

Jeanette loved Gene and when, after their marriage, he made his decision to take his stand on his career, she was in entire sympathy with it. She knew he was blind to what might be ahead, but because of her knowledge of the man she had married, she didn't try to warn him, didn't try to lead him into the soft security of another decision. She wasn't afraid of what it would do to him. She wasn't afraid of what it might do to their marriage.

"When it was pretty obvious that the studios weren't knocking themselves out to get me on my own terms, and the reporters were making me a tragic kind of figure—a Hollywood husband overshadowed by his wife's success—they were just using the standard script," says Gene. "But it wasn't ours."

FRIENDS tell you what his sentence doesn't. They tell you of a wife who was loyal, devoted, serene. Who knew and understood that the experience with gossip and morbid curiosity, the realization that plans can go astray, would give him a test he'd pass. There was Jeanette, loyal, devoted, serene. Her faith and pride never wavered.

"Never once," said one friend, "did Jeanette suggest Gene should do this or even that. Imagine, a wife who never gave advice!"

Gene gives her full measure of credit. "I told her I was going to take my stand. That was okay. I told her I was going

Useful husband: Gene Raymond, who took time off from acting in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" to compose a song for wife Jeanette MacDonald's personal-appearance tour



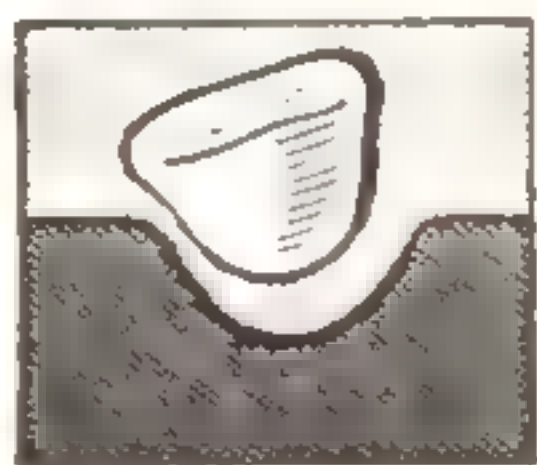
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to compose. That was okay. And when I told her I was going to sign a contract at long last and it didn't have story approval or any of the things I'd thought I was fighting for, when I thought I was confessing failure, she said, 'Oh, Gene, I'm so glad!'

There was a pride in his face—pride of Jeanette—as he spoke. We knew we were talking to a man who, while he had been under fire, had ceased to be afraid of people, of things, or of himself.

At a preview we heard a fan address him as Mr. MacDonald and waited for fireworks. (It's broken marriages in Hollywood, that error.) And laughed with the crowd when Gene retorted easily, "It's MacRaymond to you, sonny."

He's taken it on the chin plenty from the press during his two-year absence from the screen. Because he kept his mouth shut, his grin intact under genuine provocation, he won real admiration.

We have learned most of these things from the loyal few who never doubted Gene; those people who watched while his sense of humor, long under wraps, came into the open; those who saw his tolerance growing, his shy thoughtfulness of others emerging free from any self-consciousness. They were the people who first realized that an experience which has embittered many had served only to release the real Gene Raymond.

Gene, the analytical, is now living and enjoying himself, without analysis. We heard him telling how wonderful everyone has been to him since he made his first appearance in two years on the RKO lot.

"Everyone is swell, and I mean everyone. They come up to me smiling and some of the crew even said they'd missed me. They are grand," he said quietly.

Wherever you go on the lot today they're talking loud and enthusiastically about Raymond. The guy who could always be counted on to say "no" and argue to prove it, says "sure" to requests for personal appearances, working late, to accepting the roles assigned him.

Hollywood's a funny town and talk runs fast through its grapevine. It can give a person the works from over-adulation to cruelest misunderstanding. It can and does do everything to lick a person, but it can also cheer lustily for the guy who is strong enough to withstand both its praise and its criticism. Hollywood is life, you see. But neither Hollywood—nor life—could beat Gene Raymond.

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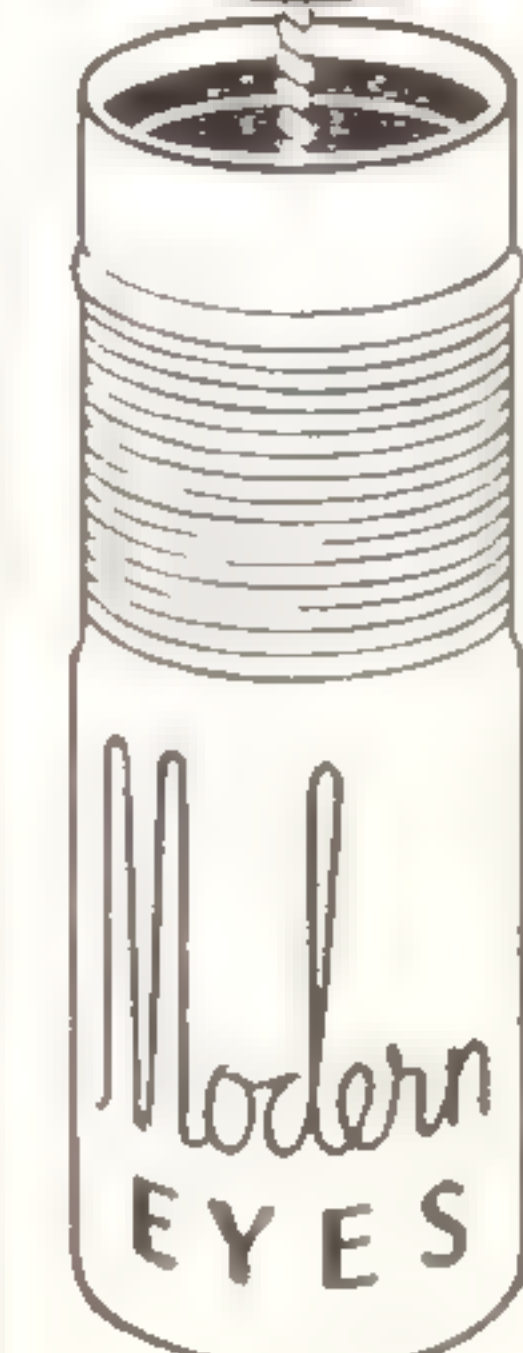


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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 6)

recognized by the Academy Award Com-  
mittee for his performance. If not, you  
should have. That's what we think of  
him—of the entire cast, in fact—and the  
picture as a magnificent whole.

Your Reviewer Says: A surprise triumph

### ✓ This Thing Called Love (Columbia)

It's About: A platonic marriage that  
doesn't tell—n

"THIS Thing Called Love" according to  
this eyebrow-lifting tale should be  
labeled "This Thing Called Sex," for it  
deals, and quite hilariously, with a pla-  
tonic marriage between Melvyn Douglas  
and Rosalind Russell that quite rapidly  
into something beyond friend-  
ship. The romance would have developed  
sooner only bridegroom Douglas gathered  
unto himself a mess of poison oak while  
hiding in the bushes with secretary Bin-  
nie Barnes. (Don't blame me, I didn't  
write the story.)

Anyway it's very funny and Roz and  
Melvyn are riotous.

Your Reviewer Says: S-as in sensation; e-  
as in ecstasy; x-as in kisses.

### ✓ Go West (M-G-M)

It's About: Nonsense in Dead Man's  
Gulch.

THE zaney, loony Marx Brothers return  
to the screen in one of their funniest  
pictures in a long time with scarcely a  
minute's letdown in the fun that is, of  
course, always on the bughouse side.

Their quips are terrific. For example,  
during a film laid in the Old West dur-  
ing the 1870's, Chico suggests Groucho  
telephone for help. "For heaven's sake,"  
Groucho comes back, "this is 1870. Don't  
worry, hasn't invented the telephone

The story, starved to death by the  
urgency of the Marx boys' ap-  
petite for clowning, is about the boys'  
effort to secure a deed to Dead Man's  
Gulch in West, in order to sell the  
property to the railroad and permit John  
Ford to marry his petite and cute  
sister Diana Lee.

Harpo's and Chico's playing on harp  
and piano is simply wonderful. And so  
is that mad hilarious chase scene be-  
tween train and a horse-drawn buggy.

Your Reviewer Says: Maddest fun in ages

### ✓ Comrade X (M-G-M)

It's About: An American newspaper man  
in Russia.

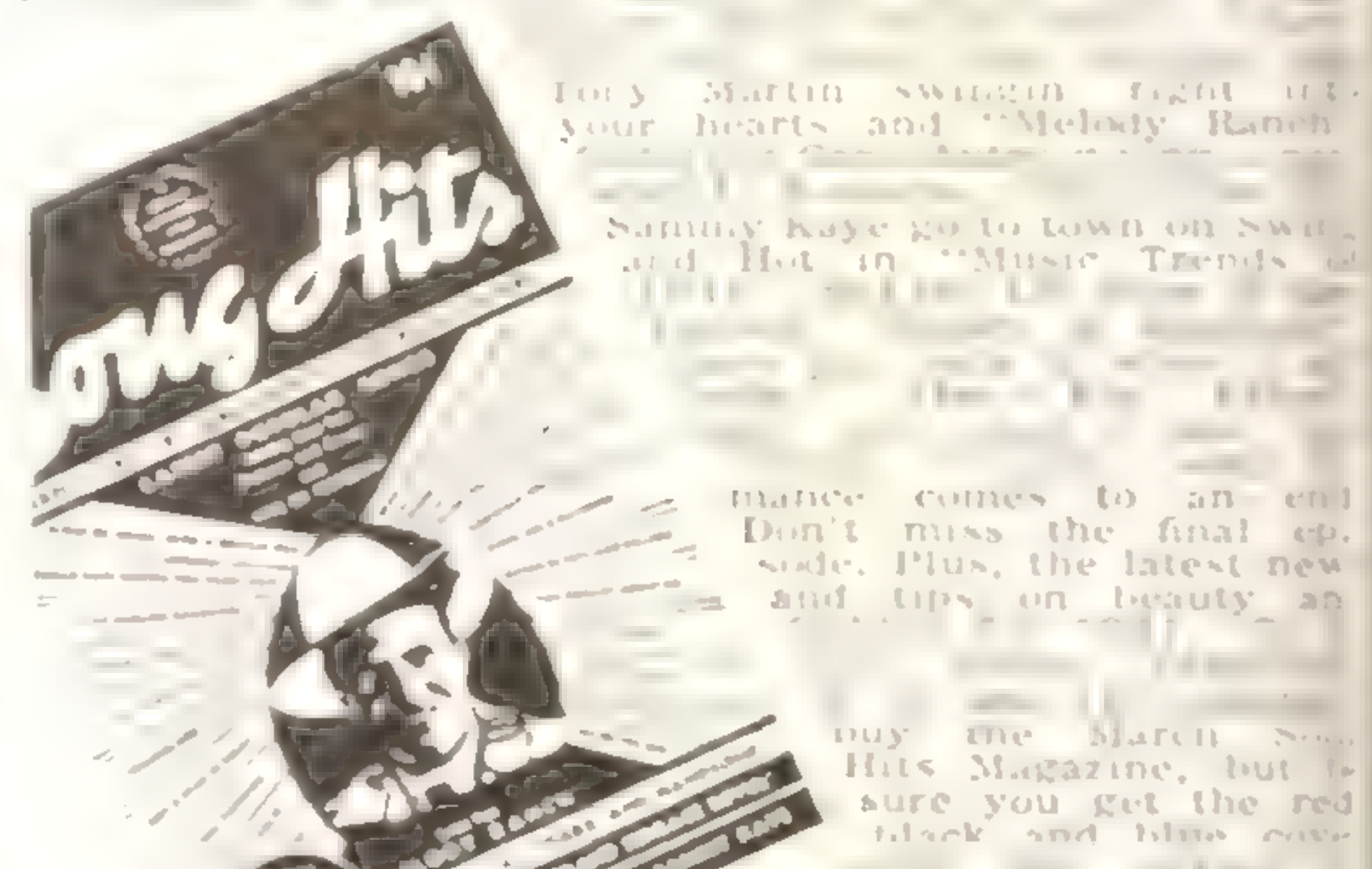
RIGHT down the broad highway to  
satire, Comrade X marches this hilari-  
ous comedy through modern Russia,  
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Beginning as a satire with Gable  
and Lamarr, it becomes a comedy  
incredibly by the minute. Especially when  
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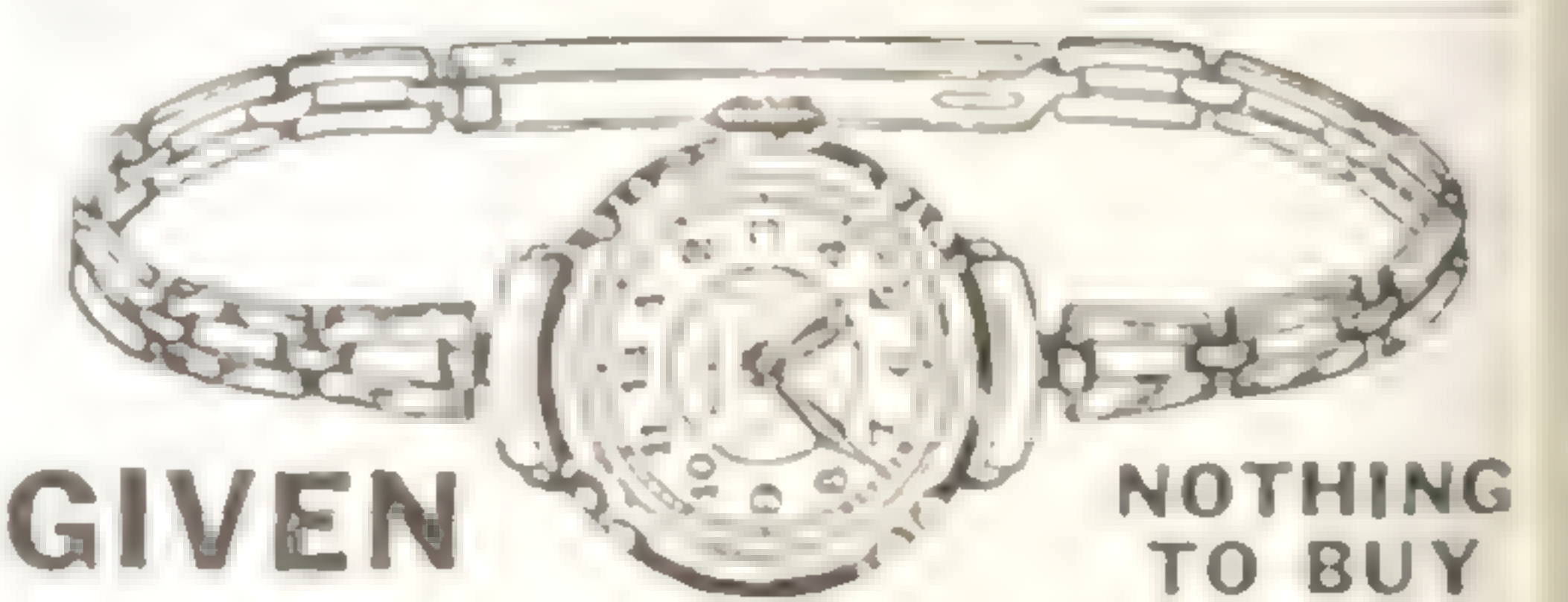


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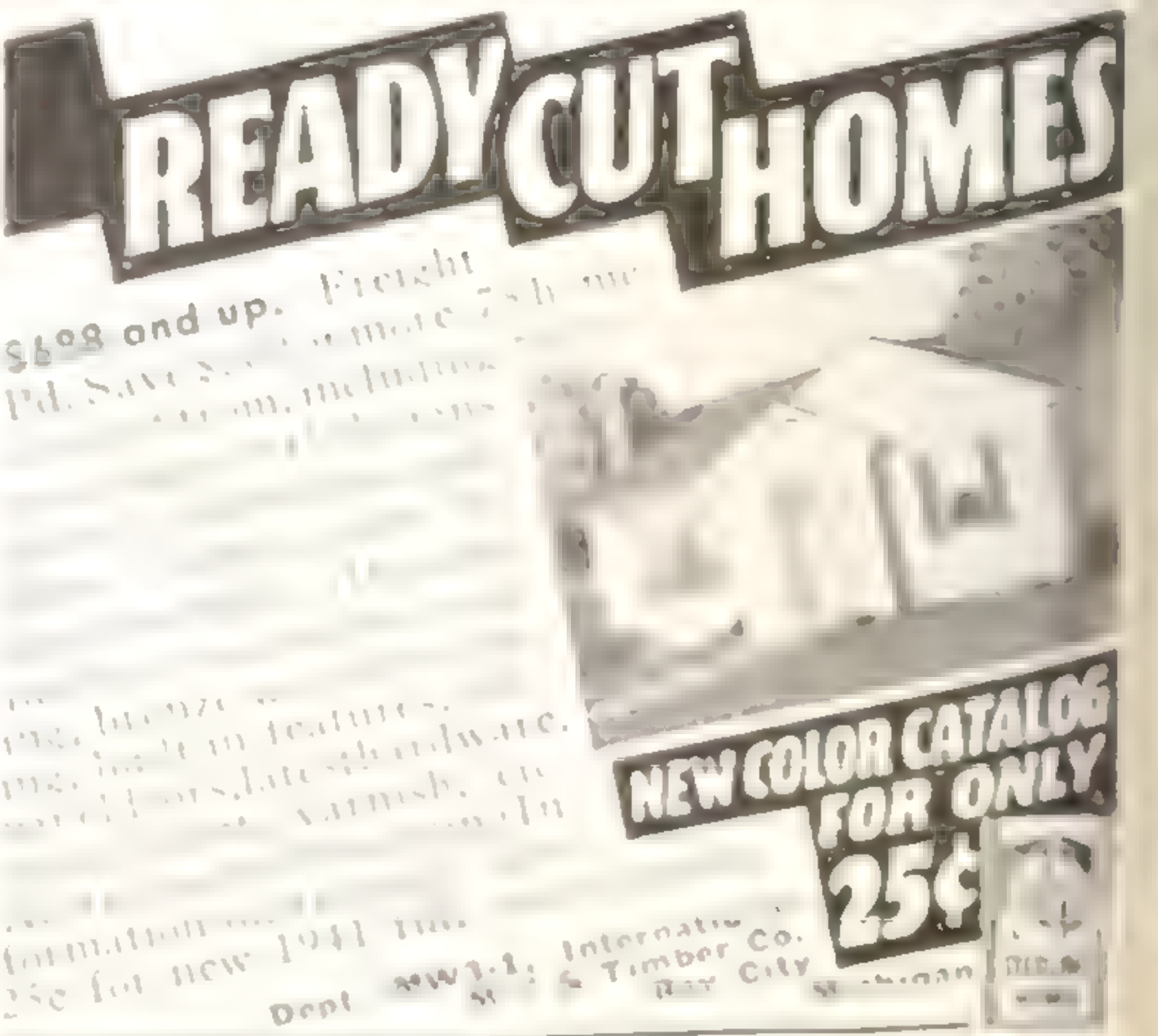
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an army of tanks, this sequence is a downright panic.

While this story lacks all the finesse and subtlety of "Ninotchka" it nevertheless is riotous fun. But for Gable and Lamarr, we wonder.

Your Reviewer Says: Out of its mind.

### ✓✓ Santa Fe Trail (Warners)

It's About: *The crusade of John Brown.*

**B**REATH-taking in scope and theme, there is almost too much story, too many people, too overwhelming an idea to crowd into the one picture. "Santa Fe Trail" which, oddly enough, is not a story of that New Mexico town alone, but instead, the struggle of John Brown in his cause of keeping states free from slavery. And there's the story of "bleeding Kansas" prior to the Civil War, of West Point's farmers' class of '54 that gave us such men as "Jeb" Stuart, George Custer, Phil Sheridan.

Errol Flynn is outstanding, of course, as Stuart, Raymond Massey great as fanatical John Brown, Ronald Reagan splendid as Custer and Olivia de Havilland beautiful as the heroine.

There is just too much of it to tell, too many grand performances to mention, but a word must go to Director Michael Curtiz for giving us an epic that will not soon be forgotten.

Your Reviewer Says: Tremendous.

### ✓✓ Kitty Foyle (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *The love story of a working girl.*

**I**N truly magnificent style Christopher Morley's famous story has been brought to the screen, with Ginger Rogers giving the best performance of her career as *Kitty*. Ginger lives the part, is the girl who falls in love with Dennis Morgan, member of an exclusive and wealthy Philadelphia family, and is torn from him by traditions that cannot be gotten around.

Morgan, unless we miss our guess, will be the most sought-after young actor in movies from now on. And right behind him is James Craig, the young doctor who loves Kitty through it all. Craig is a find, all right.

The story has been so tastefully mounted and ably directed by Sam Wood, it can only fall into the "hit" class and there we place it with the utmost enthusiasm.

Your Reviewer Says: Another best.

### ✓ Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A country boy who joins a small-time circus.*

**T**HERE are nostalgic memories of circus life wrapped up in the widely read tale of Chad Hanna (originally called "Red Wheels Rolling") with glorious Technicolor to enliven the memory. But there is little coherence to the picture, no building to climaxes, no framing of scenes to story purposes, all so necessary for an exciting picture.

The performances are the best thing in the story and far outshadow the picture itself. Henry Fonda, as the small-town stable boy who falls in love with circus rider Dorothy Lamour and joins

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the circus to be near her, gives a truly grand performance. Lamour is also splendid and Linda Darnell, who leaves a cruel father and runs away with the tent show, is so beautiful in color she should never be photographed any other way.

Guy Kibbee, the non-willing circus owner of the nineteenth century, is splendid. But outside of color and performances, the rest is a mere parade of uneventful incidents.

Your Reviewer Says: Beautiful but lacking punch.

### Four Mothers (Warners)

It's About: How one family tries to re-establish itself after a lost fortune.

THIS, we are told, is the swan song of the Lemp Family, who have proceeded through a series that might, eventually, have led to "Four Grandmothers" if something hadn't happened. It did.

The weakness of this story terminated that idea once and for all, we hope.

We do not mean to be disparaging, however, as there is much to enjoy in the homey cozy little tale of this family who lose their fortune and struggle to rebuild it.

Claude Rains and May Robson steal the spotlight this time, but the Lane sisters and their husbands, Jeffrey Lynn, Eddie Albert and Frank McHugh, are splendid. And, of course, there's the fourth sister, Gale Page, and her spouse, Dick Foran.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair to middling.

### Little Men (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A bad boy who finds himself in a boarding school.

THERE'S a real surprise wrapped up in this story, a sequel to "Little Women." The surprise is that almost nothing of Louisa M. Alcott remains in the Hollywood version of "Little Men."

Instead of the lavender-and-old-lace qualities, this version is aimed mainly at comedy and, with Jack Oakie's clowning, it never once misses a mark.

There are a few heart tugs crowded in as well, especially when Jimmy Lydon, adopted son of George Bancroft and a problem child (to understate), is left alone at Aunt Jo's school. His gradual softening under Aunt Jo's kindness, his baffled bitterness when his father is accused of stealing are well worked out.

Oakie, with a reward on his head, sacrifices himself to save the school. He rings the bell in every scene, in fact. Bancroft is splendid and Kay Francis as Aunt Jo is very good.

Your Reviewer Says: A homespun story edged with laughs.

### Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount)

It's About: The feud between two comics.

WELL, here's the Benny-Allen feud brought to the screen with many a laugh and a quip but not quite so many laughs and quips as we expected.

After all, we have heard the same old you-slap-me-and-I'll-slap-you dialogue via the ether for so long it's no longer news. However, there are enough bright spots to warrant anyone's spending a

good old fifty-cent piece to view the gag feuding from the screen.

Mary Martin is a pretty little thing tossed about in a rather complicated plot. Rochester, of course, is half the show and the Merry Macs are seen and heard, like good children, too little.

Your Reviewer Says: Double portion of fun with nuts.

### Jennie (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The overthrow of a family dictator.

MINUS a "name" cast, this is a thoroughly human, sincere picture of a family dominated by a father who is a German immigrant.

Ludwig Stossel is the arrogant, bull-headed immigrant who becomes a merchant in a small town and is the absolute tyrant of his family, ruling with an iron hand the lives of his children, three boys and three girls. When William Henry, his eldest son, marries Virginia Gilmore, she refuses to allow Stossel to dominate her life also and she sets about undermining his power. One by one each member of the family escapes from the father's domination.

A high level of interest is maintained throughout the story and Miss Gilmore scores solidly as the spirited young wife. Ludwig Stossel and William Henry also offer fine portrayals, as do Doris Bowdon, Joan Valerie, Rita Quigley, George Montgomery and Rand Brooks as Henry's brothers and sisters.

Your Reviewer Says: Surprisingly good.

### Victory (Paramount)

It's About: The finding of peace by a man and woman on an East Pacific Island.

JOSEPH CONRAD'S stirring story is brought to the screen in an exciting, colorful manner with Betty Field giving an outstanding performance as a girl weary of the sordidness of her life. Fredric March, the man who lives in solitude on his own island and who gives Betty shelter when she needs it, is very clever in his repressed role.

Jungle savagery is introduced in the villains. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Jerome Cowan, Lionel Royce, who storm March's island for hidden gold, arouse savage vengeance in the hitherto peaceful Betty.

Cowan is the outstanding hit of the picture, next to Miss Field, and rates bigger and better roles from now on.

The mood and tempo of Conrad's story have been carefully maintained, giving Paramount a double victory, if we may pun a bit.

Your Reviewer Says: Action packed with suspense.

### Playgirl (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A sophisticated gold digger who uses youth as a decoy.

WHEN Kay Francis discovers she is no longer able to entice the young men with bank rolls into her web, she decides to use youthful Mildred Coles as a decoy. As a result she takes for a ride millionaires Nigel Bruce, George P. Huntley and James Ellison when suddenly the lovely little come-on, who has



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fallen in love with Ellison, runs out on the deal and Kay is left to trap the youthful Jimmy on her own.

It's fresh and gay, smart and intriguing, and is highlighted by grand performances from the entire cast. Nigel Bruce is especially funny.

Your Reviewer Says: Bright as a spring day.

### ✓ The Son of Monte Cristo (Edward Small-U.A.)

It's About: The freeing of a mythical kingdom from the yoke of its oppressor.

A SEQUEL to "The Count of Monte Cristo" and one Dumas did not write, this presents Louis Hayward in the dual role of fop and hero whose job it is to rid a small Balkan country of its wicked dictator, George Sanders.

Remarkably similar in plot to "The Mark of Zorro," the story develops the same routine of ideas, with Hayward, at the very 'steenth second, rescuing the beautiful Grand Duchess from marriage to villainous George.

Villainous George, by the way, turns in a performance that is a gem among gems. Hayward is very good, of course, and Bennett beautiful. But the hokum is spread a bit too thick for credulity in places.

Your Reviewer Says: Romance, villains and excitement.

### ✓ Behind the News (Republic)

It's About: Newspapers versus idealism.

EVER notice how any story Lloyd Nolan happens to be in takes on a certain importance that draws at least a one-check approval? That, my friends, is because Mr. Nolan has the talent to make whatever he is doing on the screen so convincing and so real we believe him in spite of ourselves.

This is a newspaper story, a story of disillusioned newspaper men who refuse to believe in Santa Claus. It has a lot of verve, punch, snap and Nolan. Therefore we nod our approval.

Your Reviewer Says: Snappy.

### South of Suez (Warners)

It's About: Murder in the diamond mines.

HELP! Come please to the rescue of George Brent who gets so bewilderingly lost in these complicated little B's and can't seem to do anything about it.

If George (who must be paying for sins contracted in a former life), must ride the B wagon, then at least let's keep him out of these South African diamond mines with vengeful murders cluttering up the plot.

Of course, George is the goat in this particular billing and must travel half-way round the world to prove his innocence. The final courtroom scene is the liveliest episode in the whole messy story.

Your Reviewer Says: Phooey!

### ✓ Her First Romance (Monogram)

It's About: A modern Cinderella.

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trayal of the ugly duckling who blossoms out at a college dance. The role also gives her an opportunity to display to good advantage her really lovely singing voice.

Jacqueline Wells is Edith's beautiful but selfish older sister who does all in her power to keep Edith in the background. However, after her first date, the little sister becomes the belle of the school and finds her own romance. Wilbur Evans, as the visiting opera star, makes his screen debut in this picture and his baritone voice and pleasant personality make him a good screen bet. Alan Ladd and Judith Linden are also very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Musical and pleasing.

### Let's Make Music (RKO-Radio)

It's About: An elderly music teacher who goes "boogie-woogie."

WELL, if you don't give a hang for art or big names or even a strong story, but are content with some pretty good

swing music, here's a little number all ready and waiting for you.

Bob Crosby (Bing's brother) and his band make their debut to movies in this innocuous mite of a tale concerning a little old lady music teacher, Elizabeth Risdon, who, to her amazement, sells a school rally song that becomes the hit of the air waves.

Jean Rogers is cute and perky and things all the way round could really be much worse. At least, it's tuneful.

Your Reviewer Says: A tuneful little spoonful.

### The Border Legion (Republic)

It's About: Desperadoes in the Old West.

CUNS start shooting almost at the beginning of this violently paced Western and keep right on popping off all the way through. For Western fans, this is a Western to end all Westerns.

Roy Rogers is a young Easterner who escapes a frame-up at home and comes out West. There he joins the Border

## Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies PICTURES IN THE CUTTING ROOM COLUMBIA

■ THE DEVIL COMMANDS: Boris Karloff, scientist, invents a machine to record brain waves and when his wife is killed, attempts to talk to her through this machine, with murder and horror resulting. With Amanda Duff and Anne Revere.

■ BLONDIE GOES LATIN: The *Bumpsteeds* accompany *Dagwood's* boss, Jonathan Hale, on a trip to South America, but Arthur Lake gets into trouble on the ship and Penny Singleton flirts with Tito Guizar until things are straightened out. With Ruth Terry and Larry Simms.

### METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

■ MEN OF BOYS TOWN: In this sequel to the memorable "Boys Town," Spencer Tracy again portrays Father Flanagan and Mickey Rooney is the boy who aids him in his endeavors to expose cruelty and injustice in reform schools. With Lee J. Cobb, Bobs Watson and Larry Nunn.

### PARAMOUNT

■ YOU'RE THE ONE: Comedy and music, with Orrin Tucker and his band and Bonnie Baker in their screen debuts. The story's about rival orchestra leaders trying to get a choice radio spot; the cast includes Albert Dekker, Edward Everett Horton and Jerry Colonna.

■ THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS: You remember the story of the famous Harold Bell Wright novel; now you'll see it filmed in Technicolor with John Wayne, Betty Field, Beulah Bondi and Harry Carey heading the large cast.

### RKO

■ CITIZEN KANE: The long-awaited Orson Welles picture is finally finished and you'll find this unusually presented story of a publisher's life from youth to old age well worth waiting for. Dorothy Comingore plays Welles' second wife and the cast includes the Mercury Theater players.

### 20TH CENTURY-FOX

■ MURDER AMONG FRIENDS: People drop dead all over the place in this murder mystery with John Hubbard helping dizzy little Marjorie Weaver trace down the criminal. Cobina Wright, Jr., is Hubbard's jealous fiancée.

■ TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME: Light comedy satire on gangsters, this has Cesar Romero as a gang leader who's not the killer he pretends to be, Milton Berle as his trusty aide, Virginia Gilmore the girl he falls in love with, and Charlotte Greenwood a night-club entertainer.

### UNIVERSAL

■ LOVE AT LAST: When Deanna Durbin gets tired of being the town's "nice girl" her attentions to Franchot Tone make her the town scandal. Bob Stack is her neglected boy friend, Bob Benchley her father, and Anne Gwynne and Ann Gillis her romantic sisters in this gay comedy.

■ THE MYSTERIOUS DR. R.: Lionel Atwill experiments on Lon Chaney Jr. to prove that human life can be motivated by electricity and Chaney becomes a robot controlled by Atwill. With Frank Albertson, Anne Nagel and Samuel S. Hinds.

■ WHO'S CRAZY NOW? Hugh Herbert is the wacky trustee of Lewis Howard's ten-million-dollar estate. Lewis is to receive the money on the day of his marriage. However, Herbert has spent most of the money, so he tries in his inimitable way to prevent the marriage. With Shemp Howard and Anne Nagel.

### WARNER BROTHERS

■ STRAWBERRY BLONDE: This is the remake of "One Sunday Afternoon," with James Cagney as the dentist married to Olivia de Havilland but still in love with Rita Hayworth whom he lost to Jack Carson ten years earlier. But then he meets them both again, with surprising results.

■ THE GREAT LIE: When George Brent's sudden marriage to Mary Astor is proved invalid, he marries his true love, Bette Davis; but when his plane crashes in a South American jungle and Bette learns that Mary is about to have his child, drama and heartbreak are the outcome.

■ FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK: In this modern comedy, Errol Flynn is the secret author of a best-seller mystery novel who finally gets his chance to solve a murder. With Brenda Marshall as his wife who's not aware of his activities, Ralph Bellamy, Lee Patrick and Allen Jenkins.



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Legion—a group of notorious bandits—and manages to bring them all to justice as well as absolving himself. This is a pretty tall order, as you can see, and Rogers is madly busy getting it all done. He finds time, however, to sing two songs very creditably and to fall in love with Carol Hughes.

George Hayes, Maude Eburne and Joseph Sawyer, as the outlaw leader, add materially to the excitement.

Your Reviewer Says: Fast and furious

## The Bank Dick (Universal)

It's About: A bank detective who foils a bank robber

FOR W. C. Fields fans only" should head every theater marquee that books this picture, for the genial gentleman with the illuminated nose is all over the place with typical Fields gags and antics.

In the foggiest of story confusion (and you could put the story plot in a thimble) Fields emerges a bank detective who persuades a young teller to borrow funds from the bank to buy phony stocks and then exerts every effort to keep the bank examiners from looking at the books.

The climax, when Fields is impelled to drive a fleeing bank robber over mountainous roads with police cars in pursuit, is the one high spot in this picture.

Your Reviewer Says: For Fields fans.

## Barnyard Follies (Republic)

It's About: Orphans who become self-sustaining

NOT bad, not bad at all. In fact, there is quite a bit of entertainment crowded into the story of a group of orphans who try to support themselves. Of course, when a rural and kindly benefactor lends the orphans \$5000 of the taxpayers' money to put over their project, the scheme is discovered and the town council is furious. But the kids leap head on into the rumpus and save the day with a neat little benefit show.

Mary Lee is a cute trick, Rufe Davis a grand Bucksaw and Ralph Bowman an up-and-coming young man. The songs "Mama Don't Allow It" and "Poppin' The Corn" are honeys.

Your Reviewer Says: Right perky in places.

## ✓ Melody Ranch (Republic)

It's About: A radio cowboy star who goes back home

WELL, for goodness sake! Can this be our own cowboy favorite Gene Autry amidst all this clowning and funning? What will Gene's faithful fans, who love the out West stories so much, think of this new-fangled idea?

In the story, Gene portrays a radio cowboy star (which he is) who goes home to play Sheriff in order to build up his Crossley rating. What with the funny goings-on of Jimmy Durante and the beauty and dancing of Ann Miller, Gene's Crossley is one hundred per cent with his movie audience, that we promise you. But again we say—what about those legions who want Gene as an unfunny and deadly serious cowboy!

Your Reviewer Says: A Western gone comical.

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MARCH, 1941

**"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"**—PARAMOUNT.—Original screen play by William Morrow and Edmund Beloin, Ernest Pagano and Z. Myers. Cast: Jack Benny, Jack Benny; Fred Allen, Fred Allen; Mary Martin, Mary Martin; Rochester, Eddie Anderson; Barbara, Verree Teasdale; Josephine, Theresa Harris; *The Merry Macs*, Judd, Ted and Joe McMichael and Helen Carroll.

**"MELODY RANCH"**—REPUBLIC.—Original screen play by Jack Hoffit and F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Joseph Santley. Cast: Gene Autry; Cornelius J. Courtney, Jimmy Durante; Julie, Ann Miller; Mark Wildhack, Barton MacLane; Veronica Whipple, Barbara Allen (Vera Vague); Pop, George "Gabby" Hayes; Tommy Summerville, Jerome Cowan; Penny, Mary Lee; Jasper Wildhack, Joseph Sawyer; Bud Wildhack, Horace MacMahon; Judge Henderson, Clarence Wilson; Slim, William Benedict.

**"PLAYGIRL"**—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Jerry Cady. From the original story "Debutante, Inc." Directed by Frank Woodruff. Cast: Grace Herbert, Kay Francis; Tom Dice, James Ellison; Ellen Daley, Mildred Coles; Bill Vincent, Nigel Bruce; Josie, Margaret Hamilton; Van Payson, George P. Huntley; Mrs. Dice, Katharine Alexander; Lock Anders, Charles Quigley; Alice, Georgia Carroll; Don Shawhan, Kane Richmond; Joseph Shawhan, Stanley Andrews; Bell Hop, Dick Hogan.

**"SANTA FE TRAIL"**—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Robert Buckner. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: Jeb Stuart, Errol Flynn; Kit Carson Halliday, Olivia de Havilland; John Brown, Raymond Massey; George Custer, Ronald Reagan; Tex Bell, Alan Hale; Bob Halliday, William Lundigan; Rader, Van Heflin; Jason Brown, Gene Reynolds; Cyrus Halliday, Henry O'Neill; Windy Brody, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams; Oliver Brown, Alan Baxter; Martin, John Littel; Robert E. Lee, Morini Olson; Phil Sheridan, David Bruce; Barber Doyle, Hobart Cavanaugh; Major Sumner, Charles D. Brown; Kittsmiller, Joe Sawyer; James Longstreet, Frank Wilcox; Townley, Ward Bond; Shoubel Morgan, Russell Simpson; Gentry, Charles Middleton; Jefferson Davis, Erville Alderson; Conductor, Spencer Charters; Charlotte, Suzanne Carnahan; George Pickett, William Marshall; John Hood, George Haywood.

**"SON OF MONTE CRISTO, THE"**—SMALL- U.A.—Screen play by George Bruce. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Cast: Count of Monte Cristo, Louis Hayward; Grand Duchess Zona, Joan Bennett; Gurko Lanen, George Sanders; Mathilde, Florence Bates; Colonel Zimmerman, Lionel Royce; Baron Von Neuhoff, Montagu Love; Conrad Stadt, Ian Mac Wolfe; Fritz Dorner, Clayton Moore; Gluck, Ralph Byrd; French Ambassador, George Renavent; Pavlov, Michael Visaroff; Hans Mirbach, Rand Brooks; Captain, Theodore von Eltz; Lieutenant, James Seay; Schultz, Henry Brandon; Schmidt, Jack Mulhall; Turnkey, Edward Keane; The Baron, Lawrence Grant.

**"SOUTH OF SUEZ"**—WARNERS.—Screen play by Barry Trivers. From a story by Sheridan Gibney. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Cast: John Gamble, George Brent; Katherine Sheffield, Brenda Marshall; Eli Snedeker, George Tobias; Inspector Thornton, James Stephenson; Delia Snedeker, Lee Patrick; Limey, Eric Blore; Roger Smythe, Miles Mander; Henry Putnam, Cecil Kellaway; Mrs. Putnam, Mary Forbes; Manders, Gilbert Emery; Prosecutor, Stanley Logan; Defense Counsel, Frederick Worlock; Judge, Edward Fielding; Registrar, Leonard Mudie; Tipo, Abner Biberman; Sedley, Crauford Kent; Simpson, Holmes Herbert.

**"THIS THING CALLED LOVE"**—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by George Seaton, Ken Englund, P. J. Wolfson. Based upon the play by Edwin Burke. Directed by Alexander Hall. Cast: Ann Winters, Rosalind Russell; Tice Collins, Melvyn Douglas; Charlotte Campbell, Binnie Barnes; Harry Bertrande, Allyn Joslyn; Florence Bertrand, Gloria Dickson; Julio Diestro, Lee J. Cobb; Genevieve Hooper, Gloria Holden; Goraon Daniels, Paul McGrath; Ruth Howland, Leona Maricle; Tom Howland, Don Beddoe; Mrs. Diestro, Rosino Galli; Arno, Sig Arno.

**"VICTORY"**—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by John L. Balerston. Based on the novel by Joseph Conrad. Directed by John Cromwell. Cast: Axel Heyst, Fredric March; Alma, Betty Field; Mr. Jones, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Mr. Schomberg, Sig Rumann; Mrs. Schomberg, Margaret Wycherly; Ricardo, Jerome Cowan; Makanoff, Fritz Feld; Pedro, Lionel Royce; Mme. Makanoff, Rafaela Ottiano; Wang, Chester Gan.

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Take one cocoa cup, fill it  
with Brenda's super-super bev-  
erage and you'll have:

# Recipe for JOYce

**I**F I were summing up those who made the best showings in their careers during the past year and predicting bests for the future I'd unhesitatingly pick Brenda Joyce as the winner in both divisions.

Brenda, you know, is the blonde phenomenon who made the movie moguls sit up and take notice when she went from her classes at UCLA to the difficult and important role of *Fern* in "The Rains Came" and turned in a job which an established star might—and many did—envy.

She's stayed right on top, too; she's just returned from a swing-around-the-country personal-appearance tour with Louella Parsons and is, she informed me yesterday at the Brown Derby, going right to work in a new picture, "Private Nurse."

"You're a wonder," I told her. "These personal-appearance tours are so exhausting that lots of veterans take to their beds as soon as they've finished one. Yet here you are, prettier than ever, looking as though you'd just finished a vacation and calmly drinking—what are you drinking, by the way? I thought I knew every kind of grog the Derby serves, but this is a new one."

"After that build-up," Brenda smiled, "I suppose I should say it's a Joyce Special, brewed for me from a secret recipe, but as a matter of fact it is a standard product, a chocolate-flavored malt drink made with milk. They keep a package of it here for me so I can have it whenever I come in."

Like most of Hollywood's younger players, Brenda explained then, she leads a pretty strenuous life. When she is in a picture she gives it everything she has and her relaxation is likely to be swimming, hiking, tennis or some equally

vigorous activity. Unlike most of them, however, Brenda has to fight to keep her weight *up*—a tough job with both work and play making such demands on her—and it is largely due to this nourishing beverage that she is able to do so. She has it in her dressing room between scenes and finds it an excellent builder-upper after tennis or a swim.

"It is true it is prescribed for me," Brenda said, "and you know how it is with things you are supposed to do because they are good for you—most of the time you don't do them. But this is so good it's no effort at all to follow orders. I get a lot of kidding about it because it's often given to the children, but I'm only glad the kids get something they like as well as I like this."

**B**RENDa is right on both counts. It is true that this drink is recommended for children because it gives them the extra nourishment they require and it's equally true that they are just as enthusiastic as the grownups about the creamy chocolatey flavor, voting it a perfect noontime or after-school drink. Many youngsters insist on having a thermosful, either hot or cold, included in their school and picnic lunches and the high spot of a recent Hollywood young fry hiking trip was the return to the home of the young hostess where her guests found waiting for them their favorite chocolate-flavored malt drink, assorted sandwiches and ice cream.

If you would like to stage such a successful party following a skiing or skating jaunt, you will find that your guests, too, will go for steaming mugs of this delightful new drink. Since it takes only a minute to prepare and since the recipes for the sandwich fillings are equally simple—there's your whole party ready!

## Sandwich Fillings

### CURRIED EGG SALAD AND WATERCRESS

6 hard-cooked eggs  
1 tsp. curry powder  
Mayonnaise  
Watercress

Chop the eggs, add the curry powder and sufficient mayonnaise so mixture will spread easily. Serve with a generous garnish of watercress.

### PIMIENTO CHEESE AND BACON

1 jar pimiento cheese  
8 slices bacon  
1 tbl. chopped chives

Cook the bacon until crisp, drain and roll into coarse crumbs. Combine ingredients, softening with sweet cream or top milk if necessary.

### SMOKED TURKEY AND RIPE OLIVES

1 jar smoked turkey paté  
1 small can ripe olives

Combine ingredients and add a little French dressing if mixture is too dry to spread easily.

Even the ice cream which was the pièce de résistance of this feast owed its success to Brenda's favorite chocolate-flavored milk drink, for it was topped with a sundae sauce made with that same beverage.

### SUNDAE SAUCE

6 tbs. chocolate-flavored malt drink (cold)  
¼ cup honey  
2 egg whites

Mix the honey and liquid together thoroughly. Beat the egg whites stiff and fold into the liquid mixture. Serve on ice cream and garnish with nut meats if desired.



NO. 4 IN KARO'S SERIES "THE QUINTUPLETS AS INDIVIDUALS"

Here she is with her favorite toy—*Emilie*, quick of wit, always ready to play a prank, and just as ready to have one played on her. Willy Pogany, noted American artist, who painted the Dionne Quints from life for Karo, says: "Emilie's infectious good humor can turn a rainy afternoon into exciting fun for her sisters."

Emilie is perhaps the most imaginative and spontaneous Quint. She has a nice sense of design, makes lovely sketches and workmanlike

models of houses and gardens. She loves brilliant colors, and plenty of them. She works and writes with her left hand. Of all the Quints, Emilie and "Lady" Cecile are perhaps the two least alike. Watch for Cecile's portrait—it comes next!

Emilie's health is superb, on a par with that of Annette, Yvonne, Marie, Cecile. Tribute must be paid to the careful diet which helps to keep these children happy, buoyantly healthy, energetic.

# Karo

presents Emilie—

## A Bundle of Mischief



Emilie

THE QUINTS and millions of children and grown-ups enjoy delicious, wholesome Karo in many, many ways: as a "spread"; as sweetening for fruits and fruit juices, cereals, milk, cocoa and other beverages; as a sauce for puddings and desserts. Yes! Karo merits its title, "America's Table Syrup of Quality".

But *don't* reserve Karo for table use alone. It's a real flavor boon to cooking. This tempting, rich syrup gives everyday foods new interest, new appeal. Try it on baked ham, apples, bananas, pears. Use it in cakes and pie fillings and frostings. It gives frostings smooth, easy-to-cut consistency.

Karo Waffle Syrup is a rich new blend! It makes an exciting treat of those old favorites—pancakes, French toast, waffles. Surprise the family with waffles and Karo Waffle Syrup tonight. They'll love the delightful Karo Waffle Syrup flavor—it's *different*! All grocers sell Karo Syrup.

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**KARO BLUE LABEL**  
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DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE SAYS:

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